

THE CENTURY
ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

May 1895, to October 1895.



THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Vol. I

New Series Vol. XXVIII.



ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

AFTER A PAINTING BY GEORGES-JULES-VICTOR CLARIN, IN THE CHATEAU OF LA BAISSE.

THE FRENCH BEFORE THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE. (SEE "LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.")

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. L.

MAY, 1895.

No. 1.

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

I.

MARTHA KEENE had been at work for several months in Étienne's atelier, in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and although her appearance would have led one to believe her frail in health, she had never missed a working-day, and always occupied a good position well in view of the model, because she always came among the earliest to secure it. Her work was far from brilliant, and Étienne had noticed her very little at first. If he did so more of late, it was her ability to stick which had won her this favor. So many students had come and gone, rousing his hopes only to disappoint them, that it had got to be rather a comfort to the little old man to be sure of one earnest worker always in her place; and while he could not say that her work was good, it was certainly not bad.

Recently he had told Martha this several times. "Not bad" was about the highest praise that most of Étienne's pupils got from him; and when the young American girl heard it applied to her work, she experienced what was perhaps one of the most thrilling sensations of her life.

It was followed by another thrilling sensation; for, as she looked up from the canvas which the master had thus commended, she met the beautiful eyes of the princess, turned upon her with a congratulatory smile.

It was almost too much for Martha. Her heart thumped so that her breathing became rapid and a little difficult. Instead of answering the princess's smile, a frown contracted her forehead; for she was afraid that she was going to lose her self-control, and she needed a stern effort not to do so. Martha had a heart which was made for worshiping. Étienne and the princess were two of the people that she worshiped, and there was a third.

When Étienne had passed on, after smudging one part of her drawing with his thumb until it was a dirty blur, and scratching another part with ruthless streaks of soft charcoal, she remembered that she had received his first words of encouragement rather coldly, and had made the same sort of return for the princess's smile. This plunged her from a state of delight into one of wretchedness. She looked toward the master with some hope of making amends; but he was absorbed in his next criticism, and it was only too evident that her chance was gone. Then she glanced at the princess, to receive the same impression from that quarter. The beautiful young woman on whom her eyes rested had stepped back from her easel, and with her head turned sidewise, and her eyelids drawn up, was looking at her picture. She held a brush in one hand, with the fingers delicately poised, and in the other her palette, laid with brilliant dabs of color. Her lips were pursed critically, and her whole attitude and

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expression showed such absorption in her work that Martha felt it would be absurd to imagine that she or her behavior could have any part in that beautiful lady's consciousness.

As usual, when Martha allowed herself to look at the princess, she forgot everything else. She

green serge. This was her ordinary working-rig; and as she wore no apron, as most of the other students did, it was more or less streaked with paint. Martha herself wore her calico apron religiously, and was always neatly clothed beneath it; but she would have protested utterly against seeing her neighbor in an apron. It would have looked so unprincesslike! She was very tall and straight, this princess, and "Serene Highness" seemed to Martha to be written on every inch of her.

There was not much sociability among the students in the atelier. They came from many different countries, and spoke many different tongues; and they were such a mixture of aristocrats and plebeians, some were so afraid of patronizing and others of being patronized, that the conditions generally were such as were opposed to much mixing. Talking was forbidden during work-hours, except the little absolutely necessary whispering; and in the intermission at noon the princess always went away for lunch, and sometimes did not return. Martha, too, went to her mother's apartment for the midday meal, though nothing ever prevented her from returning. Some of the students had chums, with whom they chatted glibly in the cloak-room; but as a rule, these intimacies had been formed outside.

Martha Keene was a girl who would never have made the first advance toward an acquaintance with any one; for, although she had passed her twentieth year, she was incorrigibly shy. This reserve of manner was so evident that it discouraged advances from others. She knew this, and regretted it, but could not help it.

It had pleased Martha very much when, on a single occasion, this wall of isolation which she had built around herself had been broken through by a little American chatterbox, who had rattled away to her for ten minutes one day as she was waiting for her carriage in the cloak-room. This had been soon after her entrance at Étienne's, and her voluble countrywoman had vanished from the horizon the next day; but in that one talk she had got almost all the knowledge of the atelier which she possessed.

Her informant had told her that the students were not supposed to inquire about one another at all, the ideal of the atelier being a place where high and low alike could lay aside their disabilities and get the benefits of the common workshop. She added that there had been several personages of importance studying there since she herself had been a student, but that she had always heard of it from the outside, and they had generally left before she had identified them. "I spotted the princess, though," she had said. "As soon as I heard that there was a Russian princess studying here, I picked her out.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"A LITTLE AMERICAN CHATTERBOX."

had long ago had to make it a rule to place her easel so that she would be turned away from her enchantress while she was working; otherwise she could see and think only of her. At the present moment she was completely fascinated by the tall, strong figure, so firmly poised, with one foot advanced, and her body thrown backward from the slender waist, where a belt of old silver confined the folds of her red silk shirt-waist above the sweep of her skirt of dark



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN . . . HAD STEPPED BACK FROM HER EASEL."

Do you know which one she is?" Martha had answered, "The lady in the red blouse"—a guess at once confirmed. "Is n't she stunning?" her companion had gone on; "I 'm dying to speak to her! If she were not a princess, I 'd have done it long ago. I can't go the Russian; but no doubt she speaks every language. Russians always do." At this point of the conversation the lady herself had come into the cloak-room. A neat French maid who was in waiting had come forward, and held out her lady's wrap, a magnificent sable thing, in which the beautiful creature had quickly in-folded herself, and left the room, the two girls meanwhile making a tremendous effort to cover their breathless interest by an air of unconsciousness.

Ever since that day—indeed, even before it—Martha had been a silent worshiper at the shrine of the princess. She had a passionate love of beauty, and her heart, for all her grave and shy exterior, was packed as full of romance as it could hold. The discovery that this beautiful being was a princess—and a Russian princess, of all others—was meet food for this appetite for the romantic; and she dreamed by the hour about this young woman's life, and wondered what it had been and was to be. She knew she could not be many years older than herself, and she wondered, with burning interest, whether she was or was not married. Sometimes she would hold to one opinion for days, and then something—a mere turn of expression, perhaps—would convert her to the opposite one. She wanted her to be unmarried, so that she might be free to construct from her imagination a beautiful future for her; and yet she dreaded to find out that she was married. There was certainly a look about the princess which contradicted Martha's ideal of her as the possessor of a fair, unwritten life-page. Martha had watched her hands to see if she wore a wedding-ring; but those extraordinarily beautiful hands were either loaded down with jeweled gauds of antique workmanship or else quite ringless. Still, many married women were careless about wearing their wedding-rings, a thing which Martha herself could not comprehend; but she felt that this wonderful creature was removed as far as possible from her in both actuality and ideals.

Martha had heard the sound of the princess's voice only once or twice, and on those occasions she had spoken French with what seemed to the American girl an absolutely perfect accent. Once she had been near enough to hear a little talk between the princess and Étienne, as he was criticizing the former's work with rather more humanness, Martha thought, than he showed to the students generally; and once or

twice when the princess had been placed near the model's little retiring-room, Martha had had the joy of hearing her divinity give the summons, in the usual atelier jargon, "*C'est l'heure!*" It seemed to the girl a most lovable act of condescension on the part of her Serene Highness.

One day (it was the day after Étienne had told her that her drawing was "not bad," and the princess had smiled at her) Martha was working away, when she became aware that an easel was being pushed into the unoccupied space at her right hand. She had known that some one would soon take possession of this place, and she did not even look round to see who it was. Her whole attention was bent on making Étienne see that his encouragement had yielded good fruit, even though she had made no verbal acknowledgment of it. She went on drawing, with intense concentration, until, weary at last, she put down her charcoal, and stood resting her arms, with her hands on her hips. As she finished her scrutiny of her work, and looked round, she started to discover that it was the princess who was seated at the easel next her own, and was looking full at her. As Martha, confused and delighted, encountered that gaze, the beautiful lady's lips parted in a friendly smile, and she whispered gently, "*Bon jour.*"

Martha crimsoned with pleasure as she returned the greeting, and then both fell to work again. The princess was painting, laying on her color in a broad and daring style that almost frightened her neighbor. Martha watched her furtively while she crumbled her bread, and pretended to be erasing and touching up certain points in her picture. It was a bewildering delight to her to stand so close to the princess and see her at work, and she was agreeably aware that the princess was also aware of her, and perhaps even pleased at their being together.

When the time came for the model to rest, and the quiet of the room was a little relieved by the whispered talk that sprang up among the students as they waited, Martha felt that the princess had inclined toward her a little, and was looking at her work. She put down as childish the impulse that rushed up in her to cover the picture from light, or to say how bad she knew it was, and she stood very still and very much embarrassed until the princess said again in that exquisite utterance of French subtleties:

"*C'est bien difficile, n'est-ce pas ?*"

Martha answered somehow—she never knew what.

When the model came back, and they began to work again, she felt that she had become part of a wonderful experience. She had

never seen the princess talking to any one else, and, amazing and undeserved as the tribute was, she could not be mistaken in thinking that the lovely lady wished to know her, and perhaps to allow her the dear privilege of such intercourse as their atelier life permitted. She never expected it to go beyond that; but that was far more than anything she had imagined.

Across one corner of her canvas Martha's name was scrawled in full, and she knew that the princess must have seen it. She looked to see if there was any signature upon the princess's picture, and, as if interpreting her thought, her neighbor, with a brilliant smile, dipped her brush in vermillion, and wrote in a bold, strong hand the word "Sonia." This name (which Martha did not know to be the Russian abbreviation of Sophia) seemed to the girl very odd and beautiful, and peculiarly appropriate to its possessor.

II.

MARTHA said nothing to her mother and sisters of her encounter with the princess. She had a way of locking very close in her heart her most personal and sacred feelings, and all that related to the princess was sacred to her now. During her earlier years she had so often been laughed at for an enthusiast that she had learned to keep back what she felt most strongly; and for that very reason, perhaps, the intensity of her feelings grew greater as she grew older. The enthusiasm of her life was for her only brother, whom she worshiped with a blind idolatry of the extent of which even he was unaware. There had been one or two other divinities in her horizon, always second to Harold; but at this period of her life she was suffering from a sense of disappointment in these as, one after the other, they had come short of her ardent expectations. She was now, therefore, in the exact state of mind to take on a new object of worship. This the princess had become.

It was not surprising that Martha's ideal had been so repeatedly unrealized, for it was a difficult one. She had suffered acutely from her former disappointments, and had even resolved never to pin her faith and hope on another woman. But the princess was not to be resisted. Martha felt that even if her goddess never spoke to her again, she was worthy of all adoration.

As the young girl drove through the streets of Paris in the early morning of the day following her brief interview with the princess, her heart was very happy.

In appearance Martha was small and rather plain, and no one would have noticed her, perhaps, but for the concentration of expression on her face as she looked out of the carriage

window on her way to her atelier in the Latin Quarter. The people abroad at that hour were not of a class to pay much attention to such a look on a girl's face. The little army of street-cleaners, occupying their brief hour with busy



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"A TALL OLD MAN."

industry to produce the beautiful effect of gray cleanliness which the world enjoyed later in the day, had no time to notice Martha, and she was as unaware of them. Even the ice on the figures in the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, which she generally admired in passing, she did not so much as see to-day. The "cold sea-maidens" wore an unusually beautiful veil of mist, made by the freezing spray, and Martha might have got an impression for some future picture if she had studied it with the early sunlight on it.

But she was thinking only of the princess as she drove along and crossed the bridge and

entered old Paris. Here, too, all was familiar, for Martha had taken this drive daily for months, and there was nothing to disturb her preoccupation until she reached the Invalides, where her hero-worshipping soul never failed to offer a passing tribute of awe to the ashes of Napoleon.

As she turned into a cross street farther on, a little funeral procession met her. This sight, too, was familiar; but no wont and usage could keep Martha from being deeply moved as often as she witnessed the pitiful little ceremonial which attends the burial of the very poor in Paris.

It is usually in the early morning that these funerals occur, as there seems to be a demand upon the poor to give up to the more prosperous even the space in the streets which they, with their dead, lay claim to for so short a time. This was a child's funeral, or, rather, it was the funeral of two children. There was neither hearse nor carriage. Each little coffin was borne upon a wretched bier carried by rough and shabby men, who appeared cross and reluctant in their miserable, faded trappings of mourning. Looking carefully, Martha discovered that there was a separate family of mourners to each little bier; and as the whole procession was under the command of a tall old man, who held his shoulders very erect, as if to atone for a limp in one leg, she comprehended that this bedizened old undertaker, with the ragged crape on his cocked hat and the dirty bunches of black and white ribbons on the end of his long staff of office, had consolidated his duties, probably at a slight and very welcome discount to his poor patrons, and was burying the dead of two families at once. Directly after him came the bearers of the light coffin, and just behind it were five little children, four girls and a boy, walking abreast, and dressed in mourning. This mourning consisted of hastily fashioned aprons made of dull black calico, and so carelessly fitted that the many-colored undergarments of the children showed plainly at every opening. The children were regular little steps, the boy being the youngest; and cold as it was, they were all bareheaded. Each carried a sprig of yellow bloom, which resembled, if indeed it was not, the mustard-flower. This they held very stiffly and correctly in their right hands, and they walked with an air of the utmost decorum. Behind them came their father and mother, the former looking more apathetic than sad, and the latter carrying with some complacency the dignity of a dingy and dragged crape veil, in frank contrast to a blue-and-green plaid dress. She was taller than her husband, and leaned awkwardly upon his arm, keeping no time whatever to his shuffling gait. Then came the other coffin and the second

group of mourners, who were evidently not so fashionable as the first; for they made no effort at mourning, and walked after their little dead one with nothing like a flower, and in their common working-clothes.

While Martha's carriage was passing this procession, she saw on the other side of them, going in the same direction with her, a smart turnout in which a gentleman was driving, with a groom behind. The horses shone like satin, and their harness jingled and glittered in the morning sunshine. The gentleman and his servant were dressed with a brilliant effect of care and detail. The former was smoking a cigarette, and had a scarlet flower in his coat.

As the little funeral procession passed this carriage, the young swell who was driving bared his head, with its smoothly parted blond hair, remaining uncovered until the procession had passed, his servant imitating his act. This little tribute of homage to death which the French take pains to perform always touched and pleased Martha. She thought of the absurdity of this man's uncovering his head to that pauper baby alive; but the mystery of death imparted to it a majesty which the equal mystery of life could not. This child was a partaker of the knowledge of the unknown, into which Napoleon, lying near by, had also entered, and was, with him, divided from the merely mortal.

Martha thought of this as she watched the showy carriage, which had relaxed its speed for a moment, whirling rapidly away toward the outskirts of the city. She wondered where that handsome, prosperous-looking, well-bred man was going at this early hour. Probably to fight a duel, she thought, in her romantic way. Perhaps in a few hours' time he might be as dead as the poor little baby; and perhaps there was some one who loved and adored him as she did Harold.

These were the ideas which filled her mind as she reached the atelier, there to learn that there was a disappointment about the model, who had failed to come.

She was about to take off her wraps and go to work on some drawings from casts when an exquisite voice behind her said suddenly, "Pardon, mademoiselle," and she turned to meet the gaze of the princess fixed upon her with a smile of lovely friendliness.

"What are you going to do?" she said in that faultless French which Martha had already admired.

For a moment the girl was quite overcome at such unexpected graciousness. Then she managed to say in her own faulty though perfectly fluent French, that she had thought she would go on and do what she could without a model.



C. D. Gibson

DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"THE PRINCESS WAS VERY TALL."

"It is so dull, after having that glorious Antonio to pose for one," said the princess. "I am not in the humor, and my carriage is gone. Yours, perhaps, is gone also. Do you feel like drawing to-day? Or do you, perhaps, feel more like calling a cab, and taking a drive with me? I should like it. Will you go?"

Martha crimsoned with pleasure as she accepted the invitation. There was no mistaking her delight at the suggestion.

"You are very good to go," said the other, "especially as you know nothing of me, I suppose."

"I know only that you are the princess — the Russian princess," said Martha.

Her companion frowned slightly, and, Martha thought, looked a little annoyed. She reflected that she ought not, perhaps, to have told her that her secret had been discovered.

The little frown soon passed, however, and the princess smiled genially as she said:

"I am living incognito in Paris to study painting, and I do not go into the world. When I am not working I am often bored, and I frequently long for companionship. You make me very grateful by giving me yours this morning."

The princess was very tall — so tall that when Martha walked at her side she had to turn her face upward to speak to her. They walked along in the most natural companionship until they reached a cab-stand near by, and Martha thought her divinity more worshipful than ever as she stood wrapped in her long cloak, with a large, black-plumed hat crowning her beautiful head, and said some words of gentle pity about the poor old, weak-kneed cab-horses drawn up in a line.

When they had entered a cab, and were seated side by side, the princess said abruptly:

"If you had not heard something of me, I should have told you nothing. Why should we ask questions about each other? We meet to-day, art students in a Paris atelier, and we shall part to-morrow. What have we to do with formalities? Of you I know that you are a young American studying painting here, and I think, in a way, sympathetic to me. I am content to know that, and no more, of you. Do you feel the same about me?"

Martha replied eagerly in the affirmative, and in five minutes the two had come to a perfect understanding. The girl felt her awe at being in "the presence" gradually fading away as this winning young woman sat and talked with her on a footing of friendly equality. It was toward the close of the drive that the princess said:

"There are one or two things that it will be necessary for you to know — that is, if you like me well enough to come to see me, as I hope

you do. I am living in the Rue Presbourg, and when you come to see me, you are to ask for the apartment of the Princess Mannernorff. You will come, will you not?"

"Oh, if you will only let me, it will be my greatest happiness!" said Martha. "I can't understand what has made you so good to me!"

"Simply, I like you. It is n't hard to understand. I've noticed you a long time, and I've liked you more and more. I like your manner; I like your face; I like your devotion to your work; and I like your work."

"My work! My scratching and smudging, you mean! Oh, how *can* you notice it or care for it when you look at yours? Everyone must see that Étienne knows you are his best pupil. He does not speak to any one as he does to you, and you must know as well as I that it is not because you are a princess."

"Yes, of course; I know that perfectly well. But I fancy that Étienne, in his little critical heart, feels that he has n't got out of me what he looked for at first. At least, I have that idea; and you see I have studied enough, compared with you, to be a great deal further ahead of you than I am. I have digged and delved for that treasure more than you realize. I hope to do something tolerable some day; but I'm not as confident about it as I used to be, and I fear Étienne is not, either. Oh, I *wish* I could!"

She said this with such fervor, and followed it by such a wistful sigh, that Martha, who had not yet taken in the idea that the princess might not be the all-fortunate creature she imagined, felt a sudden protest against the idea of her wishing for anything vainly.

"Surely you will!" she said. "I can't imagine your wanting anything very much without getting it."

The princess laughed, throwing up her chin, and looking at Martha with an indulgent smile.

"You can't?" she exclaimed. "Well, if you take the trouble to continue my acquaintance, you will find that I've missed pretty much everything in life that I very greatly wanted. It is sad, but true."

Martha did not answer, but she looked as if she would like to speak out something that was on her mind; and her companion saw this, and said:

"What is it? Speak! I give you full permission."

"It was nothing," said Martha, rather confusedly. "I was wondering about you — as, of course, I can't help doing. I don't want to be told things, however. I would far rather imagine how they are."

"Very, very sensible. I see that I shall like you more and more. There are a few things, however, which it will be well for you to know.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"IT WILL BE QUITE SAFE, I SEE."

For instance,"—she paused, with a slight look of reluctance, and then went on rapidly,—“no doubt you wonder whether I am married.”

Martha's eyes confirmed her.

A cloud seemed to have settled with surprising suddenness upon the face of the princess. She looked fixedly at the passing prospect outside the window as, after a moment of difficult silence, she said almost brusquely:

“I am a widow.” Then she turned and looked at Martha. “You will understand, for the future,” she went on more naturally, “my wish for silence on this subject. I am living temporarily in Paris with my aunt. I used to know French society well; but I am out of it now, and I don't regret it. Painting is the only thing I really care for—that, and music, and some books; some, but not many. Books give such false ideas of life. I think it was what I read in books that led me to expect so much. I was not to be convinced but that all the happiness I imagined was quite possible; and when it would not come to me, I thought there was a force in me which could compel it. As a rule, I've given that idea up; but there are times even yet when it rises and conquers me. I know it is very foolish, and that experience cures one of such feelings, but I'm not altogether cured yet, in spite of hard and repeated blows.”

Martha had listened with intense interest, and now, as her companion paused, she felt that she ought to volunteer, on her part, some sort of sketch of herself and her surroundings.

“I don't care to tell you anything about myself,” she said, “because it's so uninteresting. My father has been dead a great many years; mama is delicate; and we live in Paris, so that I may study painting and the younger girls may have lessons. We go to America for the summers. My brother is the eldest of us, and he lives there. The younger girls are pretty, and mama wishes them to go out and to be admired. She used also to wish this for me, but she saw how I hated it, and how little chance of success I had, so she lets me alone now, particularly since I got Harold to speak to her.”

“Are you sure that she would not disapprove of your friendship with me, knowing of me only the little that you are able to tell her?”

“Yes; I'm certain of it. She would n't mind. She knows I never get into mischief. I feel perfectly free to do as I choose about this, and I don't mean to mention you to any one—not because there would be any objection, but because you are too sacred to me, and if you let me really be your friend, I can't share that knowledge and possession with any one.”

Martha was determined to say this, but she did not accomplish it without a good deal of

hesitation and embarrassment. Her companion looked at her with a sort of wondering scrutiny.

“Where do you get that earnest, concentrated nature, I wonder—so different from mine!” she said. “Does it go with the American character? Your words are very foolish, child; but it is so long since any one has held me sacred that I am ridiculously touched by it.”

There was something that looked like rising tears in the beautiful eyes of the princess; but a gay little laugh soon banished the shadow from both her face and her voice. Suddenly she sat upright, and said:

“Suppose you come home with me now! I want you to learn the ways of the place, so that you may come and go as you please. Will you come with me there to-day?”

Martha agreed at once, and with evident satisfaction the princess leaned out of the window, and gave the address to the cabman.

III.

MARTHA felt herself in a dream of delight as she descended from the cab, and, following the princess into the courtyard of a large apartment-house in the Rue Presbourg, mounted the stairs at her side.

Their ring was answered by a foreign-looking man-servant, to whom the princess spoke in a tongue which Martha recognized as Russian, but of which she understood not a word. She saw, however, that it related to herself; for the servant, who wore a curious and elaborate livery, looked at her, and bowed low.

“I have been telling him,” explained the princess, “that whenever you come you are to be brought at once to my private sitting-room, whether I am at home to other people or not. If it should chance that I cannot see you,—an unlikely thing, for I generally do what I want, and I shall always want to see you,—my maid can bring you word there. You see, I am not going to take any risk of having you turned away from my door.”

The antechamber into which they had been admitted was charmingly furnished, not at all in the French style; and there was something in the whole environment of the princess which commended itself strongly to Martha's artistic taste. Everything that she saw, as she passed along, deepened this impression. She followed her companion in excited silence through the antechamber, and into the large and sunny salon, where two persons were sitting.

One was a little old lady with very white hair, elaborately arranged under a queer-looking lace cap fastened with jeweled pins; the other was a dark and severely dressed woman, who Martha at once saw was a sort of companion or maid. As the princess approached, this woman

rose and courtesied. The old lady looked up, with some surprise in her placid face, and immediately laid down her embroidery, and took up a silver ear-trumpet, holding out her other hand to the princess.

The latter bent, and kissed the proffered fin-

"lovable." The musical instruments stood open. The lounges and chairs seemed to have taken the shapes of their occupants. Flowers that looked as if they had been willingly plucked were all about in vases. Well-worn volumes and drawing-books were scattered about, and



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"AH, I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, I SEE."

gers lightly, and then, raising her voice a little, uttered several sentences in Russian into the trumpet, at the same time indicating Martha in a way that made her understand that this was an introduction. The girl also bent, and kissed the hand now extended to her, and then the princess led her away.

"My poor aunt is so deaf," she said, "that it is almost impossible to talk to her, and I could not go into any long explanation about you. She never interferes with me, however, and no questions will be asked. Come now to my own room."

Martha, following her companion, found herself in a small boudoir opening into a bedroom. The door of the latter was open, and the two apartments gave an impression which she told herself she could best describe by the word

some of the princess's atelier studies were placed against the walls on the floor. Martha, who could hardly believe in her good fortune in having received even the smallest notice from the princess, was yet more bewildered and delighted when the latter crossed the little boudoir, and led her into the bedroom.

Here the French maid whom Martha had seen at the atelier sat sewing. She stood up, evidently surprised. As she courtesied, and came forward to take her lady's wraps, the latter hastily threw her cloak to her, and then, striking her hands together with a quick little clap, said: "Va-t'en, Félicie!"

The maid smiled. She and her mistress evidently understood each other well. Deftly gathering up her work, she left the room, and Martha found herself alone with her divinity, in the

privacy of her own bedroom. She felt quite foolishly happy. Perhaps the princess saw it, for she said, with her bewildering smile:

"You like it, do you not? You need n't explain. I see you do, just as I saw that you liked me, without your saying a word. I am so glad."

"Like you!" said Martha, protestingly. "Oh!"

Then the princess came and stood in front of the young girl, and put her arms around her neck, clasping her long hands at the back, and looking down at her.

"It will be quite safe, I see," she said, still smiling, "for me to make my confession to you, and own that I was drawn to you in quite an extraordinary way. I really did not mean to go so fast, however; and if I had stopped to think, I should probably not have proposed to you to take this drive with me. But for once I am glad that I did not stop to think. My impetuosity is generally my bane in everything. This time I feel that it has brought me a blessing. I can prove to you that it is not my habit to go out to strangers in this way by the fact that I am so friendless. I have no intimate friend in Paris, though I know scores of people here. If I like you, and want to see more of you, and you have the same feeling toward me, why should we not indulge ourselves? Very well! So we will!" and she bent, and kissed Martha on the cheek.

The girl's heart quivered with joy; but she could find no words in which to express it, so she was quite silent. She felt herself very stupid as she let the princess take off her wraps and hat, and lead her to a seat.

"Now," said the lovely lady, "as I am one of those people who must be comfortable before they can be happy, I am going to put on a loose gown. No excuses necessary, I know."

She disappeared for a moment, and came back in an exquisite garment of pale-blue silk with borderings of dark fur. She had seemed to Martha very splendid and beautiful before, but now she was so winning, so sweet, so adorable, that the young girl felt her whole heart glow with delight as, with a long-drawn sigh of ease, the princess threw herself on the lounge at her side.

"Now," she said, as her hand closed on Martha's, "talk to me."

Poor Martha! What could she say? Her gratefulness for this unexpected confidence and friendliness moved her almost to tears, but she was silent.

"Talk to me, Martha," said the princess, coaxingly. "I may call you that, may I not?"

She called it "Mart'a," with her pretty foreign utterance; and Martha thought her homely name had suddenly become adorable. But she could not even tell this to the princess. How

dull and stupid she was! Her consent must have shown itself in her eyes, however, for the princess went on:

"I can't call you Martha unless you call me by my name, too. Will you? I have a fancy to hear you say it now. Will you call me by my little Russian name — Sonia?"

It was evident that the girl's silence did not offend her. She must have understood its basis, for she said, with an encouraging smile:

"Say it. Say 'Sonia.'"

"Oh, you are too good to me!" exclaimed Martha. "You spoke of knowing that I liked you. I don't like you — I love you! I don't love you — I adore you! O Sonia!" and the girl actually slipped from the low chair to her knees, beside the lounge.

The princess jumped to her feet, and with strong hands lifted Martha to hers; then, holding both the girl's hands, and stretching her arms apart to their full length, as their two faces were drawn together thus, she kissed Martha with affectionate warmth.

"What a dear thing you are!" she said. "How good it is to see some one who can really feel! How tired one gets of the *fin-de-siècle* spirit in both women and men! Bless you, my Martha! You have come to be a great joy in my life. I feel that we are going to be friends for always — do you?"

"Oh, if you will let me! If you will only not be disappointed in me! I am afraid to speak, afraid to breathe almost, for fear that you will find out that I am only a poor, commonplace little creature, in whom your goodness has made you see something which does not exist. Oh, I pray I may not disappoint you! And yet how can I dare to hope it?"

"Listen, Martha," said the princess in a matter-of-fact tone, as she drew the other down to a seat beside her on the lounge; "let us take each other quite simply, and not promise anything. We will just agree to be perfectly natural with each other — just to be ourselves. If you continue to like me, and I you, it is all right. If not, we shall have broken no pledges and done each other no wrong. Now, with that basis to go upon, we can both feel natural and satisfied. Only don't cover up your real self to me, for you may be concealing just what I love, and pretending what I hate. It is because you are different from others that I have been so drawn to you. Now don't try to be like other people, and ruin everything."

"Oh, I feel I can be myself with you. I feel I can tell you everything that is in my heart, and talk of things that I have never been able to speak of to others. How beautiful it is! How strange that such a relationship between two women can come about here in Paris in this age of the world!"

"It could not if we were Parisians; but both of us being foreign to this atmosphere, it can. I love your being an American. I felt sure you were even before I asked Étienne."

"And did he tell you? I have always understood that he never answered questions about his students."

"So have I; but I asked him all the same,



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"ALICE HAS A FINE VOICE."

and he told me who you were. I had quite fancied you before, and after that I fancied you still more, as I love the ideal of the American — a creature newer from Nature's hands, and nearer to her heart than we of the Old World; and, fortunately or otherwise, I have known too few of your people either to confirm or contradict this idea. So now I think I shall go on liking you. And how is it with you? Do you think you will not be disappointed in me?"

Her beautiful lips widened in a smile of broad amusement that made her eyes twinkle. Martha looked at her with a speechless adoration which she could not have been so dense as to misunderstand.

"How delightful!" said the princess. "It has been so long since I have permitted myself the luxury of a friend that my appetite for it is all the keener."

She had thrown herself back on the lounge,

and as Martha sat down by her, the princess again took her hand, saying as she did so:

"Now I will tell you two things about myself at the outset of our acquaintance: one is that I love to ask questions; the other is that I hate to be questioned. Will you remember these facts, and will you be as frank with me if I do what you don't like? I am very nearly certain that we shall fit together admirably, for the reason that I know you have no vulgar curiosity about me or my affairs. You have sense enough to be convinced by one look at my aunt, if there were nothing else, that I am respectable. Now I am pretty confident that you have an impulse to talk out freely to me, and to answer any questions that I may choose to put — all the more so because your general habit is one of strict reserve."

The princess kept her eyes on her companion's face while she was talking, and she could tell by its expression that she had interpreted her correctly. She said so, with a little laugh of contentment, and then added:

"Tell me about yourself first of all."

Martha's countenance fell.

"Ah, I have made a mistake, I see," said the princess. "We have not come to that yet; but we will come to it — you and I. Some of these days you will find yourself telling me all those close-locked secrets of your heart; and yet even they, I fancy, will relate more to others than to yourself. So be it! I can wait. Tell me now about your people — your family here in Paris."

"Well," began Martha, "there are mama and we four girls — Alice, Marian, Florence, and I. Alice is very handsome, and poor mama has had to shift over to her and to the younger girls, who also bid fair to be charming, all the hopes which she once centered in me. I have been struggled with for years, and finally let alone. Mama agrees to my working at my painting because she has made up her mind that unless I amount to something in that I shall never amount to anything at all; but I don't think she has much hope of me. She is not far from beautiful herself, and is accustomed to being admired, and it took her a long time to accept my indifference to it. However, it's quite accepted now; and I even think that, with three other girls to be taken into society, she finds a certain relief in leaving me out of it. The other girls are studying music and languages. Alice has a fine voice."

"And your father is dead, is he not? Did you not say you had a brother?"

Martha's face grew quite white with the concentration of mind which this thought produced.

"Yes; I have a brother," she said.

"Forgive me," said the princess, with swift sympathy. "There is evidently some reason

why it pains you to speak of your brother. Forget that I asked you."

The blood rushed to Martha's face as it occurred to her that her companion might misunderstand her reluctance to speak on this subject.

"It's not that I am not proud of him that it is hard for me to speak," she said; "it's expressly because I am. I made up my mind long ago not to talk about Harold. I found I must not, because I could not speak of him with any freedom without saying things that people would think that no merely mortal man deserved. I have worshiped him all my life, and, as I'm rather ashamed to own, I've had a great many other idols which turned out to be made of clay. This one, however, has never proved for an instant unworthy of my adoration."

The princess smiled.

"One would like to get a look at him," she said. "An absolutely faultless being must be interesting to look at."

"Don't laugh at me!" cried Martha. "If it were any one but you I could not bear it; but I know you would say or do nothing that could hurt me really. I don't wish you to understand that I think Harold faultless. He is not. But to one who understands him as I do, his very faults are a part of his greatness. They all have their seat in something noble, and to see how he fights to conquer them is a thing that thrills me. He is now off in America hard at work. He has done some quite extraordinary things in electricity, and is absorbed in his career. When I am a little older, and mama gives me up as a hopeless job for society, I am to go and live with Harold, and keep house for him. That is my dream and his."

"Sooner or later, dear child, you will have to wake from that dream. I do not find it as unlikely as you seem to that you will marry; and even if you should not, your brother probably will."

The princess was smiling, but her smile faded at the look of tragic pain in her companion's face. She could see that the young girl had been touched in her heart's tenderest place.

"No," she said, with that frown of sadness unrelaxed; "he will never marry."

"Forgive me again, dear Martha," said the princess. "Your brother has had some disappointment, about which your heart is as sensitive as his own. I see that, and you need tell me no more. It is good that he has you to comprehend and sympathize with him. It is good that you have each other. If you gave your heart and life to a husband as wholly as you have given them to your brother, he would probably break the heart and wreck the life, and even the right to dream would be taken



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON

"IN THE AMERICAN COLONY."

from you. Living with this brother, whom you love and worship so, whether he deserves it or not, you may have many a sweet and joy-giving dream which no reality would equal. I wish I could make you see how fortunate you are."

"I care very little for my own happiness," said Martha, too absorbed to realize that she was saying anything that called for comment. "All that I care for is to give Harold a little comfort and calm. He can never be happy again."

"He tells you so, dear child, and no doubt he believes it. I tell you it will pass. Men do not grieve perpetually for women. I know them better than you do."

"You do not know this man. If you imagine that he is like any other man in the world, you are wrong. He could not get over this sorrow and be the man that he is. It is simply a thing impossible to him. Not that he shows it. It has been two years since it happened, and

no doubt every one except myself thinks he has recovered. I dare say he wants to have it so, and he 's generally cheerful and bright. Even to me he never says a word, but I think he knows that I understand. At all events, he knows that, though it is the desire of my life to go and live with him, I would never do him the wrong to suppose that I could make him happy."

"He has, then, it would seem, the same ardent temperament as yours. Dear me! how odd it would be to see a man like that in this generation! Was this woman very cruel to him that you resent it so?"

"Resent it!" said Martha, dropping her companion's hand, to clasp her own hands together. "Even to you I can't talk about that. I should either cry like a fool or rage like a fury. I know very little about what happened, except that she has utterly ruined Harold's life, and cut him off from everything that makes life sweet."

"You allow yourself to suffer too much for him, perhaps," the princess said. "I am not going to antagonize you at the outset by saying all that I might say to you on this subject, but believe me, my little *ingénue*, I could give you points about men. I will not do it now, however, and I will even show my willingness to spare you by changing the subject. Tell me about Alice. Is she really so handsome? Does she go into society? Where could one see her?"

"Yes; she goes out a good deal—in the American colony, principally. I don't think there is any doubt that she 's handsome."

"Then I 'm all the more unfortunate in having no acquaintance in the American colony. Does she look like you?"

"No; the fact is—" Martha blushed, and was in evident confusion, as she went on—"the fact is, I 'm considered like Harold. Not really, you know, because no one can deny that he 's magnificent; but there 's said to be a sort of family likeness."

"Well, I can believe that, my dear, without absolute insult to your brother. Is Alice much admired?"

"Yes, a good deal; but she 's engaged now, and so she is not noticed as much as she was."

"Oh, she 's engaged, is she? And when is she to be married?"

"The day is not fixed, but it will be before long. The *trousseau* is being bought now. Her fiancé is an Italian officer of very good family, though not much fortune. Still, Alice is happy, and mama is satisfied, and Harold has given his consent. He is coming over to the wedding. Oh, if you could see him—and he could see you!"

"His seeing me is wholly unnecessary; but the other part might be accomplished. It would be a good idea to give me a card to the wedding if it takes place in a church. Then I could see all your people without their seeing me, and probably disapproving of our intimacy and breaking it up—or else putting it on a footing that would have no comfort in it."

"How *could* they disapprove?" said Martha, deeply hurt. "How could they be anything but honored that I should be noticed at all by a great princess like you?"

"Oh, there 's no greatness about this princess, child," said the other, laughing. "Don't expect to see me going around with a throne to sit on, in either a literal or a figurative sense. To you I am only Sonia—a fact which you seem to have forgotten, by the way. I wish you 'd call me Sonia, and stop thinking about the princess. With your American ideas it, no doubt, seems much more important than it is. Are you going to tell your people about me really or not?"

"No," said Martha; "I would n't for the world. It may be selfish, but I want you all to myself."

This was perfectly true; but at the same time, ignore it as she might, there was a lurking feeling in Martha's heart that the princess was right in imagining that if her mother knew of the friendship that had sprung up between the two students at Étienne's, she might insist upon investigating the princess—an indignity which Martha felt that she could never endure.

The princess herself seemed pleased at Martha's evident wish to monopolize her; and the two parted at last with the confidence and affection of old friends.

Julia Magruder.

(To be continued.)

TEMPTATION.

I COME to try man's weakness or his strength,
Yet honor need not droop nor virtue fall:
I wait on God; and so may rise at length,
The whitest, strongest angel of them all.

Edith Willis Linn.

THE CLOSE OF LINCOLN'S CAREER.

BY NOAH BROOKS,

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR DRAMA—THE GREAT TRAGEDY—THE DOOM OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR DRAMA.



IN the latter part of the month of March, 1865, Washington saw many signs of a collapse of the rebellion. The Confederate army appeared to be badly demoralized, and deserters, who arrived constantly in large numbers, reported that men from Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and the Carolinas could not be expected to have any heart in a fight which then seemed only for the defense of Virginia, while their own States were overrun by the armies of the Union. During the month of March more than 3000 deserters were received at Washington, and great numbers were quartered at Fort Monroe, Annapolis, and other points nearer the lines, where they were put to work in the quartermaster's department or in the naval service. One curiosity of the times was a Confederate regimental band which had deserted in a body with its instruments, and was allowed to march through the streets of the national capital playing Union airs. This was one of the oddest signs of the final break-up. People recalled a story, told by Hooker, that when the Union army scaled and occupied Lookout Mountain, a rebel sentry on duty on the crest of one of the most difficult precipices saw our men pile up in solid masses over steepes which had been thought inaccessible, and was so surprised that he forgot to run, but stood with feet rooted to the spot, watching the Union force climbing up, and streaming past him, and driving the enemy far to the rear, until he was left alone, a statue of amazement. Recovering himself at last, he threw down his musket, stripped off his rebel-gray jacket, stood on them both, and, looking far off to the sunny South, stretched out as a map below him, said, "How are you, Southern Confederacy?"

But, notwithstanding such indications of a collapse of the rebellion, at this very time many Northern Union newspapers, led by Horace Greeley and others of his stamp, were demanding that appeals should be made to the Southern people "to stop the flow of blood and the waste of treasure," and that some message should be sent to the Southerners "so terse that

it will surely be circulated, and so lucid that it cannot be misconstrued or perverted," by way of an invitation to cease fighting. Curiously enough, the nearer the time came for a final surrender, the more fervid was the demand for negotiation and appeal from the unreasonable radicals in the ranks of Northern Unionists. But all this was soon to end; and while a small party was asking, "Why not negotiate?" the downfall came.

The army of Grant had been enveloping Petersburg on March 28 and 29, and about ten o'clock on the morning of April 3 word was received in Washington from President Lincoln at City Point that that city had been evacuated, and that our army was pushing into it, sweeping around it, and pursuing the flying squadrons of Lee. At a quarter to eleven in that forenoon came a despatch to the War Department from General Weitzel, dated at Richmond, announcing the fall of the Confederate capital. It was not many minutes before the news spread like wildfire through Washington, and the intelligence, at first doubted, was speedily made positive by the circulation of thousands of newspaper "extras" containing the news in bulletins issued from the War Department. In a moment of time the city was ablaze with an excitement the like of which was never seen before, and everybody who had a piece of bunting spread it to the breeze; and from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other the air seemed to burn with the bright hues of the flag. The sky was shaken by a grand salute of 800 guns, fired by order of the Secretary of War—300 for Petersburg and 500 for Richmond. Almost by magic the streets were crowded with hosts of people, talking, laughing, hurrahing, and shouting in the fullness of their joy. Men embraced one another, "treated" one another, made up old quarrels, renewed old friendships, marched through the streets arm in arm, singing and chatting in that happy sort of abandon which characterizes people when under the influence of a great and universal happiness. The atmosphere was full of the intoxication of joy. The departments of the Government and many stores and private offices were closed for the day, and hosts of hard-worked clerks had their full share of the general holiday. Bands of music, apparently without any special direction or

formal call, paraded the streets, and boomed and blared from every public place, until the air was resonant with the expression of the popular jubilation in all the national airs, not forgetting "Dixie," which, it will be remembered, President Lincoln afterward declared to be among the spoils of war.

The American habit of speech-making was never before so conspicuously exemplified. Wherever any man was found who could make a speech, or who thought he could make a speech, there a speech was made; and a great many who had never before made one found themselves thrust upon a crowd of enthusiastic sovereigns who demanded of them something by way of jubilant oratory. One of the best of these offhand addresses extorted by the enthusiastic crowds was that of Secretary Stanton, who was called upon at the War Department by an eager multitude clamorous for more details and for a speech. The great War Secretary, for once in his life so overcome by emotion that he could not speak continuously, said this:

"Friends and fellow-citizens: In this great hour of triumph my heart, as well as yours, is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for his deliverance of the nation. Our thanks are due to the President, to the army and navy, to the great commanders by sea and land, to the gallant officers and men who have periled their lives upon the battle-field, and drenched the soil with their blood. Henceforth all commiseration and aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed, and the suffering, who bear the marks of their great sacrifices in the mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer up our thanks to divine Providence for his care over us, and beseech him to guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as he has carried us forward to victory; to teach us how to be humble in the midst of triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory, and to help us secure the foundations of this republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live for ever and ever. Let us not forget the laboring millions in other lands, who in this struggle have given us their sympathies, their aid, and their prayers; and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then, having done this, let us trust the future to him who will guide us as heretofore, according to his own good will." Nearly every line of this address was punctuated with applause.

The Secretary then read Grant's despatch, announcing the capture of Richmond, and the fact that the city was on fire, upon which the Secretary asked the crowd what they would reply to Grant. Some cried, "Let her burn!" others, "Burn it! burn it!" but one voice shouted, "Hold Richmond for the Northern mudsills!" which sally was received with considerable

laughter. Mr. Stanton introduced to the crowd Willie Kettles, a bright Vermont boy about fourteen years old, an operator in the telegraph-room of the War Office, who had been the fortunate recipient of the important despatch announcing the capture of Richmond. Of course the crowd wanted a speech from the lad, who discreetly held his tongue, and bowed with modesty. Secretary Seward, who happened to be at the War Department to hear the news, was espied and called out, and he made a little address in which he said that he had always been in favor of a change in the cabinet, particularly in the War Department, and that recent events proved that he was right. "Why," said he, "I started to go to 'the front' the other day, and when I got to City Point they told me it was at Hatcher's Run, and when I got there I was told it was not there but somewhere else, and when I get back I am told by the Secretary that it is at Petersburg; but before I can realize that, I am told again that it is at Richmond, and west of that. Now I leave you to judge what I ought to think of such a Secretary of War as this." The crowds continually circulated through the city, and from a building near the War Department Senator Nye of Nevada and Preston King of New York spoke, and at Willard's Hotel General Butler, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, and Vice-President Johnson responded to the eager and uproarious demand. The day of jubilee did not end with the day, but rejoicing and cheering were prolonged far into the night. Many illuminated their houses, and bands were still playing, and leading men, and public officials were serenaded all over the city. There are always hosts of people who drown their joys effectually in the flowing bowl, and Washington on April 3 was full of those. Thousands besieged the drinking-saloons, champagne popped everywhere, and a more liquorish crowd was never seen in Washington than on that night. Many and many a man of years of habitual sobriety seemed to think it a patriotic duty to "get full" on that eventful night, and not only so, but to advertise the fact of fullness as widely as possible. I saw one big, sedate Vermonter, chief of an executive bureau, standing on the corner of F and Fourteenth streets, with owlish gravity giving away fifty-cent "shin-plasters" (fractional currency) to every colored person who came past him, brokenly saying with each gift, "Babylon has fallen!"

On the night of April 4, in pursuance of a recommendation by the Secretary of State, the city was generally illuminated. All the public buildings and a great proportion of private residences and business houses were alight with fireworks and illuminations of every de-

scription. The War Department was gorgeously decorated with a mass of flags, the windows were filled with lights, and a huge transparency of patriotic devices crowned the portico. The same was true of the Navy Department, the Winder building (occupied by the Government), the White House, and the State and Treasury buildings. Secretary Seward was the author of a much-admired motto over the portico of the State Department, which read: "At home Union is order, and Union is peace. Abroad Union is strength, and strength is peace." Over another entrance of the building was: "Peace and good will to all nations, but no entangling alliances and no foreign intervention." The Treasury had over its chief entrance a huge transparency which was a tolerable imitation of a ten-dollar, interest-bearing United States note, with a mammoth facsimile of Treasurer Spinner's signature in all its unique ugliness. The Treasury motto was: "U. S. Greenbacks and U. S. Grant. Grant gives the greenbacks a metallic ring."

With that wonderful adaptability which is characteristic of the American people, Richmond was no sooner in our hands than all the machinery of war, transportation, and subsistence began to tend thither, and orders were at once carried out to rebuild railroads, equip steamboat lines, and put up piers and bridges, so that in a few days Washington was in regular communication with Richmond, and that city was used as a base of supplies against whatever of rebellion might be left in arms. The Orange and Alexandria route to Richmond was at once reestablished, although for the time being the line of transportation was from Washington via Acquia Creek and Fredericksburg. Steamers were at once despatched from Washington to Richmond with hospital supplies, and a United States mail agent took possession of the Richmond post-office; and while Washington was celebrating the downfall of the rebel capital, the General Post-office received its first regular mail from the captured city. Governor Peirpoint, who, as Senator Sumner picturesquely said, had been carrying the State government of loyal Virginia in his trousers pocket for several years, announced that the peripatetic ark of the government finally rested in its proper seat; and so the "Common Council of Alexandria," as Sumner had contemptuously styled the loyal legislature of Virginia, was once more holding sittings in Richmond.

But greater things were yet to come. Most people were sleeping soundly in their beds when, at daylight on the rainy morning of April 10, 1865, a great boom startled the misty air of Washington, shaking the very earth, and breaking the windows of houses about Lafayette

Square, and moving the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality to say once more that they would be glad when Union victories were done with, or should be celebrated elsewhere. Boom! boom! went the guns, until five hundred were fired. A few people got up in the chill twilight of the morning, and raced about in the mud to learn what the good news might be, while others formed a procession and resumed their parades,—no dampness, no fatigue, being sufficient to depress their ardor. But many placidly lay abed, well knowing that only one military event could cause all this mighty pother in the air of Washington; and if their nap in the gray dawn was disturbed with dreams of guns and of terms of armies surrendered to Grant by Lee, they awoke later to read of these in the daily papers; for this was Secretary Stanton's way of telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms, and that peace had come again.

But the great news had really reached Washington the night before (Palm Sunday), and a few newspaper men and others of late habits, who were up through the darkness and the dampness of those memorable hours, had sent the glad tidings all over the Union from Maine to California, and had then unbent themselves in a private and exclusive jollification. When the capital was broad awake, and had taken in the full value of the news, the fever-heat that had fired the city on the day after the fall of Richmond did not return. Popular feeling had culminated then, and after that great event there was nothing that could surprise us, not even if "Jeff" Davis himself had come to Washington to surrender. The streets were shockingly muddy, but were all alive with people singing and cheering, carrying flags, and saluting everybody, hungering and thirsting for speeches. General Butler was called out, among others, and he made a speech full of surprising liberality and generosity toward the enemy. The departments gave another holiday to their clerks; so did many business firms; and the Treasury employees assembled in the great corridor of their building and sang "Old Hundredth" with thrilling, even tear-compelling effect. Then they marched in a body across the grounds to the White House, where the President was at breakfast, and serenaded him with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As the forenoon wore on, an impromptu procession came up from the navy-yard, dragging six boat-howitzers, which were fired through the streets as they rolled on. This crowd, reinforced by the hurraing legions along the route, speedily swelled to enormous proportions, and filled the whole area in front of the White House, where guns were fired and bands played

while the multitude waited for a speech. The young hope of the house of Lincoln—"Tad"—made his appearance at the well-known window from which the President always spoke, and was received with great shouts of applause, whereupon he waved a captured rebel flag, to the uproarious delight of the sovereign people below. When Lincoln came to the window shortly after, the scene before him was one of the wildest confusion. It seemed impossible for men adequately to express their feelings. They fairly yelled with delight, threw up their hats again and again, or threw up one another's hats, and screamed like mad. From the windows of the White House the surface of that crowd looked like an agitated sea of hats, faces, and arms. Quiet being restored, the President briefly congratulated the people on the occasion which called out such unrestrained enthusiasm, and said that as arrangements were being made for a more formal celebration, he would defer his remarks until that occasion; "for," said he, "I shall have nothing to say then if it is all dribbled out of me now." He said that as the good old tune of "Dixie" had been captured on the 9th of April, he had submitted the question of its ownership to the Attorney-General, who had decided that that tune was now our lawful property; and he asked that the band should play it, which was done with a will, "Yankee Doodle" following. Then the President proposed three cheers for General Grant and the officers and men under him, then three cheers for the navy, all of which were given heartily, the President leading off, waving his hand; and the laughing, joyous crowd dispersed.

The special celebration to which Lincoln referred was that of the 11th of April, when, in answer to the customary serenade, the President made a long and formal speech. All of the government buildings were again illuminated, and the people, almost with unanimity, followed the example. The night was misty, and the exhibition was a splendid one. The reflection of the illuminated dome of the Capitol on the moist air was remarked as being especially fine; it was seen many miles away. Arlington House, across the river, the old home of Lee, was brilliantly lighted, and rockets and colored lights blazed on the lawn, where ex-slaves by the thousand sang "The Year of Jubilee."

The notable feature of the evening, of course, was the President's speech, delivered to an immense throng of people, who, with bands, banners, and loud huzzas, poured into the semi-circular avenue in front of the Executive Mansion. After repeated calls, loud and enthusiastic, the President appeared at the window, which was a signal for a great outburst. There was

something terrible in the enthusiasm with which the beloved Chief Magistrate was received. Cheers upon cheers, wave after wave of applause, rolled up, the President patiently standing quiet until it was all over. The speech was longer than most people had expected, and of a different character. It was chiefly devoted to a discussion of the policy of reconstruction which had been outlined by him in previous public documents. It began with the words, now classic, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, he from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gave us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parceled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you, but no part of the honor for plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part."

While the crowd was assembling in front of the house, and before the President went up-stairs to the window from which he was to speak, I was with him, and noticed that his speech was written out, and that he carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. He explained that this was a precaution to prevent a repetition of the criticisms which had sometimes been made by fastidious persons upon his off-hand addresses. Senator Sumner, it may be remembered, had objected to the President's using on a former occasion the expression, "The rebels turned tail and ran," as being undignified from the lips of the President of the United States. Lincoln recalled that criticism with a smile. From a point of concealment behind the window drapery I held a light while he read, dropping the pages of his written speech one by one upon the floor as he finished them. Little Tad, who found the crowd no longer responsive to his antics, had now sought the chief point of attraction, and scrambled around on the floor, importuning his father to give him "another," as he collected the sheets of paper fluttering from the President's hand. Outside was a vast sea of faces, illuminated by the lights that burned in the festal array of the White House, and stretching far out into the misty darkness. It was a silent, intent, and perhaps surprised multitude. Within stood the tall, gaunt figure of the President, deeply thoughtful, intent upon the elucidation of the policy which should be

pursued toward the South. That this was not the sort of speech which the multitude had expected is tolerably certain. In the hour of his triumph as the patriotic Chief Magistrate of a great people, Lincoln appeared to think only of the great problem then pressing upon the Government—a problem which would demand the highest statesmanship, the greatest wisdom, and the firmest generosity.

I have said that some of Lincoln's more fastidious critics had objected to certain of his offhand phrases, which readily took with the multitude, and which more graphically conveyed his meaning than those commonly used by the scholars. Against advice, he had, in a formal message to Congress, adhered to the use of the phrase "sugar-coated pill." He argued that the time would probably never come when the American people would not understand what a sugar-coated pill was; and on this historic occasion he used another favorite figure of his when he said, "Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than smashing it." But it turned out that Senator Sumner, for one, was no better pleased with this metaphor than he had been with others on previous occasions; for in a letter to Dr. Lieber of Philadelphia, next day, he wrote: "The President's speech, and other things, augur confusion and uncertainty in the future, with hot controversy. Alas! alas!" And still later in that year, Sumner said: "The eggs of crocodiles can produce only crocodiles, and it is not easy to see how eggs laid by military power can be hatched into an American State."

Years have passed since then, and the grave has long since closed over the President and the senators who opposed his policy and his judgment. Posterity has vindicated the wisdom of Lincoln, and has dealt charitably with the errors of those who in their day lacked that charity which is now entreated of mankind for them. That they meant well, that they were patriotic, that they were sincere, no man can doubt; but as we turn our thoughts backward to that April night when the great President made his last public speech to a silent and wondering crowd, we may well regard his figure with veneration and reverence, aware now, if we were not then, that he builded better than they knew. In the general jubilation of that hour, however, there was very little criticism of the President's last public speech. It was felt, perhaps, that the man who had brought us safe through the great trial of our strength and patience, himself strong and patient, might well be trusted with the adjustment of terms of reunion. Reunion was then the foremost thought in the minds of men.

Slavery was dead, peace had returned, and henceforth the grateful task of reuniting the long-estranged brotherhood of the States was ours. Is it any wonder that men fairly cried with joy when this happy consummation rose in their minds?

But even while we stood under the light of a new day, joyful as a people, triumphant as citizens, there was preparing for us a portentous and inconceivable disaster.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

THE afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw, and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the President at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln; but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, New Jersey. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, he (the President) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing"; but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night, Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go, in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed. On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip, and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento whom he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older States; and when he heard that Colfax was going to California, he was greatly interested in his trip, and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practised observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted; and my room-mate McA— and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half-past ten our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of

cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York Avenue, near the State Department building. After a while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping-room in the rear part of the house. As I turned down the gas, I said to my room-mate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside to-night. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington, and has pounced down upon the President, and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the President was in any way in danger; and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied, "What good will that do the rebs unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news." I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling, and woebegone, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the President, Mr. Seward, Vice-President Johnson, and other members of the Government, had been killed; and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women, and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the President and Mr. Seward's family. The President still lived, but at half-past seven o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still. The last official bulletin from the War Department stated that he died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half-mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, govern-

ment departments, and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad-faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before. Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's Theater, we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died. As the little cortège passed down the street to the White House, every head was uncovered, and the profound silence which prevailed was broken only by sobs and by the sound of the measured tread of those who bore the martyred President back to the home which he had so lately quitted full of life, hope, and courage.

On the night of the 17th the remains of Lincoln were laid in the casket prepared for their reception, and were taken from the large guest-chamber of the house to the famous East Room, where so many brilliant receptions and so many important public events had been witnessed; and there they lay in state until the day of the funeral (April 19). The great room was draped with crape and black cloth, relieved only here and there by white flowers and green leaves. The catafalque upon which the casket lay was about fifteen feet high, and consisted of an elevated platform resting on a dais and covered with a domed canopy of black cloth which was supported by four pillars, and was lined beneath with fluted white silk. In those days the custom of sending floral tributes on funereal occasions was little known, but the funeral of Lincoln was remarkable for the unusual abundance and beauty of the devices in flowers that were sent by individuals and public bodies. From the time the body had been made ready for burial until the last services in the house, it was watched night and day by a guard of honor, the members of which were one major-general, one brigadier-general, two field officers, and four line officers of the army and four of the navy. Before the public were admitted to view the face of the dead, the scene in the darkened room—a sort of *chapelle ardente*—was most impressive. At the head and foot and on each side of the casket of their dead chief stood the motionless figures of his armed warriors.

When the funeral exercises took place, the

floor of the East Room had been transformed into something like an amphitheater by the erection of an inclined platform, broken into steps, and filling all but the entrance side of the apartment and the area about the catafalque. This platform was covered with black cloth, and upon it stood the various persons designated as participants in the ceremonies, no seats being provided. In the northwest corner were the pall-bearers—senators Lafayette S. Foster of Connecticut, E. D. Morgan of New York, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Richard Yates of Illinois, Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, and John Conness of California; representatives Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, A. H. Coffroth of Pennsylvania, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, E. B. Washburne of Illinois, and H. G. Worthington of Nevada; Lieutenant-General Grant, Major-General Halleck, and Brevet Brigadier General Nichols; Vice-Admiral Farragut, Rear-Admiral Shubrick, and Colonel Zeilin, of the Marine Corps; civilians O. H. Browning, George Ashmun, Thomas Corwin, and Simon Cameron. The New York Chamber of Commerce was represented by its officers, and the New York Associated Merchants by Simeon Draper, Moses Grinnell, John Jacob Astor, Jonathan Sturges, and Hiram Walbridge. Next to them, at the extreme southern end of the room, were the governors of the States; and on the east side of the coffin, which lay north and south, and opposite the main entrance of the East Room, stood Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. He was supported on each side by his faithful friend Preston King and ex-Vice-President Hamlin. Behind these were Chief Justice Chase and his associates on the Supreme Bench, and near them were the members of the cabinet and their wives, all of whom were in deep mourning. On the right of the cabinet officers, at the northern end of the room, were the diplomatic corps, whose brilliant court costumes gleamed in strange contrast with the somber monotony of the rest of the spectacle. The members of the Senate and House of Representatives were disposed about the room and adjoining apartments, and at the foot of the catafalque was a little semicircle of chairs for the family and friends. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the President, was the only one of the family present, Mrs. Lincoln being unable to leave her room, where she remained with "Tad." General Grant, separated from the others, sat alone at the head of the catafalque, and during the solemn services was often moved to tears. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the President, who preached the funeral sermon; the Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Epiphany Episcopal Church; the Rev. Dr. Gray,

who was chaplain of the Senate; and Bishop Simpson, who was an intimate friend of Lincoln. A singular omission, whether intentional or not I do not know, was that no music of any sort was mingled with the exercises.

The sight of the funeral pageant will probably never be forgotten by those who saw it. Long before the services in the White House were over, the streets were blocked by crowds of people thronging to see the procession, which moved from the house precisely at two o'clock, amid the tolling of bells and the booming of minute-guns from three batteries that had been brought into the city, and from each of the many forts about Washington. The day was cloudless, and the sun shone brilliantly upon cavalry, infantry, artillery, marines, associations, and societies, with draped banners, and accompanied in their slow march by mournful dirges from numerous military bands. The Ninth and Tenth Regiments of Veteran Reserves headed the column; next came a battalion of marines in gorgeous uniforms; then the Sixteenth New York and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Regiments; then eight pieces of United States light artillery in all the pomp and panoply peculiar to that branch of the service; next several mounted major-generals and brigadiers, accompanied by their staffs; then army and naval officers on foot by the hundred, more mounted officers, and pall-bearers in carriages; then the funeral car, a large structure canopied and covered with black cloth, somewhat like the catafalque which had been erected in the White House. The casket rested on a high platform eight or ten feet above the level of the street. As it passed many shed tears, and all heads were uncovered. The car was guarded by a detachment of the First West Virginia Artillery, on foot, and the company of cavalry known as the President's body-guard, also on foot; then came the carriages for the family, and then the President, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, both houses of Congress, and others.

One noticeable feature of the procession was the appearance of the colored societies which brought up the rear, humbly, as was their wont; but just before the procession began to move, the Twenty-Second United States Colored Infantry (organized in Pennsylvania), landed from Petersburg, marched up to a position on the avenue, and when the head of the column came up, played a dirge, and headed the procession to the Capitol. The coffin was taken from the funeral car and placed on a catafalque within the rotunda of the Capitol, which had been darkened and draped in mourning. When the lying in state at the Capitol was over, the funeral procession from Washington to Springfield, Illinois, began, the cortège passing over

the same route which was taken by Abraham Lincoln when he left his home for the national capital to assume the great office which he laid down only with his life.

It would be superfluous now to dwell on the incidents of that historic and most lamentable procession, or to recall to the minds of the present and passing generation the impressiveness of the wonderful popular demonstration of grief that stretched from the seaboard to the heart of Illinois. History has recorded how thousands of the plain people whom Lincoln loved came out from their homes to stand bareheaded and reverent as the funeral train swept by, while bells were tolled and the westward progress through the night was marked by camp-fires built along the course by which the great emancipator was borne at last to his dreamless rest.

THE DOOM OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE court-room in which were tried in May, 1865, the eight conspirators arraigned for being concerned in the plot against the lives of the heads of the Government, was a place of fascinating and perhaps morbid interest. The trial was arranged to be secret, but it was finally opened to those who could procure passes from the president of the court. The room in which the trial was held is a part of the great United States Arsenal establishment, attached to which is the penitentiary in which the conspirators were confined. It is on the banks of the Potomac, in the suburbs of the city. Entering an old-fashioned brick building, one was shown into a large, bare room on the ground floor, where sat a couple of staff-officers receiving the credentials of those who applied for admission; they sent these up to the court, where an officer inspected them, and returned them, if satisfactory, with the desired card of admission. A narrow flight of stairs brought the visitor to a small chamber in the second story, where a knot of orderlies were lounging about, and an officer inspected one's pass; after another flight of stairs, another inspection of the pass permitted one to enter the court-room, which was in the third story. It was an apartment about twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet long, the entrance being at the end opposite the penitentiary. Looking up the room, one saw that it was divided lengthwise into two parts, the portion on the right being occupied by the court, sitting around a long, green-covered table, General Hunter at one end, and Judge-Advocate-General Holt with his assistants at the other. The part of the room which was not occupied by the court was railed off, and was taken up with a few seats for reporters and spectators generally, who were crowded confusedly about, and rested as best they could against the bare, whitewashed

walls of the room. At the farther end of the apartment was a wooden railing, behind which, on a narrow, raised platform, sat the accused men, all in a solemn row, with an armed soldier sitting between every two persons. At the left-hand corner behind them was a heavy iron door opening into the corridor along which were the cells of the prisoners. Each one of the accused was manacled hand and foot, and sat grimly against the wall, facing the court and the witnesses, the witness-stand being a raised box in the center of the room.

On the left, in the line of prisoners, sat Mrs. Surratt, deeply veiled, with her face turned to the wall, slowly and constantly fanning herself, and never raising her head except when ordered to show her countenance for the purpose of identification by witnesses. She was a dark-looking, fleshy, placid, and matronly woman, apparently about forty-five years of age. She was accused of being privy to the plot, assisting both before and after the assassination, and secreting in her house the arms and other implements to be used in carrying out the conspiracy.

Next the guard who sat by Mrs. Surratt's side was Herold, a small, dark fellow, about twenty-five years old, with a low, receding forehead, scanty black hair and whiskers, a stooping figure, protruding teeth, and a vulgar face. This man was Booth's intimate companion, and left him only when he was burned out in the Maryland barn.

Next was Payne, the assassin detailed for the murder of Seward. He sat bolt upright against the wall, looming up like a young giant above all the others. Payne's face would defy the ordinary physiognomist. It certainly appeared to be a good face. His coarse, black hair was brushed well off his low, broad forehead; his eyes were dark gray, unusually large and liquid. His brawny, muscular chest, which was covered only by a dark, close-fitting "sweater," was that of an athlete. He was apparently not much over twenty-four years old, and his face, figure, and bearing bespoke him the powerful, resolute creature that he proved to be. It was curious to see the quick flash of intelligence that involuntarily shot from his eyes when the knife with which he had done the bloody work at Seward's house was identified by the man who found it in the street near the house in the gray dawn of the morning after that dreadful night. The knife was a heavy, horn-handled implement, with a double edge at the point, and a blade about ten inches long, thick at the back, but evidently ground carefully to a fine point. This knife was subsequently given to Robinson, the faithful nurse who saved the life of Seward, and who was afterward made a paymaster in the army of the United States.

Next in order sat Atzerot, who had been assigned, it was believed, to the murder of Vice-President Johnson, but whose heart failed him when the time came to strike the blow. This fellow might safely challenge the rest of the party as the completest personification of a low and cunning scoundrel. He was small and sinewy, with long, dark-brown hair, dark-blue and unsteady eyes, a receding, narrow chin and forehead, and a generally villainous countenance. It was observed that when any ludicrous incident disturbed the gravity of the court, as sometimes happened, Atzerot was the only man who never smiled, although the others, Payne especially, would often grin in sympathy with the auditors.

O'Laughlin, who was supposed to have been set apart for the murder of Stanton or Grant, had the appearance of the traditional stage villain. He had a high, broad forehead, a mass of tangled black hair, a heavy black mustache and chin-whiskers, and his face was blackened by a rough, unshaven beard. His large eyes, black and wild, were never still, but appeared to take in everything within the room, scanning each new arrival at the door, watching the witnesses, but occasionally resting on the green trees and sunny sky seen through the grated window on his left. He often moved his feet, and the clanking of his manacles would attract his attention, and he would look down, then back and forth at the scene within the courtroom. A California vigilance committee in 1849 probably would have hanged him "on general principles." He was accused of being in league with both Surratt and Herold, and was seen at Stanton's house on the night of the murder, asking for General Grant.

Spangler, the stage-carpenter of Ford's Theater, was about forty, heavily built, sandy in complexion, slovenly in appearance. He held Booth's horse at odd times, kept clear the way to the rear of the theater, and was suspected of being his lackey. The poor creature, more than any other, appeared to be under the influence of imminent bodily fear. His hands were incessantly moving along his legs from knee to thigh, his bony fingers traveling back and forth like spiders, as he sat with his eyes fixed on each witness.

Dr. Mudd, the companion and associate of Booth, who received the flying assassin into his house on the night of the murder, and set his fractured limb, in appearance was about thirty-five years of age, and had mild blue eyes, a good, broad forehead, ruddy face, hair scanty and thin, a high head, and a sanguine temperament. He sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a white handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck, and attentively regarded the proceedings with the air of a man who felt sure of himself.

Last in the row, and looking out of the window upon the pleasant sky and tree-tops beyond, was Arnold, the "Sam" of Booth's correspondence, who, writing from Hookstown, Maryland, informed the assassin that he had concluded to "give up the job," and was tired of keeping up appearances. This man was as uneasy as a caged whelp. He leaned his head on the rail before him, or looked out of the window, or lounged against the wall, or rested his chin on his breast, and was generally absolutely inattentive to everything that went on. He had retreated from the conspiracy, and was caught at Fort Monroe, where he had gone to get out of the way until suspicion had passed. It then appeared that he figured only in the original plan of abducting Lincoln, and was to have caught him on the stage when the rest of the villains had thrown him over from the box.

The appearance and demeanor of the court, it must be admitted, were neither solemn nor impressive. The members of the commission sat about in various negligent attitudes, and a general appearance of disorder was evident. Many ladies were present, and their irrepressible whispering was a continual nuisance to the reporters, who desired to keep track of the evidence. The witnesses were first examined by the judge-advocate, the members of the court putting in a question now and then, and the counsel for the prisoners taking up the cross-examination, each counselor attending only to the witness whose testimony affected his own client. The witnesses were brought in without regard to any particular criminal, all being tried at once. Occasionally an attorney for one prisoner would "develop" the witness under examination in such a manner as to injure the cause of another of the defendants, and then a petty quarrel would ensue between the different counsel.

Of the eight prisoners at the bar, Payne, Atzerot, Herold, and Mrs. Surratt were declared by the court guilty of murder, and were hanged on July 7, 1865. O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Dr. Mudd were found guilty of being accessory to the conspiracy, and were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. Spangler, who impressed most people as being a weak creature and unaware of being concerned in any real crime, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and, with O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Mudd, was sent to the forts of the Dry Tortugas. Dr. Mudd was pardoned by President Johnson in February, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler about a month later in the same year. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever while in prison at Fort Jefferson, Florida. John H. Surratt, who was at first believed to have been the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward, escaped from Washington immediately after the tragedy, and fled

to Canada; thence he went to Italy, where he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, but was traced by the sleuth-hounds of the United States detective force, and was brought back to this country on an American frigate in December, 1866, and tried, but not convicted.

A painful and depressing feature of this tragical business was the ease with which many well-meaning but unreasonable people not only appeared to forget the awfulness of the crime committed, but made objection to the findings of the court. Judge John A. Bingham, who assisted the judge-advocate in the trial, was unjustly, even wickedly, pursued by some of these wrong-headed persons for the part he took in the conviction of Mrs. Surratt. All the evidence in her case pointed unerringly to her guilt as an intelligent accomplice of the assassins. And the fact that Payne sought her house as a place of refuge after his murderous assault upon Seward, was only one of many more conclusive evidences of her active share in the great conspiracy. Her sex appears to have blinded the judgment of many who did not follow the trial with attentiveness.

It was natural, but to a lover of Lincoln almost surprising, that while the lifeless form of the martyr was being borne home to Illinois, the newly installed President, Andrew Johnson, was surrounded, courted, and flattered by eager crowds of courtiers and office-seekers in Washington. If Johnson had just been inaugurated, after a political campaign in which he

had defeated Lincoln, and was expected to overturn everything that remained of his predecessor's work, the appearance of things would not have been different from what it was. Multitudes from every part of the country rushed upon Washington, some with windy and turgid addresses to the new President, and many more with applications for official favor. To a thoughtful man this exhibition was disgusting beyond description.

Nor was one's respect for a pure democracy heightened by the habitual pose of President Johnson. It was a remarkable illustration of the elasticity and steadiness of our form of government that its machinery moved on without a jar, without tumult, when the head was suddenly stricken down. But the vulgar clamor of the crowds that beset Johnson, the boisterous ravings of the successor of Lincoln, and the complete absorption of Washington quidnuncs in speculations on the "policy" of the new head of the Government, saddened those who regarded this ignoble spectacle with hearts sore with grief for the loss of him who was yet unburied.

All these petty details are but a small part of our history; but they do belong to history. Posterity is already making up its verdict. We must be content to leave to posterity the final adjustment of all things. Smaller men are passing out of human memory. In the words of one who knew him well, Lincoln "belongs to the ages."

Noah Brooks.



UNANSWERED.

HER eyes are closed, that were the door
Through which the light had fond access
To her sweet soul: forevermore
The fair soul-house is tenantless.

Her eyes are closed; yet, in the night
That saw her fuller life begin,
The watchers knew the clearest light,
Just dawned, was that her eyes shut in.

O strangely radiant gates of Death!
Could we look past you through her eyes,
Should we too lay aside our breath
With such eternal glad surprise?

Charles Buxton Going.

RUBINSTEIN:

THE MAN AND THE MUSICIAN.



WITH the death of Anton Rubinstein has been broken one of the last and strongest links binding us to the musical history of the middle and early parts of this century. As a child in Paris, Rubinstein met and played to Chopin. As a youth in Berlin he knew personally Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. Liszt and Glinka were his intimate friends all through manhood. Tschaikowsky may be said to have studied under him at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. And in the sixties and seventies, when Rubinstein traveled from city to city like a conquering hero, here producing his operas, there enthraling the hearts of thousands by his unparalleled playing, he was living and working through the same years that saw the recognition of Wagner's extraordinary genius.

Rubinstein's fascinating personality was welcomed on all sides. In the court life of Russia he played a prominent part, directing the amateur forces of the brilliant and gifted Russian aristocracy that formed a coterie surrounding the Grand Duchess Helen; and in the art life of St. Petersburg he was one of the governing spirits. Outside of Russia, in every city of Europe his genius quickly won him recognition, and with the exception of Liszt no other musician of the century was so surrounded by men and women of brains and position.

Notwithstanding this, and the consequent catholicity and broadness of ideas which one would imagine should follow, as a musician, or perhaps it is better to say as a musical thinker, Rubinstein was singularly old-fashioned and non-progressive in his ideas.

His veneration for the classics was almost fanatical, and for him the last word had been said in music when Chopin laid down his pen. In the genius of his contemporaries he had absolutely no belief. The compositions of Berlioz he considered wild and unsatisfactory; Wagner he disliked; Liszt as a composer had no place in his respect; and he looked askance at Tschaikowsky.

Remembering Rubinstein's position as a composer, at first glance a certain sequence of ideas would lead one to suspect that the inevitable jealousy commonly supposed to exist between "two of a trade" was at the bottom

of this. But any such suspicion wrongs Rubinstein. He was not a man of that sort. For four years I studied his modes of thought and character minutely. I saw him in many trying positions, and was often surprised to find how little outside things, especially personal crosses, disturbed the serenity of his convictions, and how free he was from those petty jealousies and weaknesses too often found in the character of artists, great or small.

In his incapability to appreciate the compositions of his contemporaries Rubinstein was absolutely sincere. The mere fact of his acknowledging this incapability actually shows the honesty of his character and convictions, since it was a brave thing for a man of his position to fly in the face of the acknowledged and cherished ideas of his contemporaries, if for no other reason than for fear of ridicule; and Rubinstein was not a man to brave ridicule if he could by any means honorably escape it.

Rubinstein himself was sometimes puzzled, even more than were others, by his antipathy to the music of his contemporaries; and once, when discussing this question, he said to me: "I cannot understand it or myself. I can seemingly explain it only by supposing I was born too soon or too late."

The real explanation lies, however, in the fact that Rubinstein's genius was essentially lyrical and subjective. He never tried to paint the human emotions in tone-colors, as Wagner did. He invariably sang about them, and of them, without ever thinking of creating their musical prototypes. With him it was song first and song last and song always. Therefore he differed from Wagner, and failed to understand him.

It was a subject Rubinstein's intimate friends frequently discussed with him, and many were the battles fought in the cause. On one occasion he grew positively angry, and cried out, with his usual impatient toss of the head:

"You find it good; I do not. Wagner has sent music to the devil and to chaos. He has been original at the expense of true art, and all who follow him—since not one in a thousand will have his cleverness—will find themselves in the end only doomed to wander in a wilderness of barrenness and darkness. Their labors will produce nothing that can live. As for this motive business you all rave over, what

is it? Where is its beauty? Can one call it art? Must a singer come on the boards with his photograph pinned on his breast in the shape of a motive? No, and again no. It is false, and so I can only regard it."

When it comes to a matter of opinion emphatically expressed by a great man, all argument must cease, since of all things a great man's rooted opinion is most difficult to remove; the more one works at it, the closer it seems to stick. This was certainly so in Rubinstein's case. He disliked Wagner intensely, and was sincere in his dislike. It was a positive pain for him to see his pupils or those who surrounded him become Wagner enthusiasts; and enthusiasts all who admire Wagner are bound to become. I have many times seen him sit at the symphony concerts in perplexed wonder, listening to the thundering applause that followed a Wagner number. He seemed unable to grasp the reason, and surely there was absolutely no sham in his dislike: it came from his very soul.

It must, however, be remembered that against Wagner the man and Wagner the composer—even when half Europe was abusing him—Rubinstein never uttered a word. He was utterly above this. He was one of the few artists whose personal dislikes were limited. It was against Wagner the innovator and teacher that he spoke.

To Rubinstein art was essentially a cause, and genius was great only when it laid a stepping-stone for those who followed. A great name had no attractions for him. He thought it greater to be the founder of the St. Petersburg Conservatory than to be Rubinstein the pianist-composer. In this he was essentially unselfish and lacking in egotism. Therefore, when he waxed wroth against Wagner, it was simply because he believed Wagner's influence pernicious for the future of art.

For the famous composers of the latter half of the last century and the beginning of this,—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Glinka, Schumann, and Chopin, including the father and forerunner of all, the immortal Johann Sebastian Bach,—Rubinstein had a positive adoration. It was a lovely thing to see him enjoy their music. His intense pleasure was really rare to witness. He seemed to enjoy with every nerve and fiber of his being. His whole body vibrated, as it were, to the rhythm of the piece. Throughout the playing his exclamations of joy were accompanied with a brightening of the eyes, a breathing enthusiasm; and it was often difficult for those beside him to respond to the exuberant force of his delight, so great and continuous was it.

The famous C Major Symphony of Schubert, the greatest of the Beethoven symphonies, with some pieces of Mozart and Schumann, were to

him never-failing sources of pure delight. In contradistinction to this, it was really a study to watch him sit out a piece of Wagner's with head bent, immovable, remaining indifferent to the excitement of those around him.

It was strange that, like Chopin, Rubinstein had an antipathy to Liszt.

"Liszt!" said Rubinstein to me once, with a shrug of contempt. "He is a comedian."

In Rubinstein's eyes, to be a comedian was the greatest of all sins. Of all men he hated deeply anything insincere or false. Time and time again he spoiled his own artistic success by reason of his bluntness and outspokenness. Anything that Rubinstein ever said to you—provided always you were not a woman, and the speech a compliment—you could rely upon as coming straight from his heart, and as being absolutely the mirror of his feelings. He could not lie or prevaricate, nor could he even utter the conventional falsehoods of every-day social life.

Liszt, a brilliant man of the world and a born courtier, was the direct antithesis of this. No human being, even his most intimate friends, could ever be sure of Liszt's real feelings. Only when he made sacrifices, great and noble sacrifices,—such sacrifices as only Liszt could make,—could one be sure of them. But the real Liszt was an enigma and a puzzle. He never forgot the world; therefore his words and actions were more or less all spoken and arranged for the gallery. All his life he posed, and posed excellently; and it was this marked characteristic of his personality that made Rubinstein, near as were the relations of the two great artists at one time, distrust him.

Antipathy is one of the most curious and inexplicable attributes of the human character. When it arises from nationality, it is stronger than reason and stronger than will—it defies explanation; but very often we can trace the beginning of an antipathy in one great man toward another to some careless or thoughtless action in youth, and such I think was the case in that of Rubinstein.

As a boy Liszt was Rubinstein's ideal. In his manner of using his hands, sitting at the piano-forte, and tossing back his hair, Rubinstein imitated enthusiastically the great Hungarian pianist; and when he found himself next to penniless in Berlin on the death of his father, and forced to shift for himself to gain daily bread, he hastened to Vienna to find Liszt, believing that the latter would acknowledge the kinship of art between them, and put him on the highway to recognition and fortune. As it happened, Rubinstein must have arrived at an inopportune moment; for Liszt dismissed the young artist with the assurance that he must make his way unaided, which was certainly

cold comfort to one whom very hunger had driven to seek protection, especially as Liszt himself had received hospitality at the hands of the Rubinstein in Moscow. Of course Liszt did not mean to act cruelly, and later, when he found Rubinstein living in an attic in dire poverty, he atoned for all this; but youthful impressions are strong, and the young Russian's sensitive feelings had been wounded too deeply for cure. Hence, probably, his antipathy. Later in life all proofs of friendship on Liszt's part were unavailing. In dire necessity Liszt had failed him, and Rubinstein did not forget it, nor could anything make him believe in the sincerity of the great Hungarian artist.

There is no doubt, also, that at times Liszt was capable of great hauteur in his dealings with his brother artists; and it was this, undoubtedly, that caused the split in the Chopin-Liszt friendship. Chopin could not stand Liszt's meddling with his compositions, and Liszt was unpardonably egotistical in this. It displayed itself in another form toward Rubinstein—that of criticism. Liszt probably meant well toward the young Russian composer, and his advice was at all times excellent; but the noticeable hauteur of tone throughout keenly annoyed Rubinstein: all the more so, as he had little faith in Liszt's criticism. Of course the result was inevitable.

Nearly every biographical notice of Rubinstein contains the error of asserting that he was a pupil of Liszt. This he never was. His mother, Villoing, and the contrapuntist Dehn of Berlin, were Rubinstein's only teachers, and these only while he was a mere child. It was his own great gifts and tireless industry that brought him to the top of the ladder.

Of course, to have the chance of hearing Mendelssohn and Liszt was an education in itself for a pianoforte student; but Rubinstein's playing was not formed after that of either of these great artists. He had his own individual ideas—ideas which he worked out for himself in long hours of thought and study when a mere youth. He laid great stress on rhythm and touch, and it was particularly in the latter that his own great charm of playing lay. No one has ever drawn from the pianoforte the sounds that Rubinstein did. His legato was unrivaled, and his power of singing on the pianoforte extraordinary. The world at large—probably those who never heard him—wrongly considered him merely a pianist of muscle and force, whose thundering fortissimo and passionate treatment of the keyboard made him famous; but these were the least of his gifts. His fortissimo was certainly a revelation, but not even the velvet-fingered Pachmann has ever produced a pianissimo like that of Rubinstein. It was the soft-

est, sweetest, most delicate breath of sound imaginable; yet, soft as it was, it reached the farthest corner of the largest concert-hall he played in. There are pianists who paw the keyboard in soft passages, and look knowing, leaving much, if not all, to the imagination of the audience, especially those far off; but not so Rubinstein. His power of tone and control of tone were phenomenal, and some of his effects magical. The vulgar crowd and the vulgar critics noted and wondered over his playing of the "Marche des Ruines d'Athènes" and the "Funeral March" of the Chopin Sonata; but this was mere child's play in comparison with what he did in certain passages of Schumann's works. Here he produced effects of astonishing beauty, absolute caviar to the multitude, in compensation for which he fed the latter with picturesque imitation of "the band passing."

Some of Rubinstein's most extraordinary effects were produced by a masterly use of the pedals. It was an education in itself to watch his feet as he played, and when he created some unaccountable beauty of tone-color, you were sure to find the secret in his pedaling.

Over his audience Rubinstein exercised great control, his personal magnetism being in this a strong factor; but the principal secret lay in the fact that Rubinstein himself felt and seemed to live in every note he played. There was complete absence of the mechanical in his playing; he was deeply in earnest, and in love with his work. In this way his audience at once felt that he had something to say, and he soon convinced them that what he had to say would be said with the charm and divination of a poet.

Much has been said and written about Rubinstein's caprice, and it is true that he could never be counted upon; but even when he gave one a hash of wrong notes, there were always his beautiful touch, his charm of interpretation, and his unequaled pedaling to compensate. For this reason, it has been truly said, his "wrong notes were better than the right notes of others," which may seem an extravagant saying, but certainly only to those who never heard him.

Although a Jew by birth, Rubinstein was baptized when a mere infant, and, as religion is a necessity in Russia, was forced, when residing there, to follow the prescribed forms once a year at least. But in reality he had little sympathy with the religion of the priest. The question of the hereafter had for him a fascination and a certain awe; but although he went so far at times as to profess a belief in annihilation after death, yet it is to be doubted if Rubinstein himself really knew what he did believe. He certainly had his full share of Jewish skepticism, but at the same time was

full of superstition—a sure sign, at least, that he could not have believed in nothing, since he feared something. He would never set out on a journey on Friday, neither would he, unless forced by circumstances, mention any of his undertakings before they were accomplished—a superstition which I encountered only the other day in Paderewski.

In his physiognomy Rubinstein had nothing whatever of the Israelite. He resembled Beethoven strangely, and for this was laughingly dubbed "Van the II." by Liszt. It is worthy of notice, and stands greatly to his credit, that in Russia, where it is better to be born a dog than a Jew, Rubinstein, despite his baptism, never sought to deny his Jewish origin. In a certain way he was even proud of it, and always boldly acknowledged it.

He was an ardent patriot, and loved Russia with heart and soul, working unceasingly for the musical future of his country, having devoted the best part of his life to this cause. Without doubt he did for musical Russia more than any other man; and the best conservatory in the world to-day—that of St. Petersburg—owes its existence to his enthusiasm, and the lavish gifts of money he made from time to time. He was curiously proud of this work, and he said once to me: "When I am dead, all that I care men should remember me by is this conservatory—that they should say it was Anton Rubinstein's work."

For years Rubinstein was director of the conservatory, undertaking the duties a second time from 1887 till 1891. During that time he worked harder than any other person in the institution, devoting his entire time and energy to its service. When we recall that fifty years ago Russia was musical chaos, and that to-day it is foremost in the van of musical culture, we find that Rubinstein has indeed reared himself a monument worthy of his years of self-sacrifice.

As a composer Rubinstein had two great faults and one great virtue. He had a wonderful gift of beautiful and unfailing melody, but he never knew when he became tedious, and he was totally incapable of self-criticism. He never went over his work; in fact, he was altogether wanting in the necessary patience for this. That which he had written remained as first written, and undoubtedly it is this failing that will spoil his fame with posterity. It arose from want of control in his youth, for when a mere boy of thirteen he was left to his own devices. Consequently he wrote for years without direction, and at a period when it was most necessary; therefore he failed to learn that all-important lesson of all artists—a lesson to be learned only in youth, and difficult even then—self-criticism. His nature

was of itself impatient. He rushed along, pen in hand, eager to give utterance to the thoughts crowding his brain, and there was none to stop him in his mad career. In moods of extraordinary exaltation he wrote masterpieces almost without effort, exquisite tone-poems over which the world went mad, and he grew to believe, and tried to convince others, that so all great work should be done.

This was the great mistake of his art life—a mistake all the more to be regretted for himself and musicians, since with only ordinary care he had undoubtedly the power to do great work. However, we may well be content with what he has given us. His "Demon," "Maccabees," the "Ocean" and "Dramatic" Symphonies, his splendid piano concertos and string music, with dozens of songs that are gems of beauty, replete with the intense expression of his truly poetic muse, are all masterpieces, and will keep his memory green forever. Ten operas, six sacred operas, six symphonies, six piano concertos, orchestral and stringed numbers without end, hundreds of songs, hundreds of piano pieces, as well as concertos for violin and violoncello, make up a list appalling in its dimensions when we remember that Rubinstein was the greatest pianoforte virtuoso of his time, that the best part of his life was spent in traveling, and that most of his leisure was devoted to the work of the conservatory.

Rubinstein was never idle; he could not remain so half an hour. From the moment he rose till the moment he retired he was doing something. When not traveling he had his day's work mapped out with methodical regularity. From just such an hour till just such another he might be found day after day at the same occupation. After this fashion he was able to accomplish in his lifetime what was really the work of three men, and he never tired of preaching this regularity of work to young artists and students.

Rubinstein's idea of "sacred opera" has already been too thoroughly discussed to deal with it here in detail, but few knew how dear it was to him. Like the conservatory, it was one of the passions of his artistic life, and he always hoped one day to find it usurp entirely the place of oratorio, a musical form which he disliked intensely as non-dramatic and feeble. He could not listen, he said, and feel satisfied to watch a gentleman in orthodox evening dress, or a lady in extravagant Parisian toilet, singing the parts of biblical characters. His eye and his sense of fitness were too much offended to allow him to enjoy the music; and it was because he felt that the music would gain thereby that he modeled his "Paradise Lost" for the stage.

He had a profound love for the Bible, and

the grand old biblical personages appealed vividly to his fancy. I have frequently found him poring intently over its pages, absorbed in the beauty of the language, the far-seeing truth of its moral philosophy, and the wisdom of its conclusions. He might deny at times his belief in religion, but his interest in the Bible was sincere.

What he urged and wished was a theater, or *ein' Kirche der Kunst*, expressly reserved for sacred works, where the music would be of the severe and polyphonic order, and where the chief events of the Old and New Testaments could be represented in chronological order. He was very much in earnest over this idea. With it in mind, he wrote six sacred operas, and was at work on a seventh ("Cain and Abel") when death overtook him. It was almost, too, in the moment of victory; for it is said that some enthusiasts in Germany are about to give reality to his idea.

Rubinstein had a great love of the mysterious. All that was strange or outside human knowledge interested him intensely. Goethe's romanticism pleased him especially, and he loved to quote long passages from "Faust." He was an extremely well read and cultivated man. He spoke many languages perfectly, and was particularly versed in all literature that partook of history. He was an omnivorous reader of Renan's writings, and undoubtedly Renan had much to do with his religious skepticism. But Rubinstein's skepticism was at best a feeble thing, and was chiefly used as a means whereby he could utter his favorite witty saying with regard to the priest — that there were only two sorts: those who deceived themselves, and those who deceived others. Further than this it seldom went; and in all cases he was certainly no materialist. He believed in the existence of beauty, its reality and power; and if at no other shrine, he certainly worshiped devoutly at this.

Though his life was full of work, and he was ever faithful to duty, Rubinstein was not a happy man. With each succeeding year he grew more and more pessimistic. Life failed to give him the amount of enjoyment he craved outside of his art; and except in the society of women he did not seem even commonly happy. But for the fair sex he had ever a joke and a smile. It amused him to shock their feelings, and when they opened their eyes widely at his audacity, he never failed to enjoy it. He believed that a knowledge of woman was necessary to an artist; and if a young aspirant to any artistic calling asked his advice, his first question was,

"Have you loved yet?" For he believed that a man who could not love was incapable of becoming an artist. He himself could not be accused of any failing in this case; for his loves were almost as many and various as his days. He had all the faults and all the virtues of his artistic calling, and in every sense of the word lived for his art and his fancy, regardless of all things. His was a true Bohemian nature.

There was a certain roughness, want of tact, and even brutality in his nature that made itself disagreeably felt at times. His was not a temper to be tried. Up to a certain point he could hold it in check admirably; but anything beyond this caused an explosion of wrath that was terrible. As in his physiognomy, so in his temper there was much of the lion. Those who did not know him consequently feared him, for his personality was one that awed, especially in the latter years of his life.

As a teacher, although never brutal or bad-tempered, as has been asserted, Rubinstein was severe. He hated the amateur in art; for to him art was a mission and a calling, and the only way to success in it lay through suffering. But in spite of this, he was ever ready with encouragement for those who did their best, and deserved it for their talents. He regarded suffering as the sad price all artists must pay for knowledge; but the effect of his early experience of this sort was to give him a warm and ready sympathy for all who tried to achieve anything, — and that not a sympathy of words, but of help and action.

If, when conducting, his temper was roused, — and it must be confessed that with his own works this nearly always happened, — it was impossible for any orchestra or any singer to satisfy him. He became a hundred times more violent than even Hans von Bülow in his worst fits of anger or dissatisfaction; and under such circumstances it was absolutely painful to have anything to do with him. He was more "impossible" than a dozen madmen let loose. But to his character there was happily another and better side. As a friend there was none more fascinating than he. Warm-hearted, tender, sincere, full of sympathy and affection, to those he loved he became like a child in his charm and endearing openness of heart.

His charity was unceasing. No one gave more freely or more kindly, or cared so little for the trouble he gave himself, provided he could do good. His life was one long series of acts of kindness and unselfishness; his loss to the world and to art is far-reaching and irreparable.

Alexander McArthur.



DRAWN BY ERIC FAPÉ.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GANZ, BRUSSELS.

Karl. Kautsky

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE CONQUEROR AND DIPLOMATIST.

THE UNFOLDING OF BONAPARTE'S IMPERIOUS SPIRIT—RIVOLI AND THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA—HUMILIATION OF THE PAPACY AND OF VENICE—THE PEACE OF LEOBEN—THE FALL OF VENICE.

THE UNFOLDING OF BONAPARTE'S IMPERIOUS SPIRIT.



HE two months between the middle of November, 1796, and the middle of January, 1797, display a marked change in Bonaparte's character and conduct. After Arcole he was a man very different from the novice he had been before Montenotte. Twice his fortunes had hung by a single hair, having been rescued by the desperate bravery of Rampon and his soldiers at Monte Legino, and again by Augereau's daring at Lonato; twice he had barely escaped being made a prisoner, once at Valeggio, once at Lonato; twice his life had been spared in the heat of battle as if by a miracle, once at Lodi, once again at Arcole. These facts had apparently left a deep impression on his mind, for they were turned to the best account in making good a new step in social advancement. So far he had been as adventurous as the greatest daredevil among the subalterns, staking his life in every new venture; hereafter he seemed to appreciate his own value, and to calculate not only the exposures of his person, but the intimacy of his intercourse, with nice adaptation to some great result. Gradually and informally a kind of body-guard was organized, which, as the idea grew familiar, was skilfully developed into a picked corps, the best officers and finest soldiers being made to feel honored in its membership. The constant attendance of such men necessarily secluded the general-in-chief from those colleagues who had hitherto been familiar comrades. Something in the nature of formal etiquette once established, it was easy to extend its rules and confirm them. The generals were thus further and further separated from their superior, and before the new year they had insensibly adopted habits of address which displayed a high outward respect, and virtually terminated all comradeship with one who had so recently been merely the first among equals. Bonaparte's innate ten-

dency to command was under such circumstances hardened into a habit of imperious dictation. In view of what had been accomplished, it would have been impossible, even for the most stubborn democrat, to check the process. Not one of Bonaparte's principles had failed to secure triumphant vindication.

In later years Napoleon himself believed, and subsequent criticism has confirmed his opinion, that the Italian campaign, taken as a whole, was his greatest. The revolution of a system, social, political, or military, is always a gigantic task. It was nothing less than this which Bonaparte had wrought, not in one, but in all three spheres, during the summer and autumn of 1796. The changes, like those of most revolutions, were changes of emphasis and degree in the application of principles already divined. "Divide and conquer," was an old maxim; it was a novelty to see it applied in warfare and politics as Bonaparte applied it in Italy. It has been remarked that the essential difference between Napoleon and Frederick the Great was that the latter had not ten thousand men a month to kill. The notion that war should be short and terrible had, indeed, been clear to the great Prussian; Carnot and the times afforded the opportunity for its conclusive demonstration by the genius of the greater Corsican. Concentration of besiegers to breach the walls of a town was nothing new; but the triumphant application of the same principle to an opposing line of troops, though well known to Julius Cæsar, had been forgotten, and its revival was Napoleon's masterpiece. The martinet of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had so exaggerated the formalities of war that the relation of armies to the fighting ground had been little studied and well-nigh forgotten; the use of the map and the compass, the study of reliefs and profiles in topography, produced in Bonaparte's hands results that seemed to duller minds nothing short of miraculous. One of these was to oppose the old-school rigid formation of troops by any



FROM A PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE: THE ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY G. FIESINGER, AFTER A MINIATURE BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, DEPOSITED IN THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, PARIS, 1799.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

This portrait, with a profile drawing engraved by Canu, published in Milan in 1796, evidently founded on the Pontornini portrait (published in the November CENTURY) and the Bonaparte at Lodi (published in the April CENTURY), shows, according to Larousse, the true Bonaparte.

formation more or less open and irregular according to circumstances, but always the kind best suited to the character of the region chosen for conflict. The first two days at Arcole were the triumphant vindication of this concept. Finally, there was a fascination for the French soldiers in the primitive savagery of their general, which, though partly concealed, and somewhat held in by training, nevertheless was willing to devote the spoils of their conquests to making the men themselves opulent; which scorned the limitations of human powers in himself and them, and thus accomplished feats of strength and stratagem which gratified to satiety that love for the uncommon, the ideal, and the great, which is inherent in the spirit of their nation. In the successful combination and evolution of all these elements there was a grandeur which Bonaparte and every soldier of his army appreciated at its full value.

The military side of Bonaparte's genius is ordinarily considered the strongest. Judged by what is easily visible in the way of immediate consequences and permanent results, this appears to be true; and yet it was only one of many sides. Next in importance, if not equal to it, was his activity in politics and diplomacy. It is easy to call names, to stigmatize the peoples of Italy — the nations of Europe even — as corrupt and enervated, to laugh at their politics as antiquated, and to brand their rulers as incapable fools. Any mere man can, by the assistance of the knowledge, education, and insight acquired by the experience of his race through an additional century, turn and show how commonplace was the person who toppled over such an old rotten structure. This is the method of Napoleon's detractors, except when, in addition, they first magnify his wickedness, and then further distort the proportion by viewing his fine powers through the other end of the glass. We all know how easy great things are when once they have been accomplished, how simple the key to a mystery when once it has been revealed. Morally considered, Bonaparte was a child of nature, born to a mean estate, buffeted by a cruel and remorseless society, driven in youth to every shift for self-preservation, compelled to fight an unregenerate world with its own weapons. He had not been changed in the flash of a gun. Elevation to reputation and power did not diminish the duplicity of his character; on the contrary, it possibly intensified it. Certainly the fierce light which began to beat upon him brought it into greater prominence. Truth, honor, unselfishness are theoretically the virtues of all philosophy; practically they are the virtues of Christian men in Christian society. Where should the scion of a Corsican stock, ignorant of moral or religious

sentiment, thrown into the atmosphere and surroundings of the French Revolution, learn to practise them?

Such considerations are especially needful in the observation of Bonaparte's progress as a politician. His first settlement with the various peoples of central Italy was, as he had declared, only provisional. The uncertain status created by it was momentarily not unwelcome to the Directory. Their policy was to destroy existing institutions, and leave order to evolve from the chaos as best it could. Doctrinaires as they were, they meant to destroy absolute monarchy in Italy, as everywhere else, if possible, and then to stop, leaving the liberated peoples to their own devices. Some fondly believed that out of anarchy would arise, in accordance with "the law of nature," a pure democracy; while others had the same faith that the result would be constitutional monarchy. Moreover, things appear simpler in the perspective of distance than they do near at hand. The sincerity of Bonaparte's republicanism was like the sincerity of his conduct — an affair of time and place, a consistency with conditions and not with abstractions. He knew the Italian mob, and faithfully described it in his letters as dull, ignorant, and unreliable, without preparation or fitness for self-government. He was willing to establish the forms of constitutional administration; but in spite of hearty support from many disciples of the Revolution, he found those forms likely, if not certain, to crumble under their own weight, and was convinced that the real sovereignty must for years to come reside in a strong protectorate of some kind. It appeared to him a necessity of war that these peoples should relieve the destitution of the French treasury and army, a necessity of circumstances that France should be restored to vigor and health by laying tribute on their treasures of art and science, as on those of all the world, and a necessity of political science that artificial boundaries should be destroyed, as they had been in France, to produce the homogeneity of condition essential to national or administrative unity.

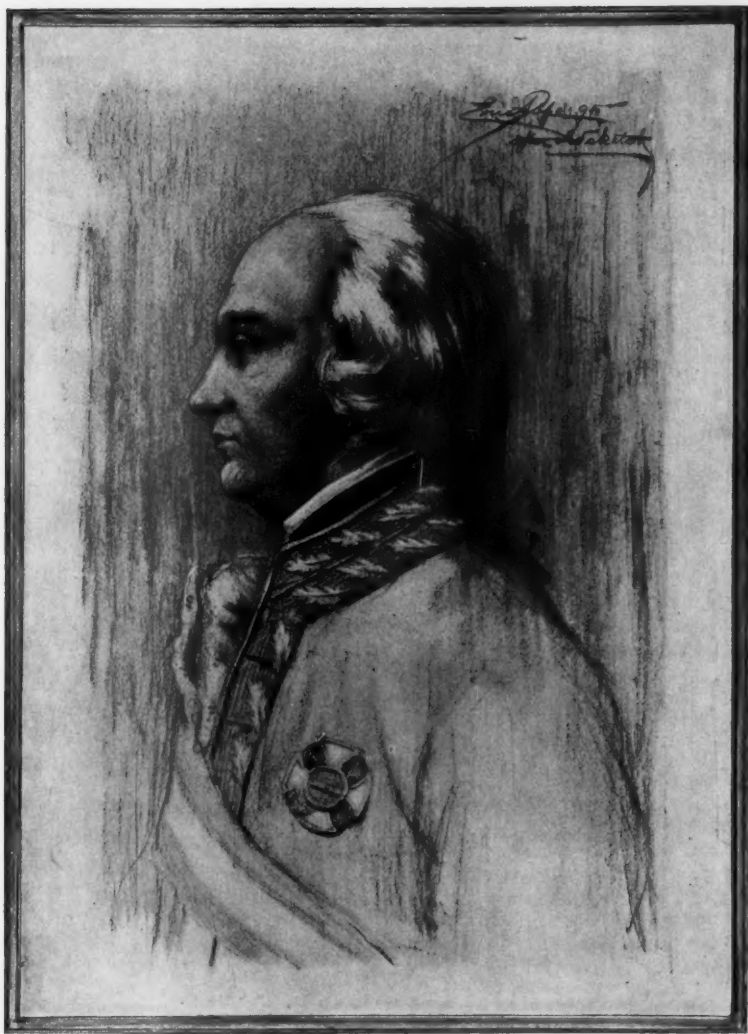
The Italians themselves understood neither the policy of the French executive nor that of their conqueror. The transitional position in which the latter had left them produced great uneasiness. The terrified local authorities asked nothing better than to be left as they were, with a view to profiting by the event, whatever it was. At every Austrian success there were numerous local revolts, which the French garrison commanders suppressed with severity. Provisional governments soon come to the end of their usefulness, and the enemies of France began very soon to take advantage of the disorder to undo what had been done. The English, for example, had seized Porto Ferrajo in place of Leghorn;



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY BARRETT.

BONAPARTE IN ITALY, 1796.

IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. ATHERTON SMITH.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

AFTER A SKETCH BY KRAUPA, IN THE COURT LIBRARY AT VIENNA.

JOSEPH ALVINCZY, BARON VON BARBEREK.

the Pope had gone further, and, in spite of the armistice, was assembling an army for the recovery of Bologna, Ferrara, and his other lost legations. Thus it happened that in the intervals of the most laborious military operations, a political activity, both comprehensive and feverish, kept pace in Bonaparte's mind with that which was needed to regulate his campaigning.

At the very outset there was developed an antagonism between the notions of the Directory and Bonaparte's interests. The latter ob-

served all the forms of consulting his superiors, but acted without the slightest reference to their instructions, often even before they could receive his despatches. Both he and they knew the weakness of the French government, and the inherent absurdity of the situation. The story of Italian conquest might be told exactly as if the general were acting solely on his own responsibility. In his proclamations to the Italians was one language; in his letters to the executive, another; in a few confidential family communications, still another; in his own



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER.

NAPOLEON AND HIS STAFF AT THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

heart, the same old idea of using each day as it came to advance his own fortunes. As far as he had any love of country, it was expended on France, and what we may call his principles were conceptions derived from the Revolution; but somehow the best interests of France and the safety of revolutionary doctrine were every day more involved in the pacification of Italy, in the humiliation of Austria, and in the supremacy of the army. There was only one man who could secure all three; could give consistency to the flabby, visionary policy of the Directory; could repress the frightful robberies of its Italian civil agents; could with any show of reason humble Italy with one hand, and then with the other rouse her to wholesome energy; could enrich and glorify France while crushing out, as no royal dynasty had ever been able to do, the haughty rivalry of the Hapsburgs.

These purposes made Bonaparte at once the most gentle and conciliatory of men in some directions; in others they developed and hardened his imperiousness. His correspondence mirrors both his mildness and his arbitrariness. Every letter to the Directory abounds in praise of his officers and men, accompanied by demands for the promotion of those who had performed distinguished services. Writing to General Clarke on November 19, 1796, from Verona, he says, in words full of pathos: "Your nephew Elliot was killed on the battle-field of Arcole. This youth had made himself familiar with arms;

several times he had marched at the head of columns; he would one day have been an estimable officer. He died with glory, in the face of the foe; he did not suffer for a moment. What reasonable man would not envy such a death? Who is he that in the vicissitudes of life would not agree to leave in such a way a world so often worthy of contempt? What one of us has not a hundred times regretted that he could not thus be withdrawn from the powerful effects of calumny, of envy, and of all the hateful passions that seem almost entirely to control human conduct?" Perhaps these few words to the widow of one of his late generals are even finer: "Muiron died at my side on the battle-field of Arcole. You have lost a husband that was dear to you; I, a friend to whom I have long been attached: but the country loses more than us both in the death of an officer distinguished no less by his talents than by his rare courage. If I can be of service in anything to you or his child, I pray you count altogether upon me." That was all; but it was enough. With the ripening of character, and under the responsibilities of life, the long sought for style had come at last. It is martial and terse almost to affectation, defying translation, and perfectly reflecting the character of its writer.

But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men, were not those which he often revealed to the world. He was peremp-



PAINTED BY HENRI-EMMAUEL-PHILIPPE PHILIPOTTEAUX.

THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI, JANUARY 14, 1797.

(SEE PAGE 45.)

IN THE MUSEUM OF VERMILLES.



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTROP.

BONAPARTE LISTENS TO THE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN GENERAL SÉRURIER AND THE AUSTRIAN ENVOY FOR THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA. (SEE PAGE 49.)

tory, and sometimes even peevish, with the French executive after he had them in his hand; with Italy he assumed a parental rôle, meting out chastisement and reward as best suited his purpose. A definite treaty of peace had been made with Sardinia, and that power, though weak and maimed, was going its own way. The Transpadane Republic, which he had begun to organize as soon as he entered Milan, was carefully cherished and guided in its artificial existence; but the people, whether or not they were fit, had no chance to exercise any real independence under the shadow of such a power. It was, moreover, not the power of France; for, by special order of Bonaparte, the civil agents of the Directory were subordinated to the military commanders, ostensibly because the former were so rapacious. Lombardy was his very own. Rome had made the armistice of Bologna merely to gain time, and in the hope of eventual disaster to French arms. A pretext for the resumption of hostilities was easily found by her in a foolish command, issued from Paris, that the Pope should at length recognize as regular those of the French clergy who had sworn allegiance to the successive constitutions adopted under the republic, and withdraw all his proclamations against those who had observed their oaths and conformed. The Pontiff, relying on the final success of Austria, had virtually broken off negotiations. Bona-

parte informed the French agent in Rome that he must do anything to gain time—anything to deceive the “old fox.” In a favorable moment he expected to pounce upon Rome, and avenge the national honor. During the interval Naples also had turned refractory, refusing a tribute demanded by the Directory, and was not only collecting soldiers, like the Pope, but actually had some regiments in marching order. Venice, asserting her neutrality, was growing more and more bitter at the constant violations of her territory. Mantua was still a defiant fortress, and in this crisis nothing was left but to revive French credit where the peoples were best disposed and their old rulers weakest.

Accordingly Bonaparte went through the form of consulting the Directory as to a plan of procedure, and then without waiting for an answer from them, and without the consent of those most deeply interested, broke the armistice with Modena on the pretext that five hundred thousand francs of ransom money were yet unpaid, and drove the duke from his throne. This duchy was the nucleus about which was to be constituted the Cispadane Republic: in conjunction with its inhabitants, those of Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara were invited to form a free government under that name. There had at least been a pretext for erecting the Milanese into the Transpadane Republic—that of driving an invader from its soil. This time there

was no pretext of that kind, and the Directory not only opposed so bold an act regarding these lands, but was uneasy about public opinion in regard to it. They hoped the war would soon be ended, and were verging to the opinion that their armies must before long abandon their conquests, and leave the Italians to their own devices. Bonaparte's conduct, however, pointed in the opposite direction: he forced the native liberals of the district to take the steps toward organizing the new state so rapidly that the Directory found itself compelled, however reluctantly, to yield. It is possible, but not likely, that, as has been charged, he really intended to bring about what actually happened — the continued dependence on the French republic of a lot of artificial governments. The uninterrupted meddling of strangers in the affairs of the Italians destroyed in the end all the influence of France, and made them hate her dominion, which masqueraded as liberalism, even more than they had hated the open but mild tyranny of those royal scions of foreign stocks recently dismissed from their thrones. During these months there is in Bonaparte's correspondence a somewhat theatrical iteration of devotion to France and republican principles; but his first care was for his army and the success of his campaign. He behaved as any general solicitous for the strength of his positions on foreign soil would have done, his ruses taking the form of an outward devotion to the political shibboleths and fashions then used in France. Soon afterward Naples made her peace; an insurrection in Corsica against English rule enabled France to seize that island once more; while Genoa entered into a formal alliance with the Directory.

Thenceforward there appears to the public in Bonaparte's nature no remnant of the Corsican patriot. The one faint spark of remaining interest seems to have been extinguished in an order that Pozzo di Borgo and his friends, if they had not escaped, should be brought to judgment. His other measures with reference to the once loved island were as calculating and dispassionate as any he took concerning the most indifferent principality of the mainland, and even extended to enunciating the principle that no Corsican should be employed in Corsica. It is a citizen not of Corsica, or of France even, but of Europe, who on October 2 demands peace from the emperor in a threat that if it is not yielded on favorable terms Trieste and the Adriatic will be seized. At the same time the Directory received another reminder of its position, which likewise indicates an interesting development of his own policy. "Diminish the number of your enemies. The influence of Rome is incalculable; it was ill advised to break with that

power; it gives the advantage to her. If I had been consulted, I would have delayed the negotiations with Rome as with Genoa and Venice. Whenever your general in Italy is not the pivot of everything, you run great risks. This language will not be attributed to ambition; I have but too many honors, and my health is so broken that I believe I must ask you for a successor. I can no longer mount a horse; I have nothing left but courage, which is not enough in a post like this." Before the dictator were two tasks as difficult in their way as any even he would ever undertake, each calling for the exercise of faculties antipodal perhaps to each other, but quite as fine as any in the human mind. Mantua was yet to be captured; Rome and the Pope were to be so handled as to render the highest service to himself, to France, and to Europe. In both these labors he meant to be strengthened and yet unhampered. The habit of compliance was now strong upon the Directory, and they continued to yield as before.

RIVOLI AND THE CAPITULATION OF MANTUA.

THE fifth division of the Italian campaign was the fourth attempt of Austria to retrieve her position in Italy — a position on which her rulers believed that all her destinies hung. Once more Alvinczy, despairing of success, but obedient to his orders, made ready to move down the Adige from Trent. Great zeal had been shown in Austria. The Vienna volunteer battalions abandoned the work of home protection for which they had enlisted, and, with a banner embroidered by the empress's own hand, joined the active forces. The Tyrolese, in spite of an atrocious proclamation in which Bonaparte, claiming to be their conqueror, had threatened death to any one taking up arms against France, flocked again to the support of their emperor. By a recurrence to the old fatal plan, Alvinczy was to attack the main French army; his colleague Provera was to follow the Brenta into the lower reaches of the Adige, where he could effect a crossing, and relieve Mantua. The latter was to deceive the enemy by making a parade of greater strength than he really had, and thus draw away Bonaparte's main army toward Legnago on the lower Adige. A messenger was despatched to Wurmser with letters over the emperor's own signature, ordering him, if Provera should fail, to desert Mantua, retreat into the Romagna, and under his own command unite the garrison and the Papal troops. This order never reached its destination, for its bearer was intercepted, and was compelled by the use of an emetic to render up the despatches which he had swallowed.



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-LOUIS LAKEUVILLE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

JEAN-MATTHIEU-PHILIBERT, COUNT SÉRURIER.

Born, December 8, 1742. Lieutenant of militia, 1755; chief of battalion and general of brigade, 1793; general of division, 1795; senator, 1799; marshal of the empire, 1804. Died in Paris, December 21, 1819.

On January 7, 1797, Bonaparte gave orders to strengthen the communications along his line, massing 2000 men at Bologna, in order to repress certain hostile demonstrations lately made in behalf of the Pope. On the following day an Austrian division which had been lying at Padua made a short attack on Augereau's division, and on the 9th drove it in to Porto Legnago, the extreme right of the French line. This could mean nothing else than a renewal of hostilities by Austria, although it was impossible to tell where the main attack would be made. On the 11th Bonaparte was at Bologna, concluding an advantageous treaty with Tuscany; in order to be ready for any event, he started the same evening, hastened across the Adige with his troops, and pressed on to Verona.

On the 12th, at six in the morning, the enemy attacked Masséna's advance-guard at St. Michel, a suburb of that city. They were repulsed with loss. Early on the same day Joubert, who had been stationed with a corps of observation farther up in the old and tried position at the foot of Monte Baldo, became aware of hostile movements, and drew in his pickets. During the afternoon an Austrian column tried to turn his position by seizing the pass of Corona, but it also was repulsed. On the 13th he became aware that the main body of the Austrians was before him, and that their intention was to surround him by the left. Accordingly he informed Bonaparte, drew in his pickets, and made ready to retreat. That evening Provera threw a pontoon bridge across the Adige at Anghiari, below Legnago, and crossed with a portion of his army. Next day he started for Mantua, but was so harassed by Guieu and Augereau that the move was ineffectual, and he got no farther than Nogara.

The heights of Rivoli command the movements of any force passing out of the Alps through the valley of the Adige. They are abrupt on all sides but one, where from the greatest elevation the chapel of St. Mark overlooked a winding road, steep, but available for cavalry and artillery. Rising from the general level of the table-land, this hillock is in itself a kind of natural citadel. On the 13th, Joubert, in reply to his message, received orders to make the plateau as strong as possible, and to hold it at all hazards; for Bonaparte now divined that the main attack was to be made on that wing in order to divert all opposition from Provera, and that if it were successful the two Austrian armies would meet at Mantua. By ten that evening the reports brought in from Joubert and by scouts left this conclusion no longer doubtful. That very night, therefore, being in perfect readiness for either event, Bonaparte moved toward Rivoli with a force numbering about 20,000. It was composed of every available

French soldier between Desenzano and Verona, including Masséna's division. By strenuous exertions they reached the heights of Rivoli about two in the morning of the 14th. Alvinczy, ignorant of what had happened, was waiting for daylight in order to carry out his original design of inclosing and capturing the comparatively small force of Joubert and the strong place which it had been set to hold, a spot long since recognized by Northern peoples as the key to the portal of Italy. Bonaparte, on his arrival, perceived in the moonlight five divisions encamped in a semicircle below; their bivouac fires made clear that they were separated from one another by considerable distances. He knew then that his instinct had been correct, that this was the main army, and that the decisive battle would be fought next day. The following hours were spent in disposing his forces to meet the attack in any form it might take. Not a man was wasted, but the region was occupied with pickets, outposts, and reserves so ingeniously stationed that the study of that field, and of Bonaparte's disposition of his forces, has become a classic example in military science.

The gorge by which the Adige breaks through the lowest foot-hills of the Alps to enter the lowlands has been famous since dim antiquity. The Romans considered it the entrance to Cimberia; it was sung in German myths as the Berner Klaus, the majestic gateway from their inclement clime into the land of the stranger, the warm, bright land for the luxurious and orderly life of which their hearts were ever yearning. Around its precipices and isolated, frowning bastions song and fable had clustered, and the effect of mystery was enhanced by the awful grandeur of the scene. Overlooking all stands Monte Baldo, frowning with its dark precipices on the cold summits of the German highland, smiling with its sunny slopes on the blue waters of Lake Garda and the fertile valley of the Po. In the change of strategy incident to the introduction of gunpowder the spot of greatest resistance was no longer in the gorge, but at its mouth, where Rivoli on one side, and Corona on the other, command respectively the gentleslopes which fall eastward and westward toward the plains. The Alps were indeed looking down on the "little corporal," who, having flanked their defenses at one end, was now about to force their center, and later to pass by their eastward end into the hereditary dominions of the German emperors on the Danube.

At early dawn began the conflict which was to settle the fate of Mantua. The first fierce contest was between the Austrian left and the French right at St. Mark; but it quickly spread along the whole line as far as Caprino. For



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER. FROM THE PAINTING BY LEOPOLD KUPELWIESER, IN THE IMPERIAL CHÂTEAU OF LAXENBURG, AUSTRIA.
ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

some time the Austrians had the advantage, and the result was in suspense, since the French left, at Caprino, yielded for an instant before the onslaught of the main Austrian army made in accordance with Alvinczy's first plan, and, as he supposed, upon an inferior force by one vastly superior in numbers. Berthier, who by his calm courage was fast rising high in his commander's favor, came to the rescue, and Masséna, following with a judgment which has inseparably linked his name with that famous spot, finally restored order to the French ranks. Every successive charge of the Austrians was repulsed with a violence which threw their right and center back toward Monte Baldo in ever growing confusion. The battle waged for nearly three hours before Alvinczy understood that it was not

Joubert's division, but Bonaparte's army, which was above him. In his zeal he then pressed forward on the plateau beneath the height to bring more of his troops into action, and Joubert somewhat rashly advanced to check the movement, leaving the road to St. Mark unprotected. The Austrians, prompt to take advantage of his blunder, charged up the hill, and seized the commanding position; but simultaneously there rushed from the opposite side three French battalions, clambering up to retrieve the mistake. Their physical strength and nervous activity brought them first to the top, and again the storming columns were thrown back in disorder. At that instant appeared in Bonaparte's rear an Austrian corps estimated by him as 4000 strong, which, having come down the valley



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY VINAZER, AND A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE.

DAGOBERT-SIGMUND, COUNT VON WURMSER.

on the left bank, had now crossed the river to take the French right at Rivoli in its rear. Had they arrived but a minute sooner, the hill of Rivoli would have been lost to the French. As it was, instead of making an attack, they had to await one. Bonaparte directed a galling artillery fire against them, and thus gained time both to reform his ranks and to hold the newcomers in check until his own reserve, coming in from the next hamlet westward, cut them entirely off from the retreating columns of Alvinczy, and compelled them to lay down their arms. Thus ended the worst defeat and most complete rout which the Austrian arms had so far sustained. Such was the utter demoralization of the flying and disintegrated columns that a young French officer named René, who

was in command of fifty men at a hamlet on Lake Garda, successfully imitated Bonaparte's ruse at Lonato, and displayed such an imposing confidence to a flying troop of fifteen hundred Austrians that they surrendered to what they believed to be a force superior to their own. Next morning at dawn, Murat, who had marched all night to gain the point, appeared on the slopes of Monte Baldo above the pass of Corona, and united with Masséna and Joubert to drive the Austrians from their last foothold. The pursuit was continued as far as Trent. Thirteen thousand prisoners were captured in those two days.

While Murat was straining up the slopes of Monte Baldo, Bonaparte, giving no rest to the weary feet of Masséna's division,—the same



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER.

PASSAGE OF THE TAGLIAMENTO. (SEE PAGE 54.)

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

men who two days before had marched by night from Verona,—was retracing his steps on that well-worn road past the city of Catullus and the Capulets onward toward Mantua. Provera had crossed the Adige at Anghiari with 10,000 men. Twice he had been attacked: once in the front by Guieu, once in the rear by Augereau. On both occasions his losses had been severe, but nevertheless, on the same morning which saw Alvinczy's flight into the Tyrol, he finally appeared with 6000 men in the suburb of St. George, before Mantua. He succeeded in communicating with Wurmser, but was held in check by the blockading French army throughout the day and night until Bonaparte arrived with his reinforcements. Next morning there was a general engagement, Provera attacking in front, and Wurmser, by preconceived arrangement, sallying out from behind at the head of a strong force. The latter was thrown back into the town by Sérurier, who commanded the besiegers, but only after a fierce and deadly conflict on the causeway. This was the road from Mantua to a country-seat of its dukes known as "La Favorita," and was chosen for the sortie as having an independent citadel. Victor, with some of the troops brought in from Rivoli, the "terrible 57th demi-brigade," as Bonaparte designated them, attacked Provera at the same time, and threw his ranks into such disorder that he was glad to surrender his entire force. This conflict of January 16, before Mantua, is known as the battle of La Fa-

vorita, from the stand made by Sérurier on the road to that residence. Its results were 6000 prisoners, among them the Vienna volunteers with the empress's banner and many guns.

Bonaparte estimated that the army of the republic had fought within four days two pitched battles, and had besides been six times engaged; that they had taken, all told, nearly 25,000 prisoners,—including a lieutenant-general, 2 generals, and 15 colonels,—had captured 20 standards, with 60 pieces of artillery, and had killed or wounded 6000 men.

This short campaign of Rivoli was the turning-point of the war, and may be said to have shaped the history of Europe for twenty years. Chroniclers dwell upon those few moments at the hill above the plateau of Rivoli, and wonder what the result would have been if the last Austrian corps had arrived five minutes sooner. But an accurate and dispassionate criticism must decide that every step in Bonaparte's success was won by careful forethought, and the most effective disposition of the forces at his command. So sure was he of success that even in the crises when Masséna seemed to save the day on the left, and when the Austrians seemed destined to wrest victory from defeat at the last moment on the right, he was self-reliant and cheerful. The new system of field operations had a triumphant vindication at the hands of its author. The conquering general meted out unstinted praise to his invincible squadrons and their leaders, but said



DRAWN BY H. CHARTIER.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORSE.

CAPTURE OF THE PASS OF TARVIS.

(SEE PAGE 54.)

nothing of himself, leaving the world to judge whether this was man or demon who, still a youth, and within a public career of but one season, had humiliated the proudest empire on the Continent, had subdued Italy, and on her soil had erected states unknown before, without the consent of any great power, not excepting his own. It is not wonderful that this personage should sometimes have said of himself, "Say that my life began at Rivoli," as at other times he dated his military career from Toulon.

Wurmser's retreat to Mantua in September had been successful because of the strong cavalry force which accompanied it. He had been able to hold out for four months only by means of the flesh of their horses, five thousand in number, which had been killed and salted to increase the garrison stores. Even this resource was now exhausted, and after a few days of delay the gallant old man sent a messenger with the usual conventional declarations as to his ability for further resistance, in order, of course, to secure the most favorable terms of surrender. There is a fine anecdote in connection with the arrival of this messenger at the French headquarters, which, though perhaps not literally, is probably ideally, true. When the Austrian envoy entered Sérurier's presence, another person wrapped in a cloak was sitting at a table apparently engaged in writing. After the envoy had finished the usual enumeration of the elements of strength still remaining to his commander, the unknown man came forward, and, holding a written sheet in his hand, said: "Here are my conditions. If Wurmser really had provisions for twenty-five days, and spoke of surrender, he would not deserve an honorable capitulation. But I respect the age, the gallantry, and the misfortunes of the marshal; and whether he opens his gates to-morrow, or whether he waits fifteen days, a month, or three months, he shall still have the same conditions; he may wait until his last morsel of bread has been eaten." The messenger was a clever man who afterward made his own name of Klenau illustrious. He recognized Bonaparte, and, glancing at the terms, found them so generous that he at once admitted the desperate straits of the garrison. This is substantially the account of Napoleon's memoirs. In a contemporary despatch to the Directory there is nothing of it, for he never indulged in such details to them; but he does say in two other despatches what at first blush militates against its literal truth. On February 1, writing from Bologna, he declared that he would withdraw his conditions unless Wurmser acceded before February 3: yet, in a letter of that very date, he indulges in a long and high-minded eulogium of the aged field-marshal, and declares his wish to show true French generosity to such

a foe. The simple explanation is that, having sent the terms, Bonaparte immediately withdrew from Mantua to leave Sérurier in command at the surrender,—a glory he had so well deserved,—and himself returned to Bologna to begin his final preparations against Rome. In the interval Wurmser made a proposition even more favorable to himself. Bonaparte petulantly rejected it, but with the return of his generous feeling he determined that at least he would not withdraw his first offer. Captious critics are never content, and they even charge that when, on the 10th, Wurmser and his garrison finally did march out, Bonaparte's absence was a breach of courtesy. It requires no great ardor in his defense to assert, on the contrary, that in circumstances so unprecedented the disparity of age between the respective representatives of the old and the new military system would have made Bonaparte's presence another drop in the bitter cup of the former. The magnanimity of the young conqueror in connection with the fall of Mantua was genuine, and highly honorable to him. So at least thought Wurmser himself, who wrote a most kindly letter to Bonaparte, forewarning him that a plot had been formed in Bologna to poison him with that noted, but never seen, compound so famous in Italian history—*acqua tofana*.

HUMILIATION OF THE PAPACY AND OF VENICE.

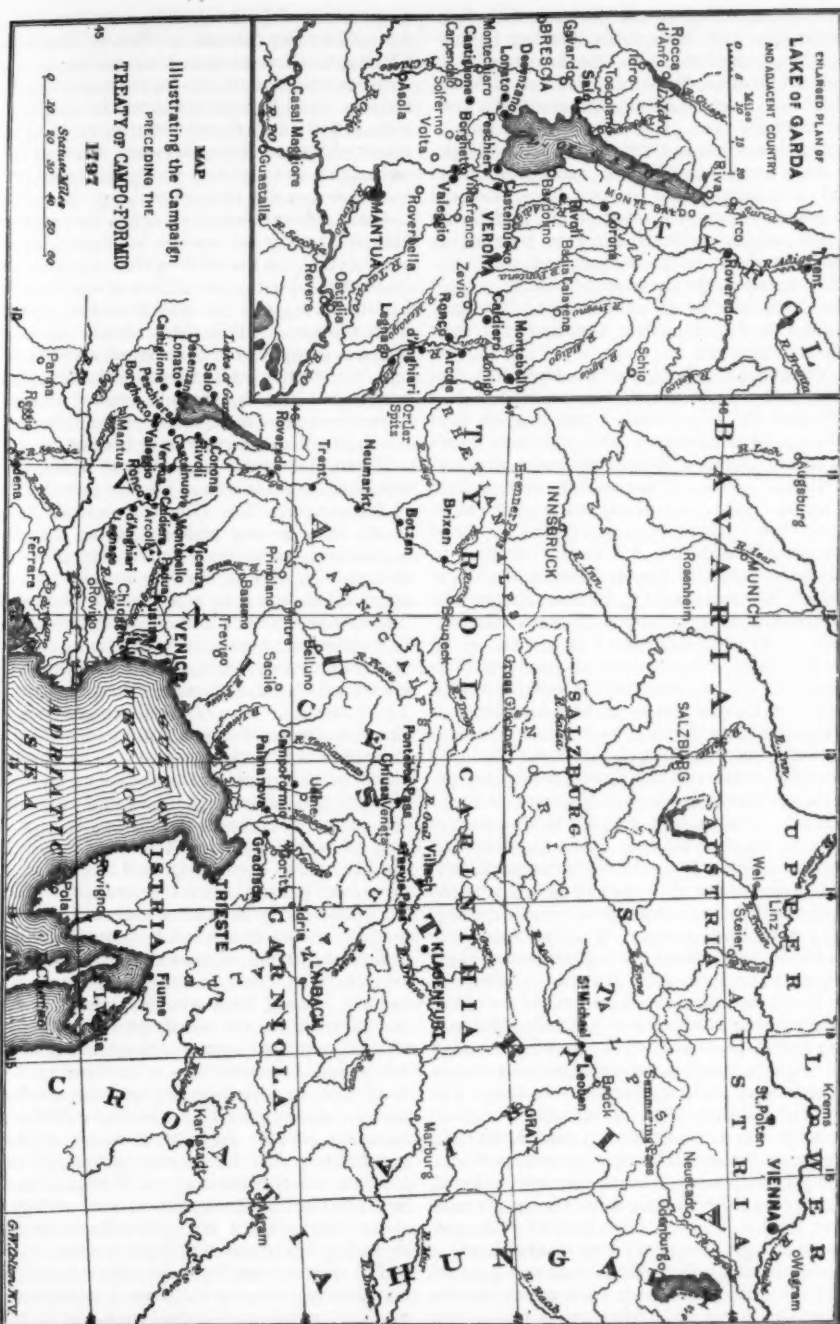
THE conviction seems now to have been reached by Bonaparte that a man who had brought such glory to the arms of France was at least as firm in the affections of the people as was the Directory, which had no hold on them whatever, except in its claim to represent the Revolution. They had had little claim to this distinction from the beginning, and it was now daily disputed by ever increasing numbers: the most visible and dazzling representative of the Revolution was now the army of Bonaparte. It was not for "those rascally lawyers," as he soon afterward called them, that Rivoli had been fought. With this fact in view, the short ensuing campaign against Pius VI., and its consequences, are easily understood. It was true, as the French general proclaimed, that Rome had kept the stipulations of the armistice neither in a pacific behavior nor in the payment of her indemnity, and was fomenting resistance to the French arms in all Italy. To the Directory, which desired the utter ruin of the papacy, he proposed that to that end Rome should be handed over to Spain. Behind these pretexts was gathered at Bologna an indifferent force of 11,000 soldiers, composed half of his own men, the other half of Italians fired with revolutionary zeal, and of Poles,

who, since the recent and final dismemberment of their country, were wooing France as a possible ally in the reconstruction of their nationality. The main division marched against Ancona; a smaller one of 2000 men directed its course through Tuscany into the valley of the Tiber. The position of the Pope was utterly desperate. The Spaniards had once been masters of Italy; they were now the natural allies of France against Austria, and Bonaparte's leniency to Parma and Naples had strengthened the bond. The reigning king at Naples, Ferdinand IV. of the Two Sicilies, was one of the Spanish Bourbons; but his very able and masterful wife was the daughter of Maria Theresa. His position was therefore peculiar: if he had dared, he would have sent an army to the Pope's support, for thus far his consort had shaped his policy in the interest of Austria; but knowing too well that defeat would mean the limitation of his domain to the island of Sicily, he preferred to remain neutral, and pick up what crumbs he could get from Bonaparte's table. For this there were excellent reasons. The English fleet had been more or less unfortunate since the spring of 1796: Bonaparte's victories, being supplemented by the activity of the French cruisers, had made it difficult for it to remain in the Mediterranean; Corsica was abandoned in September; and in October the squadron of Admiral Mann was literally chased into the Atlantic by the Spaniards. Ferdinand, therefore, could expect no help from the British. As to the papal mercenaries, they had long been the laughing-stock of Europe. They did not now belie their character. Not a single serious engagement was fought; at Ancona and Loretto 1200 prisoners, with a treasure valued at seven million francs, were taken without a blow; and on February 19 Bonaparte dictated the terms of peace at Tolentino.

These terms were not such as either the Pope or the Directory expected. Far from it. To be sure, there was, over and above the first ransom, a new money indemnity of fifteen million francs, making, in addition to what had been exacted in the previous summer, a total of thirty. Further stipulations were the surrender of the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, together with the Romagna; consent to the incorporation into France of Avignon and the Venaissin, the two papal possessions in the Rhone valley which had already been annexed; and the temporary delivery of Ancona as a pledge for the fulfilment of these engagements; further still, the dispersion of the papal army, with satisfaction for the killing in a street row of Basseville, the French plenipotentiary. This, however, was far short of the annihilation of the papacy, even as a temporal power. More than that, the vital question of ecclesiastical authority

was not mentioned except to guarantee it in the surrendered legations. To the Directory Bonaparte explained that with such mutilations the Roman edifice would fall of its own weight; and yet he gave his powerful protection to the French priests who had refused the oaths to the civil constitution required by the republic, and who, having renounced their allegiance, had found an asylum in the Papal States. This latter step was taken in the rôle of humanitarian. In reality, this first open and radical departure from the policy of the executive not only assured to Bonaparte the most unbounded personal popularity with faithful Roman Catholics everywhere, but it proved to be preliminary to his further alliance with the papacy. The unthinking masses began to compare the captivity of the Roman Church in France, which was the work of her government, with the widely different fate of her faithful adherents at Rome under the humane control of Bonaparte. Moreover, it was the French citizen collectors, and not the army, who continued to scour every town for art plunder. It was believed that Italy had finally given up "all that was curious and valuable except some few objects at Turin and Naples," including the famous wonder-working image of the Lady of Loretto. The words quoted were used by Bonaparte in a despatch to the Directory, which inclosed a curious document of very different character. Such had been the gratitude of Pius for his preservation that he despatched a legate with his apostolic blessing for the "dear son" who had snatched the papal power from the very jaws of destruction. "Dear son" was merely a formal phrase, and a gracious answer was returned from the French headquarters. This equally formal letter of Bonaparte's was forwarded to Paris, where, as he knew, it would be considered rather as a good joke by the Directory, who were supposed to consider his diplomacy as altogether patriotic. But, as no doubt the writer foresaw, it had an altogether different effect on the public. From that instant every pious Roman Catholic, not only in France, but in Europe, whatever his attitude toward the Directory, was either an open ally of Bonaparte or at least neutral. As for the papacy, henceforward it was a tool in his hand. One of the cardinals gave the gracious preserver of his order a bust of Alexander the Great: it was a common piece of flattery after the peace to say that Bonaparte was, like Alexander, a Greek in stature, and, like Cæsar, a Roman in power.

While at Ancona the conqueror had a temporary relapse into his yearning for Oriental power. He wrote describing the harbor as the only good one on the Adriatic south of Venice, and explaining how invaluable it was for the influence of France on the fate of Turkey,



since it controlled communication with Constantinople, and Macedonia was but twenty-four hours distant. With this despatch he inclosed letters to the Grand Master of Malta which had been seized on the person of a courier from the czar. It was by an easy association of ideas that not long afterward he began to make suggestions for the seizure of Malta and for a descent into Egypt. These were old schemes of French foreign policy, and by no means original with Bonaparte; but having long been kept in the background, they were easily recalled, the more so because in a short time both the new dictator and the Directory seemed to find in them a remedy for their strained relations.

Meantime the foreign affairs of Austria had fallen into a most precarious condition. Not only had the departure of the English fleet from the Mediterranean furthered Bonaparte's success in Italy, but Russia had given notice of an altered policy. If the modern state system of Europe had rested on any one doctrine more firmly than on another, it was on the theory of territorial boundaries, and the inviolability of national existence. Yet, in defiance of all right and all international law, Prussia, Russia, and Austria had in 1772 swooped down like vultures on Poland, and parted large portions of her still living body among themselves. The operation was so much to their liking that it had been repeated in 1792, and completed in 1795. The last division had been made with the understanding that, in return for the lion's share which she received, Russia would give active assistance to Austria in her designs on northern Italy. Not content with the Milanese and a protectorate over Modena, the emperor had already cast his eyes on the Venetian mainland. But on November 17, 1796, the great Catherine died, and her successor, Paul, would hear nothing of her engagements. Finally Prussia was consolidating herself into a great power likely in the end to destroy the Austrian influence in the Germanic Diet, which controlled the affairs of the empire. The hour was dark indeed for Austria; and in the crisis Thugut, the able minister of the emperor, made up his mind at last to throw all his master's military strength into Italy. The youthful archduke Charles, who had won great glory as the conqueror of Jourdan, was accordingly summoned from Germany with the strength of his army to break through the Tyrol, and prevent the French from taking the now open road to Vienna. This brother of the emperor, though but twenty-five years old, was in his day second only to Bonaparte as a general. The splendid persistence with which Austria raised one great army after another to oppose France was worthy of her traditions. Even when these armies were commanded by vet-

erans of the old school, they were terrible: it seemed to the cabinet at Vienna that when Charles was left to lead them in accordance with his own designs they were sure to be victorious. Had he and his Army of the Rhine been in Italy from the outset, they thought, the result might have been different. Perhaps they were right; but his tardy arrival at the eleventh hour was destined to avail nothing. The Aulic Council ordered him into Friuli, a district of the Italian Alps on the borders of Venice, where another army—the sixth within a year—was to assemble for the protection of the Austrian frontier and await the arrival of the veterans from Germany. This force, unlike the other five, was composed of heterogeneous elements, and, until further strengthened, inferior in numbers to the French, who had finally been reinforced by 15,000 men, under Bernadotte, from the Army of the Sambre and Meuse.

When Bonaparte started from Mantua for the Alps, his position was the strongest he had so far secured. The Directory had all along shown their uneasy jealousy of him by refusing the reinforcements which he was constantly demanding. It had become evident that the approaching elections would result in destroying their ascendancy in the Five Hundred, and that more than ever they must depend for support on the army. Accordingly they had swallowed their pride, and made Bonaparte strong. This change in the policy of the government likewise affected the south and east of France most favorably for his purposes. The personal pique of the generals commanding in those districts had subjected him to many inconveniences as to communications with Paris, as well as in the passage of troops, stores, and the like. They now recognized that in the approaching political crisis the fate of the republic would hang on the army, and for that reason they must needs be complaisant with its foremost figure, whose exploits had dimmed even those of Hoche in the Netherlands and western France. Italy was altogether subdued, and there was not a hostile power in the rear of the great conqueror. Among many of the conquered his name was even beloved: for the people of Milan his life and surroundings had the same interest as if he were their own sovereign prince. In front, however, the case was different; for the position of the archduke Charles left the territory of Venice directly between the hostile armies in such a way as apparently to force Bonaparte to a decision regarding his treatment of that power.

For the moment, however, there was no declaration of policy by the French commander-in-chief; not even a formal proposal to treat with the Venetian oligarchy, which, to all outward appearance, had remained as haughty as

ever, as dark and inscrutable in its dealings, as doubtful in the matter of good faith. And yet a method in Bonaparte's dealing with it was soon apparent, which, though unlike any he had used toward other Italian powers, was perfectly adapted to the ends he had in view. He had already violated Venetian neutrality, and intended to disregard it entirely. As a foretaste of what the republic might expect, French soldiers were let loose to pillage the towns of Venetia, until the inhabitants were so exasperated that they retaliated by killing a few of their spoilers. Then began a persistent and exasperating process of charges and complaints and admonitions, until the origins of the respective offenses were forgotten in the intervening recriminations. Then, as a warning to all who sought to endanger the "friendly relations" between the countries, a troop of French soldiers would be thrown first into one town, then into another. This process went on without an interval, and with merciless vigor, until the Venetian officials were literally distracted. Remonstrance was in vain: Bonaparte laughed at forms. Finally, when protest had proved unavailing, the harried oligarchy began at last to arm, and it was not long before 40,000 men, mostly Slavonic mercenaries, were enlisted under its banner. With his usual conciliatory blandness, Bonaparte next proposed to the Senate a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive.

This was not a mere diplomatic move. Certain considerations might well incline the oligarchy to accept the plan. There was no love lost between the towns of the Venetian mainland and the city itself; for the aristocracy of the latter would write no names in its Golden Book except those of its own houses. The revolutionary movement had, moreover, already so heightened the discontent which had spread eastward from the Milanese, and was now prevalent in Brescia, Bergamo, and Peschiera, that these cities really favored Bonaparte, and longed to separate from Venice. Further than this, the Venetian Senate had early in January been informed by its agent in Paris of a rumor that at the conclusion of peace Austria would indemnify herself with Venetian territory for the loss of the Milanese. The disquiet of the outlying cities on the borders of Lombardy was due to a desire for union with the Transpadane Republic. They little knew for what a different fate Bonaparte destined them. He was really holding that portion of the mainland in which they were situated as the indemnity to be proffered to Austria. Venice was almost sure to lose them in any case, and he felt that if she refused the French alliance he could then tender them and their territories to Austria, in return for Belgium, with less

show of injustice. He offered, however, if she should accept his proposition, to assure their loyalty provided only the Venetian citizens would inscribe the chief families of the mainland in the Golden Book.

But in spite of such a suggestive warning, the Senate adhered to its policy of perfect neutrality. Bonaparte consented to this decision, but ordered it to disarm, agreeing in that event to control the liberals on the mainland, and to guarantee the Venetian territories, leaving behind troops enough both to secure those ends and to guard his own communications. If these should be tampered with, he warned the Senate that the knell of Venetian independence would toll forthwith. No one can tell what would have been in store for the proud city if she had chosen the alternative, not of neutrality, but of an alliance with France. Bonaparte always made his plan in two ways, and it is probable that her ultimate fate would have been identical in either case.

THE PEACE OF LEOBEN.

THE Aulic Council at Vienna prepared for the archduke Charles a modification of the same old plan, only this time the two valleys were those of the Piave and the Tagliamento, rivers which rise among the grotesque Dolomites and in the summits of the Carnic Alps. They flow south like the Adige and the Brenta, but empty into the Adriatic, and are not affluents of the Po. The auxiliary force, under Lusignan, was now to the westward on the Piave, while the main force, under Charles, was waiting for reinforcements in the broad intervals on the upper reaches of the Tagliamento, through which ran the direct road to Vienna. This time the order of attack was exactly reversed, because Bonaparte, with his strengthened army of about 75,000 men, resolved to take the offensive before the expected levies from the Rhine should reach the camp of his foe. The campaign was not long, for there was no resistance from the inhabitants, as there would have been in the German Alps, among the Tyrolese, Bonaparte's embittered enemies; and the united force of Austria was far inferior to that of France. Joubert, with 18,000 men, was left to watch the Tyrol, and a small force under Kilmaine and Victor was detailed to watch Venice and Rome; but the general good order of Italy was intrusted to the native legions which Bonaparte had organized.

Masséna advanced up the Piave against Lusignan, captured his rear-guard, and drove him away northward beyond Belluno, while the archduke, thus separated from his right, withdrew to guard the road into Carniola. Bonaparte, with his old celerity, reached the banks

of the Tagliamento opposite the Austrian position long before he was expected. His troops had marched all night from March 15 to 16; but almost immediately they made a feint as if to force a crossing in the face of their enemy. The Austrians on the left bank awaited the onset in perfect order, and in dispositions of cavalry, artillery, and infantry admirably adapted to the ground. It seemed as if the first meeting of the two young generals would fall out to the advantage of Charles. But he was neither as wily nor as indefatigable as his enemy. The French drew back, apparently exhausted, and bivouacked as if for the night. The Austrians, expecting nothing further that day, and, standing on the defensive, followed the example of their opponents. Two hours elapsed, when suddenly the whole French army rose like one man, and, falling into line without an instant's delay, rushed for the stream, which at that spot was swift but fordable, flowing between wide, low banks of gravel. The surprise was complete: the stream was crossed, and the Austrians had barely time to form when the French were upon them. They fought with gallantry for three hours until their flank was turned. They then drew off in an orderly retreat, abandoning many guns and losing some prisoners.

Masséna, waiting behind the intervening ridge for the signal, advanced at the first sound of cannon into the upper valley of the same stream, crossed it, and beset the passes of the Italian Alps, by which communication with the Austrian capital was quickest. Charles at once put himself at the head of a picked corps to remedy this disaster; but all his efforts, his own desperate personal courage and the bravery of his troops, were alike in vain. He had nothing left, therefore, but to withdraw due eastward across the great divide of the Alps, where they bow toward the Adriatic, and pass into the valley of the Isonzo, behind that full and rushing stream, which he fondly hoped would stop the French pursuit. The frost, however, had bridged it in several places, and these were quickly found. Bernadotte and Sérurier stormed the fortress of Gradisca, and captured 2500 men, while Masséna seized the fort at the Chiusa Veneta, and, scattering a whole division of flying Austrians, captured 5000 with their stores and equipments. He then attacked and routed the enemy's guard on the Pontebba pass, captured Tarvis, and thus cut off their communication with the Puster valley, by which the Austrian detachment from the Rhine was to arrive.

Bonaparte wooed the stupefied Carinthians with his softly worded proclamations, and his advancing columns were unharassed by the peasantry while he pushed farther on, capturing

Klagenfurt, and seizing both Trieste and Fiume, the only harbors on the Austrian shore. He then returned with the main body of his troops, and, crossing the pass of Tarvis, entered Germany at Villach. "We are come," he said to the inhabitants, "not as enemies, but as friends, to end a terrible war imposed by England on a ministry bought with her gold." And the populace, listening to his siren voice, believed him. All this was accomplished before the end of March; and Charles, his army reduced to less than three fourths, was resting northward on the road to Vienna, beyond the river Mur, exhausted, but expecting daily that he would be compelled to a further retreat.

Joubert had not been so successful. According to instructions, he had pushed up the Adige as far as Brixen, into the heart of the hostile Tyrol. The Austrians had again called the mountaineers to arms, and a considerable force under Laudon was gathered to resist him. It had been a general but most indefinite understanding between Bonaparte and the Directory that Moreau was again to cross the Rhine and advance once more, this time for a junction with Joubert to march against Vienna. But the directors, in an access of suspicion, had broken their word, and, pleading their penury, had not taken a step toward fitting out the Army of the North. Moreau was not within reach; he had not even crossed the Rhine. Joubert was in straits, for the whole country had now risen against him. It was with difficulty that he had advanced, and with serious loss that he fought one terrible battle after another; finally, however, he forced his way into the valley of the Drave, and retreated down that river to join Bonaparte. This virtual repulse made both the Tyrol and Venice jubilant, while its influence spread as far eastward as the Austrian provinces of the Adriatic. Trieste and Fiume had not been garrisoned, and the Austrians occupied them once more; the Venetian Senate organized a secret insurrection, which broke out simultaneously in many places, and was suppressed only after many of the French, some of them invalids in the hospitals, had been murdered.

On March 31, Bonaparte, having received definite and official information that he could expect no immediate support from the Army of the Rhine, addressed from Klagenfurt to the archduke what he called a "philosophical" letter, calling his attention to the fact that it was England which had embroiled France and Austria, two powers which had really no grievance one against the other. Would he, so far removed by his lofty birth from the petty weaknesses of ministers and governments, not intervene as the savior of Germany to end the miseries of a useless war? "As far as I myself am concerned, if the communication I have the

honor to be making should save the life of a single man, I would be prouder of that civic crown than of the sad renown which results from military success." At the same time Masséna was pressing forward into the valley of the Mur, across the passes of Neumarkt; and before the end of the week his seizure of St. Michael and Leoben had cut off the last hope of a junction between the forces of Charles and his expected reinforcements from the Rhine. Austria was carrying on her preparations for war with the same proud determination she had always shown, and Charles continued his disastrous hostilities with Masséna. But when Thugut received the letter from Bonaparte, which Charles had promptly forwarded to Vienna, the cabinet did not hesitate, and plenipotentiaries were soon on their way to Leoben.

The situation of Bonaparte at Leoben was by no means what the position of his forces within twenty-five leagues of Vienna would seem to indicate. The revolutionary movement in Venetia, silently but effectually fostered by the French garrisons, had been successful in Bergamo, Brescia, and Salò. The Senate, in despair, sent envoys to Bonaparte at Görz. His reply was conciliatory, but he declared that he would do nothing unless the city of Venice would make the long-desired concession about inscriptions in the Golden Book. At the same time he demanded a monthly payment of a million francs in lieu of all requisitions on their territory. At Paris the Venetian ambassador had no better success, and with the news of Joubert's retreat a terrible insurrection broke out, which sacrificed many French lives at Verona and elsewhere. Bonaparte's suggestions for the preliminaries of peace with Austria had been drawn up before the news of that event reached him: but with the Tyrol and Venice all aflame in his rear, and threatening his connections; with no prospect of assistance from Moreau in enforcing his demands; and with a growing hostility showing itself among the populations of the hereditary states of Austria into which he had penetrated, it was not wonderful that his original design was confirmed. "At Leoben," he once said, "I was playing *vingt-et-un*, and I had twenty."

When, therefore, General Merveldt and the Marchese Gallo, duly accredited on the part of Austria, and General Bonaparte, representing the French republic but with no formal powers whatsoever, met in the castle of Göss at Leoben, they all knew that the situation of the French was very precarious indeed, and that the terms to be made could not be those dictated by a triumphant conqueror in the full tide of victory. Neither party had any scruples about violating the public law of Europe by the destruction of another nationality; but they

needed some pretext. While they were in the opening stages of negotiation the pretext came; for on April 9 Bonaparte received news of the murders to which reference has been made, and of an engagement at Salò, provoked by the French, in which the Bergamask mountaineers had captured three hundred of the garrison, mostly Poles. This affair was only a little more serious than numerous other conflicts incident to partizan warfare which were daily occurring; but it was enough. With a feigned fury he addressed the Venetian Senate as if their land were utterly irreconcilable, and demanded from them impossible acts of reparation.

Junot was despatched to Venice with the message, and delivered it from the floor of the Senate on April 15, the very day on which his chief was concluding negotiations for the delivery of the mainland to Austria. So strong had the peace party in Vienna become, and such was the terror of its inhabitants at seeing the court hide its treasures and prepare to fly into Hungary, that the plenipotentiaries could only accept the offer of Bonaparte, which they did with ill-concealed delight. There was but one point of difference (Modena), which Francis for the honor of his house was determined to keep, if possible. With Tuscany, Modena, and the Venetian mainland all in their hands, the Austrian plenipotentiaries felt that time would surely restore the lost Milanese. But Bonaparte was obdurate. On the 18th the preliminaries were closed and adopted. France was to have Belgium, with the "limits of France" as decreed by the laws of the republic, a purposely ambiguous expression. Austria obtained the longed-for mainland of Venice as far as the river Oglio, together with Istria and Dalmatia, the Venetian dependencies beyond the Adriatic, while Venice herself was to be nominally indemnified by the receipt of the three papal legations, Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna. Modena was to be united with Mantua, Reggio, and the Milanese into a great central republic, which would always be dependent on France, and was connected with her territory by way of Genoa. Some of the articles were secret, and all were subject to immaterial changes in the final negotiations for definitive peace, which were later to be carried on at Bern, chosen for the purpose as being a neutral city.

Bonaparte explained, in a letter to the Directory, that whatever occurred, the Papal States could never become an integral part of Venice, and would always be under French influences. His sincerity was no greater, as the event showed, concerning the very existence of Venice herself. The terms he had made were considered at Vienna most favorable, and there was great rejoicing in that capital. But it was significant that in the routine negotiations the

old-school diplomatists had been sadly shocked by the behavior of their military antagonist, who, though a mere tyro in their art, was very hard to deal with. At the outset, for instance, they proposed to incorporate, as the first article in the preliminaries, that for which the Directory had long been negotiating with Austria—a recognition of the French republic. "Strike that out," said Bonaparte. "The Republic is like the sun on the horizon, all the worse for him who will not see it." This was but a foretaste of ruder dealings which followed, and of still more violent breaches with tradition in the long negotiations which were to ensue over the definitive treaty.

The very day on which the signatures were affixed at Leoben, the Austrian arms were humbled by Hoche on the Rhine. Moreau had not been able to move for lack of a paltry sum which he was begging for, but could not obtain, from the Directory. Hoche, chafing at similar delays, and anxious to atone for Jourdan's conduct of the previous year, finally set forth, and, crossing at Neuwied, advanced to Heddersdorf, where he attacked the Austrians, who had been weakened to strengthen the archduke Charles. They were routed with a loss of 6000 prisoners, and the rest were nearly surrounded when a sudden stop was put to Hoche's career by the arrival of a courier from Leoben. In the Black Forest a similar check overtook Desaix, who, having crossed the Rhine with Moreau's army below Strasbourg, was likewise driving the Austrians before him. These brilliant achievements came all too late. No advantage was gained by them in the terms of peace, and the glory of humiliating Austria remained to Bonaparte.

Throughout all France there was considerable dissatisfaction with Bonaparte's moderation, and a feeling among extreme republicans, especially in the Directory, that he should have destroyed the Austrian monarchy. Larevellière and Rewbell were altogether of this opinion, and the corrupt Barras to a certain extent, for he had taken a bribe of 600,000 francs from the Venetian ambassador at Paris, to compel the repression by Bonaparte of the rebels on the mainland. The correspondence of various emissaries connected with this affair fell into the general's hands at Milan, and put the Directory more completely at his mercy than ever. On April 19, however, he wrote as if in reply to such strictures as might be made: "If at the beginning of the campaign I had persisted in going to Turin, I never should have passed the Po; if I had persisted in going to Rome, I should have lost Milan; if I had persisted in going to Vienna, perhaps I should have lost (ruined) the Republic." He well understood that fear would yield what

despair might refuse. It was a matter of course that when the terms of Leoben reached Paris the Directory ratified them, even though they had been irregularly negotiated by an unauthorized agent before the arrival of a diplomatic envoy sent by them with full instructions. One thing, however, they notified Bonaparte in their letter of assent he must not do; that was, to interfere further in the affairs of Venice. This order reached him on May 8; but just a week before, Venice, as an independent state, had ceased to exist.

Accident and crafty prearrangement had combined to bring the affairs of that ancient commonwealth to such a crisis. The general insurrection and the fight at Salò had given a pretext for disposing of the Venetian mainland; soon after the inevitable results of French occupation afforded the opportunity for destroying the oligarchy altogether. The evacuation of Verona by the garrison of its former masters had been ordered as a part of the general disarmament of Italy. The Veronese were intensely, fiercely indignant on learning that they were to be transferred to a hated allegiance; and on April 17, when a party appeared to reinforce the French troops already there, the citizens rose in a frenzy of indignation, and drove the hated invaders into the citadel. During the following days, three hundred of the French civilians in the town—all who had not been able to find refuge—were massacred: old and young, sick and well. At the same time a detachment of Austrians under Laudon came in from the Tyrol to join Fioravente—the Venetian general—and his Slavs. This of course increased the tumult, for the French began to bombard the city from the citadel. For a moment the combined besiegers, exaggerating the accounts of Joubert's retreat and of Moreau's failure to advance, hoped for ultimate success, and the overthrow of the French. But rumors from Leoben caused the Austrians to withdraw up the Adige, and a Lombard regiment came to the assistance of the French. The Venetian forces were captured, and the city was disarmed, like Peschiera, Castelnovo, and many others which had made no resistance.

Two days after this furious outbreak of Veronese resentment (an event which is known to the French as the Veronese Vespers), occurred another of vastly less importance in itself, but having perhaps even more value as cumulative evidence that the wound already inflicted by Bonaparte on the Venetian state was mortal. A French vessel, flying before two Austrian cruisers, appeared off the Lido, and anchored under the arsenal. It was contrary to immemorial custom for an armed vessel to enter the harbor, and the captain was ordered to weigh anchor. He refused. Thereupon, in stupid zeal, the guns



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEOPOLD KUPELWIESER, IN THE IMPERIAL CHÂTEAU OF LAXENBURG, AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

of the Venetian forts opened on the ship. Many of the crew were killed, and the rest were thrown into prison. This was the final stroke, all that was necessary for the justification of Bonaparte's plans. An embassy from the Senate had been with him at Gratz when the awful news from Verona came to his headquarters. He had then treated them harshly, demanding not only the liberation of every man confined for political reasons within their prison walls, but the surrender of their inquisitors as well. "I will have no more Inquisition, no more Senate; I shall be an Attila to Venice! . . . I want not your alliance nor your schemes; I mean to lay down the law." They left his presence with gloomy and accurate forebodings as to what was in those secret articles which had been executed at Leoben. When, two days later, came this news of further conflict with the French in Venice itself, the envoys were dismissed, without another audience, by a note which declared that its writer "could not receive them, dripping as they were with French blood." On May 3, having advanced to Palma, Bonaparte declared war against Venice. In accordance with the general license of the age, hostilities had, however, already begun; for as early as April 30 the French and their Italian helpers had fortified the lowlands between the Venetian lagoons, and on May 1 the main army appeared at Fusina, the nearest point on the mainland to the city.

THE FALL OF VENICE.

SINCE the days of Carthage no government like that of the Venetian oligarchy had existed on the earth. At its best it was dark and remorseless; with the disappearance of its vigor its despotism had become somewhat milder, but even yet no common man might draw the veil from its mysterious, irresponsible councils and live. A few hundred families administered the country as they did their private estates. All intelligence, all liberty, all personal independence, were repressed by such a system. The more enlightened from the mainland, many even in the city, had felt the influences of the time, and had long been uneasy under their government, however smoothly it seemed to be running. Now that the earth was quaking under the march of Bonaparte's troops, that government was not only helpless, but it actually grew contemptible in its panic. There was indeed the most urgent necessity for a change. The Senate had a powerful fleet, 3000 native troops, and 11,000 mercenaries; but they struck only a single futile blow on their own account, permitting a rash captain to open fire from the gunboats against the French vanguard when it appeared. But immediately, as if in fear of

their own temerity, they despatched an embassy to learn the will of the approaching general. That his dealings might be merciful, they tried the plan of Modena, and offered Bonaparte a bribe of seven million francs; but, as in the case of Modena, he refused. Next day the Grand Council having been summoned, it was determined by a nearly unanimous vote of the patricians (690 to 21) that they would remodel their institutions on democratic lines. The pale and terrified doge thought such surrender to be the last hope of safety.

Not for a moment did Lallemonet and Villehard, the two French agents, intermit their revolutionary agitation in the town. Disorders grew more frequent, and uncertainty both paralyzed and disintegrated the patrician party. A week later the government virtually abdicated. Two utter strangers appeared in a theatrical way at its doors, and suggested in writing to the Great Council that to appease the spirit of the times they should plant the liberty-tree on the Place of St. Mark, and speedily accede to all the propositions for liberalizing Venice which the popular temper seemed to demand. Such were the terror and disorganization of the aristocracy that instead of punishing the intrusion by death, according to the traditions of their merciless procedure, they took measures to carry out the suggestion. The fleet was dismantled, and the army disbanded. By the end of the month the revolution was virtually accomplished; for a rising of their supporters having been mistaken by the Great Council, in its pusillanimous terror, for a rebellion of their antagonists, they decreed the abolition of all existing institutions, and, after hastily organizing a provisional government, disbanded. Four thousand French soldiers occupied the town, and an ostensible treaty was made between the new republic of Venice and that of France.

This treaty was really nothing but a pronunciamiento of Bonaparte. He decreed a general amnesty to all offenders except the commanders of Fort Luco, who had recently fired on the French vessel. He also guaranteed the public debt, and promised to occupy the city only as long as the public order required it. By a series of secret articles Venice was to accept the stipulations of Leoben in regard to territory, pay an indemnity of six million francs, and furnish three ships of the line and two frigates, while, in pursuance of the general policy of the French republic, experts were to select twenty pictures from her galleries, and five hundred manuscripts from her libraries. Whatever was the understanding of those who signed these crushing conditions, the city was never again treated by any European power as an independent state. Soon afterward a French expedition was



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

AFTER THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF THE MARQUIS DES ROY.
LOUIS-LAZARE HOCHÉ.

despatched to occupy her island possessions in the Levant. The arrangements had been carefully prepared during the very time when the provisional government believed itself to be paying the price of its new liberties. And earlier still,—on May 27, three days before the abdication of the aristocracy,—Bonaparte had already offered to Austria the entire republic in its proposed form as an exchange for the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine.

Writing to the Directory on that day, he declared that Venice, which had been in a decline ever since “the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the rise of Trieste and Ancona, can with difficulty survive the blows we have just given her. This miserable, cowardly people, unfit for liberty, and without land or water—it seems natural to me that we should hand them over to those who have received their mainland from us. We shall take all their ships, we shall despoil their arsenal, we shall

remove all their cannon, we shall wreck their bank, we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves.” On the 26th a letter to his “friends” of the Venetian provisional government had assured them that he would do all in his power to confirm their liberties, and that he earnestly desired that Italy, “now covered with glory, and free from every foreign influence, should again appear on the world’s stage, and assert among the great powers that station to which by nature, position, and destiny it was entitled.” Ordinary minds cannot grasp the guile and daring which seem to have prearranged and foreseen all the conditions necessary to plans which for double-dealing transcended the conceptions of men even in that age of duplicity and selfishness.

Not far from Milan, on a gentle rise, stands the famous villa, or country-seat, of Montebello. Its windows command a scene of rare beauty: on one side, in the distance, the mighty

Alps, with their peaks of never-melting ice and snow; on the other three the almost voluptuous beauty of the fertile plains; while in the near foreground lies the great capital of Lombardy, with its splendid industries, its stores of art, and its crowded spires hoary with antiquity. Within easy reach are the exquisite scenes of an enchanted region — that of the Italian lakes. To this lordly residence Bonaparte withdrew. His summer's task was to be the pacification of Europe, and the consolidation of his own power in Italy, in France, and northward beyond the Alps. The two objects went hand in hand. From Austria, from Rome, from Naples, from Turin, from Parma, from Switzerland, and even from the minor German principalities whose fate hung on the rearrangement of German lands to be made at the Congress of the Empire, agents of every kind, both military and diplomatic, both secret and accredited, flocked to the seat of power. Expresses came and went in all directions, while humble suitors vied with one another in homage to the risen sun.

The uses of rigid etiquette were well understood by Bonaparte. He appreciated the dazzling power of ceremony, the fascination of condescension, and the mastery of woman in the conduct of affairs. All such influences he lavished with a profusion which could have been conceived only by an Oriental imagination. As if to overpower the senses by an impressive contrast, and symbolize the triumph of that dominant Third Estate of which he claimed to be the champion against aristocrats, princes, kings, and emperors, the simplicity of the Revolution was personified and emphasized in his own form. His ostentatious frugality, his disdain for dress, his contempt for personal wealth and its outward signs, were all heightened by the setting which inclosed them, as a frame of brilliants often heightens the character in the portrait of a homely face.

Meantime England was not a passive spectator of events in Italy. At the close of 1796 Pitt's administration was in great straits, for the Tories who supported him were angered by his lack of success, and the Whig opposition was correspondingly jubilant and daily growing stronger. The navy had been able to preserve appearances, but that was all. There was urgent need for reform in tactics, in administration, and in equipment. France had made some progress in all these directions, and, in spite of English assistance, both the Vendean and the Chouan insurrections had, to all appearance, been forever crushed. Subsequently a powerful expedition under Hoche was equipped and held in readiness to sail for Ireland, there to organize rebellion, and give England a draught from her own cup. It was clear that the Whigs

would score a triumph at the coming elections if something were not done. Accordingly Pitt determined to open negotiations for peace with the Directory. As his agent he unwisely chose Malmesbury, a representative aristocrat, who had distinguished himself as a diplomatist in Holland by organizing the Orange party to sustain the Prussian arms against the rising democracy of that country. Moreover, the envoy was an ultra-conservative in his views of the French Revolution, and, believing that there was no room in western Europe for his own country and her great rival, thought there could be no peace until France was destroyed. Burke sneered that he had gone to Paris on his knees. He was received of course with distrust, and many believed his real errand to be the reorganization of a royalist party in France. Moreover, Delacroix, minister of foreign affairs, was a narrow, shallow, and conceited man, unable either to meet an adroit and experienced negotiator on his own ground, or to prepare new forms of diplomatic combat, as Bonaparte had done. The English proposition was that Great Britain would give up all the French colonial possessions she had seized during the war provided the republic would abandon Belgium. It is well to recall in this connection that the free navigation of the Scheldt has ever been an object of the highest importance to England: the establishment of a strong, hostile maritime power in harbors like those of the Netherlands would menace, if not destroy, the British carrying-trade with central and northern Europe. The reply of the Directory was that their fundamental law forbade the consideration of such a point; and when Malmesbury persisted in his offer, he was given forty-eight hours to leave the country. Hoche was at once despatched to Ireland; but wind and waves were adverse, and he returned to replace Jourdan in command of one of the Rhine armies, the latter having been disgraced for his failures in Germany.

The Directory, with an eye single to the consolidation of the republic, cared little for Lombardy, and much for Belgium with the Rhine frontier. The Austrian minister cared little for the distant provinces of the empire, and everything for its territorial consolidation near by. The successes of 1796 had secured to France treaties with Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and the two circles of Swabia and Franconia, whereby these powers consented to abandon the control of all lands on the left bank of the Rhine hitherto belonging to them or to the Germanic body. As a consequence the goal of the Directory could therefore be reached by Austria's help, and Austria appeared willing. The only question was, Would France restore the Milanese? Carnot was emphatic in the expression of his opinion that she must, and his col-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY NICOLAS TOUSSAINT CHARLET, IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

A GRENADIER.

leagues assented. Accordingly, Bonaparte was warned that no expectations of emancipation must be awakened in the Italian peoples. But such a notion was out of the question, for the directors could neither support their general with reinforcements, nor pay his troops. It had been only in the rôle of a liberator that Bonaparte had been able both to cajole and to conquer Italy, in order not only to sustain and arm his soldiers, but to pour treasures into Paris. It was for this reason that he saw himself compelled to overthrow Venice, and hold it as a substitute for Lombardy in the coming trade with Austria. But the directors either could not or would not at that time enter into his plans, and refused to comprehend the situation.

With doubtful good sense they therefore determined in November, 1796, to send an agent of their own to Vienna. They chose General Clarke, a man of honest purpose, but very moderate ability. He must of course have a previous understanding with Bonaparte, and to that end he journeyed by way of Italy. He was kindly received, but was entirely befooled by his subtle host, who detained him by idle suggestions until after the fall of Mantua, when to his amazement he received instructions from Paris to make no proposition of any kind without Bonaparte's consent. Then followed the death of Catherine, which left Austria with no ally, and all the subsequent events to the eve of Leoben. Thugut wanted no Jacobin agitator at Vienna, and informed Clarke that he must not come thither, but might reach a diplomatic understanding with the Austrian minister at Turin, if he could. He was thus comfortably banished from the seat of war during the closing scenes of the campaign, and to Bonaparte's satisfaction could not of course reach Leoben in time to conclude the preliminaries as the accredited agent of the republic. But he was henceforth to be associated with Bonaparte in arranging the final terms of peace; and to that end he came of course to Milan.

The court at Montebello was not a mere levee of men. There was as well an assemblage of brilliant women, of whom the presiding genius was Mme. Bonaparte. Love, doubt, decision, marriage, separation, had been the rapidly succeeding incidents of her connection with Bonaparte in Paris. Though she had made ardent professions of devotion to her husband, the marriage vow seems to have sat but lightly on her in the early days of their separation. Her husband appears to have been for a short time more constant, but, convinced of her fickleness, to have become as unfaithful as she. And yet the complexity of emotions—ambition, self-interest, and physical attraction—which seems to have been present in both, although in widely different degree, sustained something

like genuine ardor in the husband, and an affection sincere enough often to awaken jealousy in the wife. The news of Bonaparte's successive victories in Italy made his wife a heroine in Paris. In all the salons of the capital, from that of the directors at the Luxembourg downward through those of her more aristocratic but less powerful acquaintances, she was fêted and caressed. As early as April, 1796, came the first summons of her husband to join him in Italy. Friends explained to her willing ears that it was not a French custom for the wives of generals to join the camp-train, and she refused. Resistance but served to rouse the passions of the young conqueror, and his fiery love-letters reached Paris by every courier. Josephine, however, remained unmoved; for the traditions of her admirers, to whom she showed them, made light of a conjugal affection such as that. She was flattered, but, as during the courtship, slightly frightened by such addresses.

In due time there were symptoms which appeared to be those of pregnancy. On receipt of the news the prospective father could not contain himself for joy. The letter which he wrote, with others of his love-letters, has been preserved. It was written from Tortona, on June 15, 1796. Life is but a vain show because at such an hour he is absent from her. His passion had clouded his faculties, but if she is in pain he will leave at any hazard for her side. Without appetite, and sleepless; without thought of friends, glory, or country, all the world is annihilated for him except herself. "I care for honor because you do, for victory because it gratifies you, otherwise I would have left all else to throw myself at your feet. Dear friend, be sure and say you are persuaded that I love you above all that can be imagined—persuaded that every moment of my time is consecrated to you; that never an hour passes without thought of you; that it never occurred to me to think of another woman; that they are all in my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you—you alone as I see you, as you are—could please and absorb all the faculties of my soul; that you have fathomed all its depths; that my heart has no fold unopened to you, no thoughts which are not subject [*subordonnés*] to you; that my strength, my arms, my mind, are all yours; that my soul is in your form, and that the day you change, or the day you cease to live, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is lovely in my eyes only because you dwell within it. If you do not believe all this, if your soul is not persuaded, saturated, you distress me, you do not love me. Between those who love is a magnetic bond. You know that I could never see you with a lover, much less endure your having one

[*l'en souffrir un*]: to see him and to tear out his heart would for me be one and the same thing; and then, could I, I would lay violent hands on your sacred person. . . . No, I would never dare, but I would leave a world where that which is most virtuous had deceived me. I am confident and proud of your love. Misfortunes are trials which mutually develop the strength of our passion. A child lovely as its mother is to see the light in your arms. Wretch that I am, a single day would satisfy me! A thousand kisses on your eyes, on your lips. Adorable woman, what a power you have! I am sick with your disease; besides, I have a burning fever. Keep the courier but six hours, and let him return at once, bringing to me the darling letter of my queen."

At length, in June, when the first great victories had been won, when the symptoms of motherhood proved to be spurious and disappeared, when honors like those of a sovereign were awaiting her in Italy, Mme. Bonaparte decided to tear herself away from the circle of her friends in Paris, and to yield to the ever more urgent pleadings of her husband. Traveling under Junot's care, she reached Milan early in July, to find the general no longer an adventurer, but the successful dictator of a people, courted by princes and kings, adored by the masses, and the arbiter of nations. Rising, apparently without an effort, to the height of

the occasion, she began and continued throughout the year to rival in her social conquests the victories of her husband in the field. Where he was Caius, she was Caia. High-born dames sought her favor, and nobles bowed low to win her support. At times she actually braved the dangers of insurrection and the battle-field. Her presence in their capital was used to soothe the exasperated Venetians. To gratify her spouse's ardor, she journeyed to many cities, and by a mild sympathy moderated somewhat the wild ambitions which the scenes and character of his successes awakened in his mind. The heroes and poets of Rome had moved upon that same stage. To his consort the new Cæsar unveiled the visions of his heated imagination, explained sensations aroused in him by their shadowy presence, unfolded his schemes of emulation. Of such purposes the court held during the summer at Montebello was but the natural outcome. Its historic influence was incalculable: on one hand, by the prestige it gave in negotiation to the central figure, and by the chance it afforded to fix and crystallize the indefinite visions of the hour; on the other, by rendering memorable the celebration of the national fête on July 14, 1797, an event arranged for political purposes, and so dazzling as to fix in the army the intense and complete devotion to their leader which made possible the next epoch in his career.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

LUCINDA.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

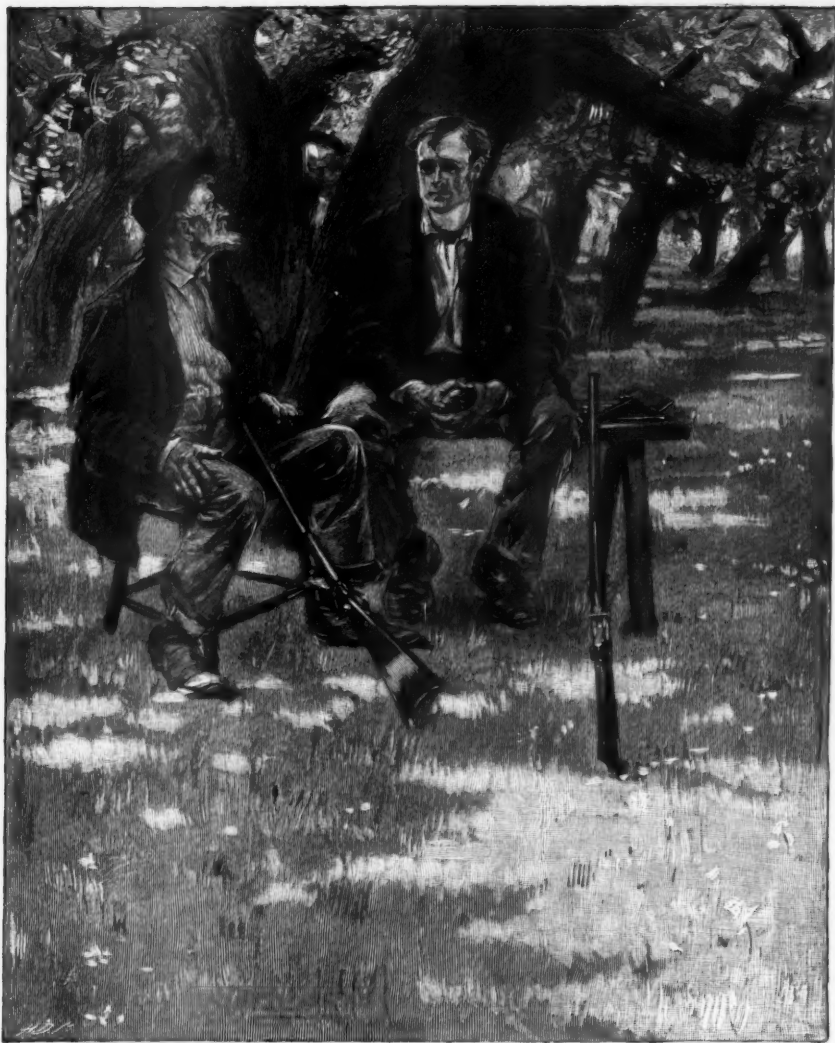
I.



CARR'S Mill stood opposite that point where the Squeeter and Somerdale roads met and crossed. Whichever of those roads you took, making for Carr's Mill, you had ten or fifteen miles of unbroken forest to go through, until, as you began to descend toward the mill, you saw it lying beneath you, in the midst of green meadows. Through these green meadows the Big Swift flowed placidly.

Next to the mill stood Brown's store. The

mill was old and ramshackle, and leaned perilously; moss grew on its roof; and the dust of the flour, whitening it everywhere, gave a look of soft and withered age which brought it into fine contrast with Brown's store. The latter was of new pine boards, and looked spick and span, and even jaunty. You expected to see Brown step prosperously out, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a waltz; but when Brown stepped out it was otherwise, for he was thin and pale and dejected: he seemed to have undergone premature dry-rot, and there exhaled from him a faint odor of staleness, much as if he had been born and reared under the glass case with his own candies. When he walked he fell forward, first upon one spindle leg and then upon the other; when he sat down it was a kind of general collapse; and except when he added up figures, which he did easily, seeming almost to take a kind of pleasure in stating "results," he had an ineffectual, heartless way of producing his voice



DRAWN BY LOUIS LODGE.

"I WAS RIGHTLY MAD."

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

and his ideas. Mr. Brown came originally from "old" Virginia, and would have liked to return there; but somehow or other he had got stranded in this remote quarter of the West Virginia forests, and here he complainingly remained. Amri Carr, who worked the aged and groaning structure called by his name, was a weighty, rubicund, jovial body, with a roll in his gait and in his voice, and a way of puffing his cheeks out and blowing after each separate sentence, as if his ideas were a fleet of ships which he sent out toward you, and which

he then followed up and sped on with a hearty breeze from his own lips. Carr had a wife and eleven children. His "house," a log cabin like all the other domiciles of the locality except Brown's board store, stood a half-mile below the mill.

Mr. Brown reclined on his store steps. Below him sat Captain Dan Crossby. The rumble of the mill and the warm sunshine predisposed to silence, and silence was strictly observed till a man on a black mule rode up to the store, and, without dismounting, handed

down to the storekeeper a bag of meal. It was payment in kind, for no one had money in that district.

The man on the mule was a thick-set, powerful, red-faced fellow of about forty; his jaw and cheeks were covered with short, black stubble, and his eyes were bloodshot and restless.

"Thank you, Mr. Stott," said the storekeeper. "Thank you. Come again; do. How's your folks? Well or —"

Mr. Brown's voice died feebly away.

Mr. Stott said his sister Sarah was ailing, but the chaps—meaning his three little girls—they were well enough; and rode off up the road.

After the lapse of about five minutes, Captain Crossby spoke to the storekeeper.

"I do everlastingly have no belief in that Hiram Stott."

"No?" said Mr. Brown.

"And he knows it," continued Captain Crossby.

"Yes?" said Mr. Brown.

"And I 'm not feelin' hurt any that he does," continued the captain.

"Ain't you?" said the storekeeper.

Silence settled down again.

"What in the world Alfred Bannerman ever undertook to marry with that Carr girl for, that 's what worries me to see into. Can you see into that?" inquired Captain Crossby, as if this question and his former statements of his feelings were in some way relevant and connected.

Mr. Brown avouched that he could see into nothing very far; but with some feeling that this was rather weak of him, he said with a spasmodic effort at sympathy:

"Don't it—add up—to you?"

Captain Crossby was not much concerned with sums in addition, and made no reply, but continued, with his eyes on the lessening figure of Mr. Stott:

"You 'd better not fool about Alfred. If you fool about Alfred, the first thing you know he 'll be in attendance at your funeral."

Captain Crossby looked slowly around at Mr. Brown, and the latter shrank perceptibly from any idea of fooling with Alfred, in the light of such probabilities.

"Now, women 's women," continued Captain Crossby; "and a woman 's a mis'able thing at best; they 're always makin' trouble, and fussin' or cookin' up a fuss; and to marry a woman—hit 's no little matter. But to marry a woman that calls herself Carr!"

Captain Crossby shook his small gray head at this desperate idea.

"They 're a wild lot, you think, eh?" said

Mr. Brown, tentatively, and as if he were treading on dangerous ground.

"Wild?" said Captain Crossby. "Wicked, I reckon; as wild and wicked as hawks; and I guess Alfred he wishes his wishes—I guess he does," said Captain Crossby, clearly meditating the sort of wishes he himself would be apt to wish under such circumstances.

"There 's Amri," he continued. "He said to Alfred, 'Alfred, tame her, or she 'll tame you!' I heard him say it the day Alfred wedded his daughter. And Alfred he just won't undertake the job."

The little old man rose, and proceeded home, pondering upon Alfred as he went.

"If Alfred's mother had fed him on snake-pizen, he 'd have turned it into milk and honey fust thing she knew! As for Hiram, he wants—" Captain Crossby closed his eyes entirely, and nodded his head slowly, as if possessed of the most intimate knowledge of Hiram's "wants"; and from the general expression of his face as he shuffled dustily along the road, one would have judged that he would have been by nothing more pleased than freely to give Hiram whatever thing it was that Hiram—always, however, in his (Captain Crossby's) estimation—wanted.

II.

THE next morning the captain saddled his horse, and rode up to see Alfred Bannerman.

Alfred lived twenty miles away. His farm was a new clearing—his own work—lying on the south side of the Highland Ridge. The log cabin was high up, almost on the summit of the great hill. Except the stable, a heavily built shed something ruder than the cabin, and a pig-pen, there was nothing else in the way of building. As further sign of life, there was the corn, growing meanly now, withered in its broad blades, and turning over; the plot where potatoes had not flourished by reason of drought; a brown, dull-looking field that had borne hay; and a small, neat garden of vegetables, chiefly cabbages. All around this open space, filled with stumps and, in the higher portions, with vast, silvery-white dead trees from which the bark had been stripped by wind and weather, and the limbs of which stood out strongly against the blue sky—all around this space of mountain farm lay the interminable woods,—maple and hickory and oak and poplar, turning now softly into yellow,—a wilderness of forest on all sides. Through these woods Captain Crossby came, for the Squeeter road turned east five miles from the mill, and the rest of the way was only a path, so called, visible to no mortal eye but a woodman's, and not infrequently baffling to him.

Captain Crossby tied his horse to a sapling. As he came round the corner, a tall, slim girl with blue eyes, and a good deal of brown hair tied loosely, her small head carried well back, as if she never cared about looking down, came out of the cabin with a pail in each hand. She had color, an easy erectness of carriage, bright eyes that were wide open and saw everything in a twinkling, and a light motion that seemed to carry her without her own will, or at least without the faintest conscious exercise of her will. And as she moved one would have said that every motion gave her pleasure, and that to put her hand to her head, as she was obliged quickly and continually to do, her hair falling, or rather bursting, out of its confinement of blue ribbon upon the slightest provocation,—that this, or any other slightest movement, whether of walking or bending down, or whatever it might be, was to her a positive and easy delight. And as she was a moving person, as well by necessity of work to be done as by nature, she appeared to be always in some state of special pleasure and exuberance of spirit. Captain Crossby greeted her. How was Mrs. Bannerman, and how was Alfred?

"I'm glad to see you," said the girl—"oh, terrible glad! Alfred's only so to middling, and I'm just wretched, Uncle Dan."

Uncle Dan, thus addressed, melted with astonishing suddenness, considering his low estimate of female character, and, shaking her hand warmly for him, inquired what was her trouble.

"I guess I'm my own best enemy," she said; "but it is lonely up here—oh, it is! It's just dead water all the time, and nothin' seems to prosper except the baby; and nobody ever comes here—it might be the world's end for all we see. Now, you do need to see a few mortals, Uncle Dan; you do!"

The girl's eyes flashed earnestly as she smiled at the little silent, gray old man who stood looking at her with his head thrown back in a way peculiar to himself, as if he found that position easier to retain than it would be to lift his eyelids, and to keep them lifted. For generally these hung down over his eyes so far that it appeared he must be unable to see anything beyond his own boots; and though, as a fact, he saw more in a moment, without lifting his eyes, than do most men in an hour, however wide open their gaze may be, he still preferred, when he had a person to look at or into, to toss his head back, with his pointed gray beard thrown out at an angle in front, and his gray hair worked up by his hat into a kind of pyramid behind, and to look out keenly as now; and not seldom to shade his eyes with one hand while he gazed—an action which, with the exceeding clearness of his glance, gave

to his scrutiny a penetration and purpose that most people winced under a little, and were apt to avoid.

But Della Lucinda was a Carr, and avoided nothing. She looked at him now, and laughed—a quick, merry, catching laugh that began and stopped suddenly, to go on again as suddenly and more unexpectedly than before.

"Uncle Dan, you look at me as if I was dangerous," said she, laughing again.

"Pr'aps you are," said Uncle Dan, showing an entire row of even white teeth behind his grizzled beard.

"Maybe I am," said the girl; "I hope so. I hate these tame cats! Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!"

The girl leaned down, and called an imaginary kitten. The imaginary kitten (as was clear from the girl's actions and face) came running to the call, and was received, taken up, and stroked in the approved way.

"And kitty comes like that," continued Mrs. Bannerman, with sudden emphasis, "and is given her milk, and she purrs!" Mrs. Bannerman purred in a way that was astounding. "And she's a good kitty." Her voice caressed the virtues of the "good kitty." "And I hate that sort of tame cat, and so do you, Uncle Dan. You do—you know you do!"

Uncle Dan scarcely smiled at this sudden burst, which Mrs. Bannerman accompanied by an action of both hands, tucking in recalcitrant locks, or rather masses, of hair, one strand of which had fallen out at each movement made toward or over the too tame kitten.

"And you know you'd hate to be a woman," continued she; "and I do. And I'd a great deal liefer be a-chasin' old he-bears up in the Big Pines, and to suffer and want up there, than to live"—she looked round in every direction, nodding her head at each object she saw—"like this."

Captain Crossby retained the same position of head and body, and looked from under his eyes at the girl before him with a kind of distant scrutiny. As she spoke she had grown more earnest, and her color came and went with surprising suddenness, so that there seemed to be never a moment when the light of her entire face was not either growing less bright and fading partly away, or increasing in brightness until, at times, there was a sudden overflow in all directions, and a wave of rosy fire passed over her neck. At such moments she seemed to tremble with the excitement of her own nature; but it passed away then, and left her radiant and alive, but less astonishing; and after each such climax and rush of emotion the girl generally laughed. Her laugh seemed to say that she had felt, as perhaps you had seen, that she was being carried off her feet, but that

that was over now—she had regained her footing.

"The fact is, Uncle Dan," said she, more composedly, "it 's duller than death up here, and twice as unnatural. We might be dead for who we see. You have it better at the mill; there 's life there."

Captain Crossby kept his gray eyes fixed upon Mrs. Bannerman.

"How 's Hiram?" said he.

"Hiram!" cried the girl. "What have I to do with Hiram?" She frowned slightly and suddenly at Captain Crossby. "I expect he 's well enough," she continued rather defiantly; "and if he ain't, let him mend it."

"Comes over pretty often," said Captain Crossby, stating the fact in his wisdom rather than asking the question.

"Often than he 's wanted," said Mrs. Bannerman; and she opened her eyes wide at the old man. "Alfred 's yonder; I must fill my pails."

Captain Crossby watched her go down the hill. She was not singing, but she seemed to be swinging the two pails to a kind of tune.

Alfred was sitting under an apple-tree in the orchard, putting a new lock on his rifle. It was an old-fashioned gun, a flint-lock, and stood as high as the man who used it. The greeting that passed was warm; for, despite their difference of age, the two men knew each other well: it was a quiet, unnamed friendship.

"You look sick," said Captain Crossby, after an examination of his friend's face.

"Out o' heart, Uncle Dan," said Alfred, looking up from his gun.

Alfred Bannerman stood six feet and odd in his stockings, and was broad and lean. He was not a very remarkable-looking person at first sight, or indeed at any after sight—or not, at least, until you had become aware of a serious, innocent pair of eyes in which the man as he was appeared to find some outward expression. In his long arms, his big hands and feet, his small head, with no great quantity of straight brown hair, his rather large nose, his stooping carriage and broad shoulders, there was nothing to note different from many other men. Neither were his eyes noticeable, save perhaps in this, that they remained serious while the rest of his face smiled. He was clean-shaven—that is to say, his jaw had felt the touch of razor about ten days before, and glistened now with a kind of straw-colored stubble of coming beard. It was a very good face, but it puzzled you in the very moment of discerning its goodness and composure; for if you saw Alfred smile, as he did now in looking up at Captain Crossby, and thought how gentle he would be with children, judging from the sweetness of his expression, you at the same time felt a little disturbed by

this seriousness of his eyes. It was not easy, you felt, to prognosticate the actions of the man who had that innocence of outlook upon the world; not easy to forejudge how far, through what entanglements, unbiased by what complexities, that apparently profound sincerity would carry him.

"Out o' heart," he said, and smiled at Captain Crossby, who was standing up in front of him.

"What fer?" said the latter, leaning on his rifle.

"It 's just this way, Uncle Dan," continued Alfred, pushing his tools to one side. "When I married Lucinda, two years now agone, I told her what she had to expect: lonesomeness, and poor living compared to what her fawther gave her, and hard times, and whatever a woman has to endure; and she said she knew what she had to expect, and I guess she made a mistake."

Alfred looked inquiringly at Uncle Dan, but the latter had taken refuge in advance from all such looks by shutting up his left eye and gazing with his right down his rifle-barrel, in the circular darkness of which he appeared not infrequently to find immense reserves of mystery—as if at the bottom of that long tube lay the final knot and entanglement of poor humanity.

"I guess she made a mistake," said Alfred. "At her fawther's there was brothers and sisters and mother, and friends that came in, and they as wished to keep company with her; it was a road which brought travelers, and altogether it was a lively place where a young girl might enjoy her life—which she leaves for this and me."

Alfred looked helplessly at Uncle Dan; but as the old man continued to ponder down his gun-barrel, and gave no sign of sympathy for Lucinda's loss and exchange of all the goods and gaieties of a life situated on a road "for this"—Alfred had looked about him as he spoke—"and me,"—he continued:

"And this season's drought has pretty nigh ruined me. Corn, hay, onions, potatoes—you know how it is—everything, to the bees even, is less or nothing, and it is the pinchiest time that I do ever remember."

Uncle Dan nodded his head slowly at this point, and Alfred continued in his slow, balanced way of speaking, as if the unhurried consideration of any subject in discussion, and of every side of such subject, and hence of every word that expressed or threw light upon it, was the natural and inevitable process of his mind. Be the subject what it might, Alfred approached it, and looked at it, handled and weighed it, with the same deliberate impartiality. When he spoke of the season being the pinchiest he had ever known, it was perfectly clear by the

intonation of his voice that he was being fair to the demands of all the other seasons to be considered more pinchy than this one.

"And it's just this way, Uncle Dan," said Alfred: "she's fallen to lonesomeness; and I wake up at night, and hear her crying and crying all in the dark; and then I try to comfort her—I try all I can. I tell her it won't last, and I tell her this and that; but you must have comfort for to comfort with. And it's lonesome and poor and hard, and I'm not enough for her, that's the truth, Uncle Dan."

Alfred looked out over the hills and into the distance, as he was apt to do when trouble came upon him heavily. As he continued, there was a sincerity in the quiet of his manner, in his few simple gestures, and in every intonation of his voice, that would have prejudiced the minds of the dullest jury in his favor, even had the evidence against his truth been of the most final and conclusive kind.

"You may know it's pinchy with us," said he, "when I say we killed Lucy two weeks back, on a Thursday."

Lucy was Alfred's pet hog, which Captain Crossby well knew, and accordingly compressed his lips, still gazing down the barrel of his gun, as much as to say, Has it come to this? Lucy had come into this world of men and pigs the same day and hour that Lucinda had plighted her troth to Alfred, and hence, at least in part, the regard entertained for her.

"Yes; we just had to eat her," said Alfred. "Lucinda loved that pig, and certainly she did Lucinda. Well, I said last July, 'We must kill her'; but Lucinda she said, 'No'; and when I mentioned it last month she burst right into tears, and cried that hard it 'most broke my heart. But last week I just said to her at morning-bite, 'Lucinda, I must do it to-day; it is n't right to feel too much about a pig.' So I took this old gun o' mine, and I went down to the pen yonder, and stepped into it, and Lucy-hog she came to me just like a child, and as trustful as a pig could be! Uncle Dan, it just cut me like a knife. I could not pat her, and I do assure you I was afraid to look her in the face. Well, I was doubtful if I could kill her the first shot, because, you see, this old gun o' mine it had a bad lock, and it might miss fire."

Uncle Dan assented, and Alfred went on with the same deliberation and choice of words, and in the same spirit of innocent and composed seriousness.

"But I could n't kill that pig with an ax—I just p'intedly could n't ha' done *that*! So I said nothin' to her, Uncle Dan, but I just up and pulled trigger, and it missed. I pulled again, and it missed again; and it kept on snapping and missing, and perhaps that shook me, or what not, for when it did go off rightly, it

bored that pig right through the left ear. You never did hear such a squalling and yelling, and such a hoggish row—and she seemed to look at me sort of half suspicious! And at last she came running to me—me, with the old gun smoking in my hands! And I tell you, it went right to my heart. I threw my gun down, and I got that ax from outside, and I took it into that pen, and raised it—and it was done."

Alfred heaved a heavy sigh at the remembrance.

"When I came to my senses she was dead, and I saw this gun lying there. I took it up, and I thought, 'I'll break you, so you'll never play that trick again.' I got two stones, one big, one little, on the hill outside, and I laid the gun on the big one, and then I thought to myself: 'No; the gun is as good as any other gun. It's innocent. It was the lock that missed fire, not the gun.' So I took the lock off, and I laid it on that stone, and I pounded and pounded that lock until I do not believe a man could have known it was, or ever had been, a lock. I was rightly mad; I was as much angered as I ever do remember to have been."

Captain Crossby threw his head back at the close of this recital, and smiled, showing his teeth, at the thought of Alfred "rightly mad." The latter smiled too, recognizing that there was to Uncle Dan a certain humor in the situation, which, however, was overborne for him by the tragedy and pathos of his affection for Lucy, and the disaster of his relations to her at the last.

"So," said he, meditatively, "we're living on Lucy ever since."

The two men talked together for an hour or more, at the end of which time they had agreed to leave the next week for a two-months' hunt in the Big Pines. They hoped to kill two or three bear there, and twice as many deer. They could safely bring these back in the cold weather, and Alfred, with whatever else he might kill in the way of game nearer home, would be able to tide over the hard winter.

Captain Crossby was to have his half share. He would have gone with his young friend for less than that; for Alfred was a born hunter, and tilled the soil only because of the uncertainty in the returns of the chase; and this predilection of Alfred's for hunting drew Uncle Dan toward him mightily. Moreover, for some mysterious reason he considered Alfred Bannerman a "man," and seemed to find this a further and peculiar attraction in him. He himself had passed a quarter of his life's days in the deep woods, and was a bear-hunter or nothing. He knew their ways and methods, and he loved a bear, alive or dead, perhaps better than anything else on earth. He certainly respected them as he did

few men and no women. And this respect, intimacy, and knowledge of his accounted, no doubt, in the mystery of things, for a certain shuffling gait he himself had, a short, decisive grunt he sometimes gave out, and a general savageness, or at least surliness, of disposition, evinced particularly to those females most nearly related to him.

As the two men rose to go, Lucinda at the door calling them to supper, Hiram Stott came down the hill and through the orchard. He had walked over from his own place, a few miles distant.

"Howd'ye, Mr. Bannerman? Stranger here, Captain Crossby. Hot? Yes, it is. Yes, it is hot."

Hiram wiped his sweaty red brow with his sleeve. Alfred spoke to him; but from Captain Crossby he got no answer other than his looks fixed upon him.

Hiram's little eyes shot about in their red lids from one to the other, and he tried very evidently to make himself agreeable. He informed Alfred he had come to borrow some medicine for his sister. She was ill, and Alfred's wife had the medicine: her mother, Mrs. Carr, had brewed it. Might he borrow the same?

Alfred said he'd better get it. Hiram moved off uneasily. Captain Crossby's silence when he was about, and the fixed, quiet, rather dangerous attention he appeared to be giving him, embarrassed him, and heated his face. The thermometer seemed to Hiram to jump ten degrees whenever he was in Captain Crossby's presence.

As he turned his back on the two men now, his large, thick-skinned face was flushed with the heat of his walk, with this embarrassment, and with anger at it. He ran his hand through his black hair, and gave out a kind of low, discontented chuckle, as he thought to himself that it was a small matter, anyhow, what old Dan Crossby thought or did n't think of Hiram Stott.

"Alfred," said Uncle Dan, "I 'm just a-thinkin' that I don't care greatly about that man."

"He 's pretty poor of a man," said Alfred, "but he knows better than to let his poorness loose round here. I told him to his face—he obleeged me to do it, for he asked me my opinion—I told him that he ought to ha' been shot for killing Joe Rayner; and if not then, and for that, why, I told him he ought to have been shot for killing of John Allen. He fired up, and said he had n't killed no such man. I said he had put an ounce of lead into his spine; if that was killing, why then he killed him."

"They might have knowed he'd marry the Allen woman," said Captain Crossby. "He

wanted John Allen's wife, and he got her; and though I don't wish to take away any man's character, it 's just my notion edzackly that Hiram Stott ain't a safe man." Uncle Dan looked toward Alfred for corroboration, and then proceeded dryly and conclusively: "And it 's my opinion, too, that he 's a perfect hell-sop."

This was a favorite expression of Captain Crossby's, and signified his intense moral disapproval of the person concerned, not unmixed with a strong natural antipathy; and it might be supposed to imply that, at least in Captain Crossby's opinion, the said party had soaked up all possible depravity from the region noted in the first syllable.

The sun had sunk, and the pleasant, cool shadow of the evening had fallen on and over everything. Supper was done. Hiram was still there. Alfred had asked him in "for a bite," and he had stayed on, despite his sense of Captain Crossby's disapproval, and indeed partly in consequence of it. He felt it was necessary for him to show Dan Crossby that he was n't to be put down. When he rose to go, he asked Alfred to bring his wife over to see his sister Sarah: he thought Mrs. Bannerman would cheer her up. Mrs. Bannerman said at once that unless his sister Sarah was sick to death she could n't go; she had her husband and child, and could n't leave them.

Hiram made no response, but, shouldering his rifle, gave them good night, and rolled out of the house. Presently, the door being open, they all heard Hiram call back, "If you 're any way afraid of anything, Mrs. Bannerman, don't come." Lucinda flushed, and cried out, "Afraid o' what?" As Hiram moved up the hill, Captain Crossby went out of the cabin, and heard him gruffly chuckling to himself in the dark.

When Captain Crossby had turned into one of the two beds in the single room which composed the entire "house," Alfred and Lucinda went outside to talk. He told her of the plan for the hunt in the Big Pines, and further explained that Uncle Dan's brother would come up once a week and look after her during his absence, and that he meant to ask Lucinda's father to let her younger brother Bob stay awhile.

As he spoke, Lucinda walked away, and stood with her back toward him.

"Where are you going?" said Alfred.

"I 'm just sick and crazy with bein' alone," replied his wife. "And I just hate my life, anyway."

Alfred sat down on a stump, and took the girl on his lap gently, and kissed her.

"It will all go better when I get back, Lucy," said he; "I promise you, it certainly will."

"Never!" said Lucinda, with a wild rising inflection and a sob, and then burst into tears.

"Alfred," she said, when the first heaviness of the storm was over, "I just ain't fit to live, and you're that good to me it makes it worse."

III.

NEXT week Alfred and Captain Crossby made their start for the Big Pines. As they went down the hill in Indian file,—two mules and half a dozen dogs, followed by the men with their long rifles,—Lucinda stood at the door to watch, the tears of parting in her eyes. She mounted a stump to see them ford the Little Swift below, her dress fluttering in the breeze, her hair loose, her eyes bright, and her color coming and going, as she blew kiss after kiss to her husband. When they were gone, she sat down on the stump, and cried bitterly.

Perhaps no one knew how lonely Lucinda was even before Alfred's departure. She was not only that, but discontented and unhappy and sore, and wanted she knew not what. If Alfred was more than usually tender to her, it made matters worse. "If he'd only beat me and beat me!" she would say to her baby, who replied by a gurgle, and a fat fist waved in the air. But Lucinda had at heart—it had not come there suddenly, it had grown—a sense of some deficiency in Alfred's nature. She expressed it to herself by desiring that he would "beat her"; it seemed as if he was too gentle, as if he lacked a certain positive quality, a harshness, or roughness, or what not, that would make life easier. She wondered at times if he would avenge an insult: if he had had a sister betrayed, would he, like Lick Hernshaw, "take into" the woods after the betrayer, and shoot him dead three weeks later as he was watering his horses in the Red Deer Fork? She was not certain that he would. And now that Alfred was gone, these thoughts and doubts, with a sense of the hardness of life, all came upon her with redoubled force and frequency. Her only means of driving them away was to sing, and sing she did. If any one had passed between the hours of dawn and dark they might have heard her clear, high voice singing on the hilltop, in the solitude of the woods.

Captain Crossby's brother came up twice, and then was taken with a fever, and came no more. Bob was needed at home.

Hiram came down one day after the men left, and once again; then not for a week. On his third appearance he stated that sister Sarah was dead and "coffined up" and "buried under," and that that was the completion of her sufferings. He came every day for the next week, until Lucinda told him to stay away.

It was the day after that that the baby was taken ill. Lucinda was alone, without help. She saw the child grow worse and yet worse, and could do nothing for it. It was a severe ordeal, but of short duration: in less than four days her child died.

In the quiet that suddenly fell upon her with the cessation of the child's struggle for life, Lucinda preserved a kind of composure. She was silent; she set the cabin to rights; she attended to whatever necessary work she had neglected during the child's illness.

As she sat, at the close of the day, on the stump outside the cabin, her hands in her lap, she felt scarcely alive: a deadness had fallen upon her, a profound apathy of life. Her entire being lay, like her hands, passive, grasping nothing, without even the desire of grasping.

Hiram came late in the evening. She allowed him to enter the cabin, but she covered the face of the baby from him.

The next day he offered to dig the grave for her. Lucinda refused the offer at once. She would dig it herself, and went out to fetch pick and spade.

"Why," said he, as she returned, "you can't dig it: the ground's frozen. Come along, now; I'll pick the hole out. Grave's a grave. What's the difference to it who digs the dirt?"

"There's some things I'd a heap sooner be dead than see you to do," replied the girl in a low voice.

Hiram felt that he was nearing dangerous ground, but some spark of natural sympathy and desire to be helpful in such an exigency, combined in whatever degree with a determination which he had lately formed to make himself useful to the woman before him, impelled him further.

"Well, when you've got the hole dug, I'll bring it up to you, if you say so; and I can chuck the earth back for you."

"Don't you lay a finger on my baby to bring it up to me!"

Lucinda spoke with a gravity of manner and with an absence of quick emotion which, as Hiram was unused to it in her, startled him more than the most violent exclamation would have done. He looked sullen and confused, but made no answer.

"There's some things you have nothin' to do with," continued Lucinda, looking at Hiram as if she despised him—"nothin' to do with, Alfred absent or not; and there's things in this world that ain't fittin' to be done. You'll let me to do as I say. It's not your loss; and those that have lost, let them bury their loss, not another."

Lucinda went up the hill. She chose a spot under a tall pine where she herself had frequently sat with the baby. The ground was

hard, and the digging cost her labor. The afternoon was still and cold; but cold as it was, the girl was soon warmed with her work. As the hard surface was broken up and thrown out, the digging became easier, the grave grew deeper rapidly, and Lucinda was soon obliged to work inside of it. At a little before sunset it was completed. A heap of brown earth was thrown out on all sides; and Lucinda, standing up in the grave, could barely see the horizon, where the sun was setting coldly in a bank of dull red clouds. She looked up only to measure the depth to her satisfaction. Then she bent down again, and began to smooth with her hands the roughness of the clay bottom. She smoothed it as if it had been the clean sheet of some small bed which had become creased and rumpled; and as her hands moved lightly over it, the sweat from her forehead dropped on the loose earth.

The sun had gone down, and left the extent of winter forest, seen from the hill, lightless and cold-looking, when Lucinda began to go up the path with the child in her arms.

She laid it at the foot of the pine, where she had frequently rocked it to sleep. The same pillow she had used was under its head. It was after dark before she laid it in the grave she had prepared.

Hiram stood at the door of the cabin, and listened at intervals. He could hear no sound until, about an hour or two before midnight, as he judged, he caught the click of pick and spade again, and concluded that Lucinda was completing her work in the darkness. She came down to the cabin shortly after that, and threw herself upon the bed.

He knew that she had not slept at all the previous night, and guessed she could scarcely have got much sleep during the baby's illness. But now he saw her lying in her clothes on the bed opposite, sleeping profoundly. He reckoned she'd come to herself if she slept enough.

Hiram was obliged to spend the next day at his own place, and did not see Lucinda again until the following morning. When he came down into the cabin, he was no less than astounded. For just so quiet and self-contained as she had been before the child's death and burial, just so wild and extravagant in her lack of self-control did she appear after these. She seemed to have buried with the child any care that she had for herself. She spoke little and, when she did, suddenly and with anger. But her gestures, her motions, the expression of her face, and everything she did, or the manner in which she left anything undone, expressed just such a spirit in her as would have induced her to seek rather than to avoid a blow or a cut, had these impended—almost

such a spirit as would have made it a relief for her to be thrown into danger and violence, and to suffer from them.

While she was in this state, Hiram stayed at the cabin. He cooked, and did all the work there was to do, his eyes growing more bloodshot and his face redder with bending over the open fire.

Three weeks passed thus. The coldest days of winter were come, and the snow lay a foot deep along the ridge. It was a week past the date fixed for Alfred's return. Hiram had been obliged to spend two days at his home. On the evening of the third day he appeared with a sledge and a mule. The next morning, as Lucinda was splitting wood outside the cabin, he brought the mule and sledge to the door, took her heavy cloak from the peg inside, and, coming out with it, threw it over her shoulders. The girl looked at him defiantly.

"I know what you want," she cried out; "but you're not going to have me!"

"Come on!" said Hiram, in as gentle and wheedling a tone as he could master. Lucinda laughed insultingly.

"Come on!" she repeated, imitating him. He drew his eyebrows together, but, laying a hand on hers, was about to say something flattering and sweet.

"Take it away!" said Lucinda, looking at the heavy hand covering her own.

"What's the use of makin' believe?"—softening his voice as much as was possible for him, and, as a consequence, speaking in a kind of raspy whisper. "Don't you know that?"

"Take it away!" cried Lucinda, raising the ax she held in the other hand.

Hiram only clasped her hand more strongly. The girl swung her forearm back, and the ax, making a loose, wide circle, began to descend in such an arc as, fully described, would have slashed Hiram's wrist or hand, and not impossibly both his and the woman's beneath it. But in an instant the helve was caught close to the head, and swung out of the girl's grip.

"Cut and bite, eh?" said Hiram, in a voice quite natural to him. At the same moment he took her about the waist and under the knees, and set her down, all in one motion, on the sledge. Lucinda attempted to rise.

"You're a-comin' home to me," said he, letting both his hands fall heavily from behind on her shoulders. Lucinda gave a cry of pain.

"Sit there, then!" he said warningly.

Lucinda's face was flushed, her eyes were blazing, and she looked dangerous enough; but she remained seated.

"You know what'll come o' this?" cried she, in an excited voice.

Hiram laughed rudely. "Know? Know? Why, yes,"—with a sneer,— "nothin' 'll come of it."

"You can take me, for all I care," said the girl, bitterly. "Take me; it's nothing to me, nor anything else on this earth."

Hiram started the mule, walking beside the sledge with the reins in one hand and his rifle in the other.

"But killin' 'll come of it," added Lucinda. "You better forego your bargain, Hiram Stott. I may be pretty enough, but I ain't worth your life to you."

The sledge was descending the hill, and the cabin was nearly out of sight.

"You 'll do," said Hiram, with a look at her. "I'll be about when there 's killin'. What I want I gen'rally get," he added, with a laugh.

There was something too triumphant in the words, as in the short laugh that followed, and Lucinda half rose suddenly, and began to get off,—the sledge still in motion. Hiram let the reins fall on the snow, and trail; the mule walked on while he leaned over, and dropped the barrel of his rifle on Lucinda's hand, which had caught the upright of the sledge, and with which she was supporting her half-raised body, in the act of stepping from the sledge into the snow. The iron barrel fell heavily, the hand relaxed of itself from the shock, and the girl sank back. She then lay down, covering her face with her hands, but making no sound.

The distance from Alfred's cabin on the ridge to Hiram's, low down in a swampy ground and surrounded by a host of deadened trees, alder bushes, and laurel, was seven miles. As they arrived at the door Hiram said contemptuously: "Alfred 's nothin'. He 's a sheep."

Lucinda, who had been for some time sitting upright and silent, went off suddenly into a passion of dry, agonized sobs. Hiram, fearing she might do herself some injury in the violence of the moment, knelt in the snow beside her, and laid his hand on her head to stroke her hair. She replied, with no intermission of convulsive sobbing, with a blow in the face too quick to be evaded.

"You may do what you will with me," she said, "but you can't do *that*. It 's not your business if I cry."

She got up from the sledge, and, stumbling in the soft snow as she walked, went into the cabin, still sobbing. The children had come to the door.

"That 's your new mother, chaps," said Hiram.

IV.

In another week Alfred and Captain Crossby came back, successful, from their hunt. The mules were loaded with bear's-meat and venison. There was enough for months.

As Alfred caught sight of his cabin on the hill, he felt as much pleasure in his return, as

much buoyancy of spirit and hope for the future, as he had ever known in his life.

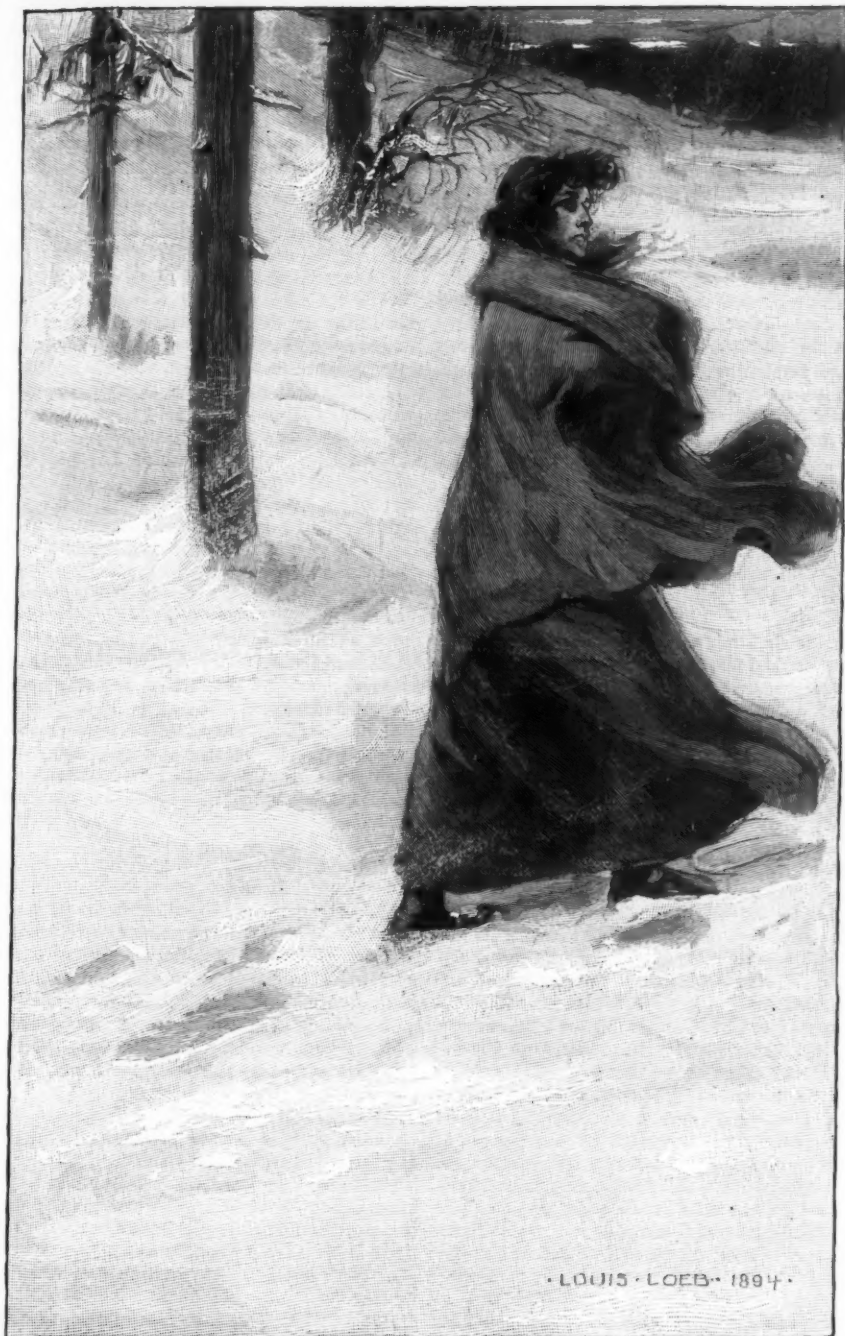
Captain Crossby stopped at the stable. Alfred walked quickly into the cabin, the door of which stood wide open. No one was there. He called his wife's name. As he did so, he saw that the fire was dead, and, looking about him, perceived that the room was in disorder. He went to the door. There were no fresh footsteps to and from the cabin. He noted the sledge-track, now a week old. It occurred to him that Lucinda had for some good reason left for the mill, and he went inside again to find any letter there might be there for him. On the bed-quilt was pinned a piece of yellow paper. Alfred read:

Your woman 's come to live with me. Why 'd you leeve her to starve? The young one hit died.
HIRAM STOTT.

Alfred sat down on the bed, the bit of yellow paper in his hand. Captain Crossby came in, and, seeing his friend's face, took the paper. The two men looked at each other. A flush of color appeared in the older man's wrinkled, smoke-begrimed face, but he said not a word. He turned to the chimney-place, and began kicking among the cold ashes on the hearth.

Alfred was silent a long time, sitting weakly, and apparently in a dazed state of mind, on the bed. Captain Crossby moved in and out, made a fire, unpacked the mules, cleaned his rifle and Alfred's, and cooked supper; all which time he said nothing, only now and again casting a side glance at Alfred.

After one of his momentary absences from the cabin he found the room empty when he returned. He put down the log he had on his shoulder, and went out, peering around in all directions for Alfred. It was dark. The old man had some vague fear in his mind, for he ran round the cabin, up the hill a short distance, and back, with astonishing speed, glancing quickly here and there, now stopping to listen, now bending down over the snow, and looking, in the suddenness and celerity of his movements, and in the way in which he bent down as he ran up the slippery hill-path, with his gray hair piled up on his small head and his eyes restlessly inquisitive, as unlike anything purely human as can be imagined wearing a shirt and boots. He presently heard the snow crunch behind the stable, and concluded that Alfred must be there. He stopped a few feet away. He could see pretty plainly, for the brilliance of the winter stars, mingled with the last radiance of twilight,—and the snow reflected whatever light there was. He saw Alfred standing in the shadow of the stable, with his face against the logs, his body moving, and apparently shaken with some strong emotion. He



• LOUIS • LOEB • 1894 •

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

"WITH THE CHILD IN HER ARMS."

VOL. I.—10.

heard a succession of dull, bumping sounds, and supposed he was kicking the logs. But at the same moment he saw him raise his hands, and once and again bring the closed fists with all his force against the wall of the stable. The old man ran forward, and, throwing himself upon his friend, forced him away from the building.

As he did so, he saw that his forehead was bleeding profusely.

"Have yourself! Have yourself!" said he, and gripped the man by both wrists. Alfred's hands, too, were wet with blood, and he was trembling as if in the violence of an ague-fit.

"Alfred!" said Captain Crossby, as if he would bring him to himself by calling his name to him. Alfred made no reply other than to continue breathing rapidly, as if after violent physical exertion, and trembling from head to foot.

Uncle Dan led him into the cabin.

"That 'll do!" he said with severity. He took a piece of rag, and, dipping it in water, sopped Alfred's bloody forehead and face. It was more bruised than cut by the force with which he had thrown himself against the logs. But he became gradually quieter, and in half an hour found himself eating the meal that had been cooked for him. When the older man had cleared up and washed the dishes, he threw a section of a tree on the fire, and drew his chair up to it. Alfred sat on the floor, with his back against the stone chimney-pillar, and his long legs out in front of him.

"Alfred," said the old man, leaning over, and taking one of Alfred's hands gently in his, an action probably as unusual with him as standing on his head would have been—"Alfred, I guess we know each other. It's natural you should feel as you do." Uncle Dan spoke with something akin to a drawl, and in rather a high voice. "Now," he continued, "I've been a-thinkin' this matter over, and hit's just my opinion that we must go right down to Hiram—we must go right down to him; for I've a notion that that man wants to be *settled*."

Alfred looked up at his friend sadly.

"Hiram has children, and they're motherless," continued Captain Crossby; "but if he ain't settled and done with, he'll bring about more motherless and more fatherless children, too, than he has himself twic't over. Now that's what I conclude to be the case."

Alfred made no rejoinder. In a few minutes he threw himself on the bed. Captain Crossby heard him breathing irregularly and wakefully through the night.

The next morning, when they had eaten, he intimated that there never was a time like the present to do a just action. Should they go down and "settle" Hiram? Alfred was sitting in the

doorway, with his head against the jamb, looking out into the distance.

"Uncle Dan," said he, "Hiram has done me grievous wrong. He'd far better have taken my life from me than her I loved. But if we kill him, it throws her out on the mercy of the snow. I don't reckon her fawther will roof her now; assuredly she shall never come under my roof again."

Alfred paused, for something stopped his speech, and shook him violently. Then he continued more brokenly and more excitedly:

"I will not kill that man,—no, not howsoever I may want to do so,—for he's her only chance now. But I have what I would like to say to him face to face."

Captain Crossby felt that a righteous vengeance was slipping from his grasp. It caused him unspeakable chagrin, but he agreed to go with Alfred merely to interview Hiram. The peace was to be kept.

It was a gray day, with a dense snow-fog, and everything dripping, the tree-trunks a few feet away obscure, and the distance at a hundred yards altogether lost.

They heard Hiram chopping. The strokes resounded dully. As they advanced farther, they saw the figure of the man himself, raising his ax and letting it fall regularly, his body, as it swung to and fro at the work, looming up indistinct and huge in the fog.

Captain Crossby called out. Hiram was seen promptly to seize his rifle and make the cover of a tree. From this refuge he would not hear of any parleying unless one of the two men left his weapon behind. Alfred leaned his gun against an oak.

As the two men confronted him, standing about ten feet distant, it was evident to both of them that he mistrusted their motives. Captain Crossby began the "business," as he called it, by stating that his young friend had somewhat to say to Hiram, and that he himself had merely come as a witness. Hiram replied in monosyllables, with evident distrust of every word spoken. His bloodshot eyes glanced restlessly from one to the other, and his fingers pattered constantly on his gun.

Alfred inquired first of the child's death, and received such answer as Hiram had to give. He then said without any further preface:

"Hiram, you have wronged me, and you know it; you have lied, and you know it. And it is not the first time you have done wrong or lied; for you are a wrong-doer and a liar from your birth to now, and you know that same to be true."

He stood looking into Hiram's angry, anxious, and not unastonished eyes with the same expression that he might have worn upon his face had he been telling a child of its naughti-

ness, and there was no other witness of strong emotion in his manner than a violent, quick twitching of his long fingers and a heightened color. Hiram appeared doubtful what to say or do in reply. This was plain language, to be sure; but as the man before him had left his rifle behind, it clearly could not be meant as an insult. Still, the words were not such as he was accustomed to hear, and he was about to reply in kind, as he conceived kind, when he glanced from Alfred's face to that of Captain Crossby. The distant scrutiny of the older man gave him a kind of cold shock. He felt as if Uncle Dan were sighting an imaginary rifle at him; for one of the latter's eyes was slightly closed, and the other had an open, observant look which Hiram felt to be disagreeable.

"If ye think ye can cuss me out," said Hiram, turning to Alfred, "ye are mistook."

"I 'm not a-cussin' any man," said the latter; "but I wish and I mean to say this, Mr. Stott, and I will say it clear: so long as you treat Lucinda Carr right, as a woman should be treated, you are free of me. I bear you a grudge, but I will do you no evil. I wish not to see you or her, and so far so good; but if you evil entreat her, or desert and leave her, I will hunt you down and surely kill you, if I can lay my hands upon you — which is all I have to say."

The man thus addressed was not a little surprised by the termination of Alfred's moral lecture. The latter's fingers were holding one another, intertwined tightly, and his eyes were wide open with excitement.

Hiram gave a short, gruff laugh.

"That all?" he said.

"You might just add this from me," said Uncle Dan. "You're a man I don't completely respect, and there's nothing on this earth would give me the same pleasure as a settlement with you; and if you leave that woman, I tell you p'intedly, I never will rest until I bury your body in the ground, for you're a burden on it — now that 's just my idee edzackly."

Uncle Dan, who had hitherto been exceedingly grave in demeanor, and was sufficiently fierce in what he had just said, now threw his head back, and broke out with a silent laugh, showing the row of teeth behind his beard.

Hiram glanced darkly at him.

"Guess you're both done, eh? Guess the meetin' 's adjourned, eh? Now suppose you two get off from my place."

He drew his gun into the crook of his elbow, as if he were quite ready to use it if not obeyed in this last injunction.

Uncle Dan suggested quietly to Alfred that he should return to the tree against which his rifle leaned, and cover his (Captain Crossby's) retreat; and as Alfred went back to execute

this movement, the old man faced round upon Hiram once more. The two confronted each other in silence. When Alfred stood with his weapon in readiness, Captain Crossby, who had kept his eyes fixed steadily on the man before him, said warningly, "You remember!" and rejoined Alfred. Hiram watched them disappear in the fog. When they were out of sight, and as he turned toward his cabin, he seemed to be taken with passion. His face grew fiery red in a moment, the veins in his neck swelled, his eyes became redder with blood, and he rattled and knocked his teeth together, at the same time bursting out every few seconds in a short, guttural growl of a laugh: this throaty, hoarse sound, and the gnashing of his teeth, occurring at the same moment, sounded, a few feet away in the fog, as if a dog were worrying some animal, which in return was clapping its bloody teeth at him.

Alfred lived in his cabin alone, and salted down his venison and bear's-meat. He neither saw nor heard of Hiram or Lucinda.

There was a discussion of the affair at the mill. The general opinion was clearly that Mr. Bannerman should have removed Mr. Stott from the scene of his activities. If he had not, it was not their business. Mr. Brown was especially severe on Alfred. But the whole transaction seemed to him like some ghastly error in his accounts. There was something about it all that did not add up — to him, so he averred.

It was reported later on that Lucinda took extraordinary pains with Hiram's "brats," but that she herself was careless and unkempt, and that she had lost her "countenance."

v.

It was a year after that when Hiram fell ill. Alfred first heard of it through Captain Crossby. The latter told him that Lucinda had walked all the way to the mill to ask her father for help, and that Amri had given her food for herself, as much as would do her two days, and a mule to carry her back to Hiram's, and had gone with her himself to within sight of the cabin; but farther he would not go, and more food he would not give; and he had said very plainly at parting, he being always a plain speaker, that he would feed Lucinda and roof her and affectionate her if she took to livin' and keepin' house with a catamount — it was not wed-breach he minded, that was all in the way o' life; but as for Hiram and him, he'd as soon feed a hole in hell as fill their empty stomachs. If they starved, it was God's own will, and a redemption at that.

With this sentiment every one at the mill agreed.

Alfred, as he returned from the mill the same day, wondered how Lucinda would make out to "do" for herself and the three children with Hiram ill. It was still warm weather; no doubt Hiram's cabin was well stocked.

About a week later Alfred had a restless night. The wind rose with the evening, and the sky foretold a heavy snow. Alfred dreamed confusedly, and woke repeatedly to hear the wind constantly increasing in violence. Toward dawn, in his dreams he saw Lucinda before him in deep snow, striving to lift some heavy object that lay before her, and which Alfred from his position could not see. He dreamed this picture twice. The third time he started up, for he seemed to hear his wife call, and saw her face with such distinctness that he was able to judge whether, as he had heard, she had "paled out." But in his dream she was rosier than ever. He made no effort to sleep again. However, as he sat alone before the fire, and listened to the wind roaring loudly outside, his thoughts came upon him troublous and thick. He felt beset with them, and in danger from them. For this there was a remedy. He took his ax from the corner, drew on his coat, and went out. The wind came from the north with a steady rush, and the snow, slanting down to the earth in a whirling mist of fine, dry flakes, was scurried away as soon as it had fallen, and piled into drifts behind whatever obstruction happened to lie as a break to the wind.

In the thick of the storm, and half blinded by the force with which the wind blew the fine flakes of snow against his eyes, Alfred set to work vigorously upon a tree at the edge of his clearing. After some hours of swinging his ax, the day grayed faintly through the falling snow; and the dangerous flood of his thoughts having passed away with the night and labor, Alfred returned to his cabin.

When he had cooked and eaten, he looked at the size and depth of the drifts outside, now first visible in the dawning light, and seemed suddenly to make up his mind.

In another hour's time he was striding through the woods, a pack of venison, bear's-meat, and corn-flour on his back.

He made his way down the ridge to the swamp where stood Hiram's cabin. As he came out of the thicket, he saw that the cabin was half snowed under on the north side; at the south the ground was bare. He knocked. There was no answer.

Again he knocked, and fancied he heard a groan. He entered cautiously, not without a fear of being shot in the back. The room was in the utmost disorder, and so hot from a fire of hickory logs that the panes were clouded; every conceivable article was scattered in every

direction; and Hiram lay sprawling on the bed, under a dirty quilt of all the colors of the rainbow, groaning not much above a whisper.

"Hiram," said Alfred, softly.

The form of the sick man appeared to leap from his bed. He staggered among the bed-clothes, and grasped for his rifle, which hung above his head along a rafter. Alfred instantly seized him by the shin, and the two men were rolling on the floor together as Lucinda entered, and gave a cry of horror, supposing that she saw a murder.

"Speak to him; he is n't hurt," said Alfred, sitting on the sick man's chest; and Lucinda making no answer, he repeated, "Speak to him; make him keep quiet."

"I can't quiet him," cried Lucinda; "he's just crazy; he's not in his senses; he'll kill you if you let him up."

"Give me a rope," said Alfred; and with the rope thus obtained he bound the prostrate man, and laid him on the bed.

As he turned to Lucinda he now saw her for the first time in a year. She was changed. For not only was she standing there nervously catching at her dress with her fingers, a look of pain and confusion on her face, but she was also haggard. The color still burned in her sunken cheeks, but it looked almost unnatural now, and seemed, as Alfred regarded her, to flicker and waver, like the flame and light of a candle which had burned below the socket, and might presently go out, and leave her cold and wasted and as pale as wax forever after. There was about her expression, as she began to recover from her fright, something of a settled but none the less bitter self-contempt. The hair that she used to tie up with a ribbon was laced round now with a leather shoe-string, and looked knotted and tangled in its masses, while her dress was greasy, and slovenly put on. She looked at Alfred as if she feared him.

"What are you come for?" she said at length.

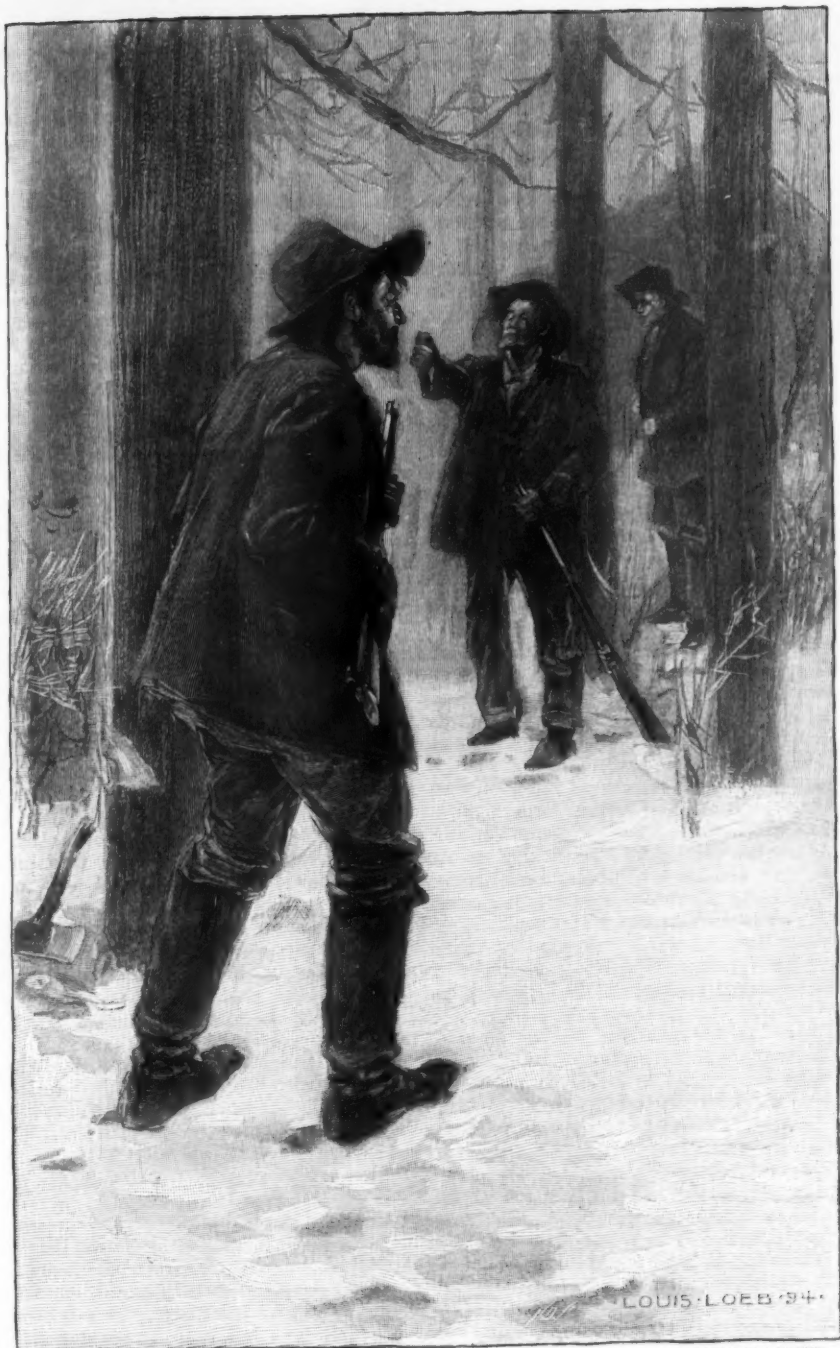
"I heard say he was sick, and could n't rightly do for you, and I judged that with last night's snow you'd be hurried some to do for yourself, and for him down, and his children; so I came to bring that."

Alfred pointed to the pack on the floor.

The girl made no answer. Then she broke out suddenly, "You don't say you came to this house, and me, to bring food-stuff to him?"

"Seeing that he's sick," said Alfred, "I did. I bring you both, and the children, what'll keep hunger from the door."

Lucinda's eyes—the feature of her face that had changed least—were so bright, with such a questioning brightness, as she gazed at Alfred, that she seemed to desire to throw light from them into his hidden soul. What



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"YOU REMEMBER!"

he really meant, his way of feeling, was still dark to her; whether he was a "sheep," as Hiram had affirmed, a creature not to consider, without the natural passions of jealousy and anger, a coward, or whether there was something she had failed to get at behind that appearance of quiet, and the sad, innocent eyes that avoided hers—as to all this she had remained uncertain. But this present action of his seemed to confirm her suspicions.

"You have forgiven him and me, then?" inquired she, the color blazing into her cheeks.

Alfred raised his eyes full upon her. He seemed to wonder what her thoughts were. At length he said, with great calm, and appearing to rest deliberately on those words which expressed most deeply his feeling and conviction:

"Lucinda, I have brought you and him food; and as long as that man there"—nodding to where the fevered man lay bound upon the bedstead, tossing his head from side to side, and groaning—"as long as that man there is down, I will give him and you the use o' my hands."

"You have forgiven me!" cried Lucinda, and she began to laugh in a wild, reckless way. Alfred raised one of his long arms with a motion of deprecation.

"Lucinda, you are woeful mistaken. I have not forgiven you for your a-leaving me, and I never will. Let it, the'fore, be no solace to you that I am able to forgive your offense, for able to do so I am not; no, nor willing; and I tell you, face to face, word for word, and p'intedly, what to your own heart is well known, that you broke my life, and made it a poor thing and hopeless, with your a-leaving me. Yes, you made my life such as my sleep is the dearest thing in it; and not to think of you, hit 's the sweetest rest I can know. And though I bring you food-stuff, and though I will not stand by and see you to starve, nor his little ones, which are innocent, yet as I have a Maker, and as he looks on us two standing here, never will I forgive you for what you 've undertook to do—never!"

The girl looked at him at first with a kind of contemptuous astonishment, then with considerable uncertainty as to his meaning. Finally she said a little doubtfully, "I guess you're good—you're certainly good; but you ain't much of a man."

Alfred made no reply.

"You stayed away from me at the wrong time," continued Lucinda, with a sudden burst of emphasis. "Why in the world did n't you come home? It's all very well to be good. I'm not good. You were too easy and mild and soft, Alfred Bannerman; that's your life's trouble. Why did n't you take me and just give me one?"

Lucinda, with her figure drawn up and her fist closed to make it clear to Alfred what kind

of "one" she had desired him to give her, looked for a moment more like her former self than he had hitherto seen her.

"Just give me one—hit me—when I got the mopes and miserables. Not you—you were too mild. I'll never forgive you that child's death—never!"

Alfred flushed, but made no reply; and the girl went on, with a short sob or two:

"Oh, it's just as well as it is. He's a man; he knows his own mind," pointing to Hiram, who had grown quiet now. "He don't waste any mildness, I guess—not on me. But he's a man, anyhow, Alfred Bannerman, more 'n God made you; and that's what's ruined me; and I wish—if it was n't for the 'new one'—yes, I do! I do! I do!" Lucinda broke into a passion of dry, angry sobs—"that I was dead and cold, and had no more to do with anything on this earth—nor anywhere!"

She turned her face from Alfred, and fell down on her knees, with her arms over something in the corner of the room, her body shaken and convulsed with a kind of wild grief.

"God have mercy on you," said Alfred—"on you and him and me!"

He heard a faint crying sound in the corner: it was the "new one" waking up. Alfred had not heard of the "new one" before, and now that he saw the cradle, with Lucinda still sobbing violently over it, and heard the voice of this child of his wife's, it seemed to him that something sacred had suddenly entered the house and made its presence felt. He looked at the man on the bed, and thought that perhaps now he would be true to Lucinda. He thought of his own dead child. The tears came suddenly into his eyes; he turned away, and went out of the cabin, and home.

He came every day after that, and did such work as Lucinda could ill do, chopping wood and the like; but he never spoke to her more than to bid her good morning or good night.

When Hiram began to recover, and saw Alfred working about the place, he asked himself if he, Hiram Stott, was a sane man. When he heard briefly, from Lucinda, why Alfred was there, he at once and finally concluded that Alfred was not a sane man.

VI.

As the spring drew on, Hiram recovered himself completely, and in June he took his three older children over to their uncle's in Case County. He made three trips, and carried a good many of his more important possessions with him. The last time he left the mules there. Lucinda was surprised; but she concluded that Hiram was tired of the "old place," and was going to try Case County. She was

willing to do the same. Her final conclusion about Alfred was that he was "queer"—the only judgment possible, be it said, when comprehension of motive fails; and further, that he was "mild," and "no great of a man." She thought of him often; and when she thought of their first days together, she was very apt to cry. But that was all desperately over. If he had only not been so "mild"! For Hiram her feeling was simple: he was this, or that, or what might be; but he was the father of the "new one," and when she had the "miserables" he gave her the mighty counter-irritant of blows. She never asked herself if she loved or had loved him; she simply saw in him the person who was her refuge from herself.

It was during the evening of a hot July day, when Alfred, successful enough this year in his farm work, was coming home down the Highland Ridge from salting cattle of his own, that he heard and then saw a man in the distance making toward him along the ridge. The man had a pack. It was Hiram. He eyed Alfred suspiciously as he passed, bending under his load, a rifle in one hand and his hat in the other, with which every now and then he wiped the sweat from his forehead. Neither spoke. But Hiram, once his back was presented to Alfred, kept his neck crooked round over his shoulder, looking after the other, who was walking straight ahead with his gun and an empty salt-bag in one hand. He had a shrewd suspicion that Alfred might turn suddenly and shoot. He even felt the spot in his back where the ball would hit; and fearing this, he stumbled heavily along, his head twisted over his shoulder, until Alfred was out of sight; then he hitched his pack up on his back, wiped the sweat from his face again with his hat, and made the sort of worrying, chuckling, hoarse sounds that were with him laughter and fullness of soul; and so passed on his way, feeling more infinitely pleased with and proud of himself, and more tickled by the smooth success of his scheme, than ever before in his life since the day he had shot Joe Rayner up an ash-tree.

As Alfred came swinging up to his cabin, Captain Crossby was sitting on the step. He looked grave.

"Have you heard the news of Hiram?" said he, abruptly.

"I just passed him," observed Alfred.

"Where?"

"On the Highland Ridge, going north."

"He has left Lucinda," said Captain Crossby.

"He has?" said Alfred.

"Has," replied his friend, briefly.

Alfred looked away across the wooded hills toward the sunset. His big eyes seemed sud-

denly as full of pity and distress as human eyes can be.

"Uncle Dan, I guess we must kill that man," Alfred spoke with his usual deliberation.

"Well, now, that's just my notion edzackly," returned the old man.

In a few minutes the two set out, taking ammunition and three days' rations. They kept together up the Highland Ridge, walking late into the night. The next morning they separated. Captain Crossby was to go along the ridge north, watching at daybreak and toward dark for Hiram's smoke. Alfred pursued the course of the Snake Branch. Hiram, whom they believed to be making for Case County, might have taken either trail. Toward evening of the second day Alfred saw broken twigs and footprints, and pressed on. It was afternoon of the following day, as he came cautiously around a turn in the little river, that he first saw the man he wished to kill. The Snake Branch was hemmed in by high mountains here, darkened on either side and overhung by tall pines and laurel; and thus darkened and overhung, it went noisily gushing down among stones and rocks. Alfred saw Hiram some few hundred paces away, jumping from stone to stone lightly under his heavy pack, and making pretty fast time. In a few minutes he was near enough, unseen of Hiram, to have shot him in the back. Instead, he called out. The man ahead started, and, disengaging himself from his pack with very considerable celerity, dropped behind a rock in a foot or two of water. Alfred was exposed, but he had little fear that his opponent would risk his single ball on him so long as he was in quick motion, and accordingly he splashed through the shallow water, and ran rapidly along the beach, thus in a few moments making a flank movement, and forcing the man behind the rock to disclose himself, which he did immediately, standing up, taking quick aim, and firing. The shot took effect. Alfred stopped, shaken with the sudden blow of a bullet scathing the flesh of his shoulder; but as Hiram turned to make the opposite bank, he leveled his rifle in turn, and fired. While the narrow and rocky gorge was still full of echoes, he heard a heavy splash, and as the smoke cleared away, floating down stream, he perceived the man lying in the water. He loaded, and then crossed to the spot. Hiram's rifle lay between the rocks, still smoking; the pack was some feet away in shallow water; and the man himself, as Alfred lugged him heavily out, was dead. He laid the body on a rock, and, standing in the water up to his knees, looked sadly at the man that had been his enemy.

"My friend, it had to be."

He had never called him his friend before,



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"I AIN'T REGRETTIN' NOTHING."

and why he did so now he would scarcely have known had he thought of it.

"You made bad work when you were up and doin', and now you're down and dead, and it's a God blessing you are. I am sorry for you."

He said this, shaking his head, with the simplicity of grief, and as if indeed he regretted something he had always expected to regret.

"You're dead, and it's but right you should be. Now, that's the truth."

Alfred made a fire on the bank, and cooked his evening meal. As his own corn-meal had given out, he opened Hiram's pack, and cooked and ate the dead man's. The dodger thus made gave him no qualms. Nor did he eat any the less that as he sat on the sand he could look across to where the setting sunlight fell on the face on the rock. Every now and then he shook his head and sighed, but said nothing.

He buried Hiram's body in the woods, and returned home.

Uncle Dan turned up three days afterward, and went the next morning to the mill to tell Amri Carr.

Alfred set out at the same time for Hiram's cabin. He found Lucinda pale, slovenly, and red-eyed with weeping. As he approached, she said, "Read that." It was a scrawl of charcoal on paper.

Before goin'. Bein' sick of you, I have left and gone. Alfred he'll take you back.

HIRAM STOTT.

"I have made my mistake, and I must bide by it," said Lucinda, in a shrill voice. "Did you know this?"

"I did," replied Alfred.

"He told you?" Lucinda laughed dryly. "So you let him do what you said you would not let him do, eh? He always said you were a sheep, Alfred."

Alfred looked down at her pityingly.

"He's dead," he said simply. "I shot him through the heart last Thursday, about sunset, in the Snake Branch. He had his chance, and put me one here,"—pointing to his shoulder,— "but he's dead now. I came to take you to your fawther."

Lucinda was completely overcome with astonishment. She felt, and pretended to feel, no grief for Hiram. But she was astonished to that degree that she said nothing.

They started for Carr's Mill the next day. Alfred had loaned his mule, and as Hiram had taken his away a month ago, they were obliged to walk. Alfred carried the "new one" in its cradle on his shoulder. Lucinda came behind. As she saw Alfred walking along in front of her, the "new one" merrily gurgling at the tree-tops, clearly pleased with the mode of conveyance

and the swaying and easy motion of it, she felt less sick at heart, less sore, than she had for months, but much more confused. She could not understand it. Alfred was so much smoke—a riddle to her of the darkest kind. She trudged wearily behind, and wondered, and thought of Hiram with pity, and hate, and almost love, and a strong dread of his being near about somewhere, and not dead at all. Amri Carr came out, and took Alfred by the hand. He had heard it all from Uncle Dan.

"Alfred Bannerman," said he, "hit's a redemption! I'll go down with you to Somerset to-morrow, and we'll fix the sheriff. Oh, ho!"

Mr. Carr blew a mighty blast, as if in the act of clearing away all obstructions of a legal nature from his son-in-law's path; to which, with a sort of shout, he added another, as if he would blow some feeble posse, with *habeas corpus* attached, like the tail to a kite, into the remotest departments of the sky. Her mother took Lucinda into the house, and kissed her.

"Kiss your sister," she said to the children.

They did so, and warmly enough; but Lucinda was too tired to know or care.

"Let her learn by this," said Amri to his wife, and indeed to Lucinda—"let her learn by this that a hog ain't a man, and contrairy-wise. 'Live and learn'—that's my motto. Alfred says he won't take her back, mother; he says she's broken his heart. I kind o' believe she has. 'Live and learn'—that's what I say. She'll know better next time."

VII.

ALFRED was home again in a day or two. The life which he now took up was as solitary as it could well be. He had plenty of time, therefore, to think and recall. Lucinda passed to and fro in his mind continually, and he recalled Hiram, dead and alive, not seldom. He would sit over his fire in the cabin, or over his camp-fire,—for, now that he had no wife or child, he had taken up hunting again, and spent weeks alone in the Big Pines,—and there recall his last encounter with Hiram: how he had looked at a distance, skipping from rock to rock; how he had appeared at the moment he himself had shot; how his face and wet hair looked after death.

He saw all these things clearly, and, being much alone, necessarily saw them often; but they affected him with no degree of remorse. He had even no regret for what he had done. It seemed to him only that he had accomplished a needful act—that he had removed a nuisance. It gave him satisfaction when he thought of it now, exactly as it had done when he stood over Hiram's body laid on the rock, and said it was right that he should be dead, and that was the truth.

Toward spring of that year it was rumored that Hiram's uncle from Case County, with his two grown-up sons, had been seen about. They had been so prolific of protestations, and so loud in these, against any one's supposing that they had come for retaliation, that Captain Crossby, getting wind of them and their words, rode directly up to inform Alfred that they were probably bent on vengeance. Alfred said he had no doubt that with time they would think better of it; and presently the three disappeared from sight of man or hearing. They had descended upon Hiram's cabin, and taken all that Amri Carr had left there, which was not a great deal. The cabin was deserted now, and Hiram's uncle and his two sons had not been heard of for a fortnight, when one evening, as Alfred was stroking a kitten which had been left to starve and mew most piteously about Hiram's deserted place, and which he had accordingly claimed and taken home, he heard a sharp rap on one of the oak slabs that served for shingles on his cabin roof. It was followed by a report at no great distance. Alfred took down his rifle, and put a short knife in his belt. He sallied out, and when in a minute's time the same thing happened again, the flash of the rifle being apparent to him on the crest of the hill above, he promptly fired at this flash. His shot was answered by two in return. Then all was still, and there were no more shots fired that night. But about a week later, this time after midnight, two more balls came tapping upon his roof. As there was no third, Alfred could make no likely return; but when, the very next night, the thing occurred again, and a ball crashed through the roof, sinking itself into the log opposite, Alfred determined that Hiram's uncle was trying to scare him into leaving his cabin temporarily, when he and his sons would doubtless gut and burn it in his absence. He made up his mind that he would disappoint them, and accordingly passed four nights in watch, forty paces, as near as he could judge, from the spot whence the shots had been fired on the hilltop. The fifth night, toward morning, he heard muffled voices, and presently saw the three figures plainly, but concluded not to shoot at once. Two of the figures, as he expected, leveled their rifles and fired at the little cabin below. Alfred could have killed his man, but he felt, as he said afterward, that anybody who would play such a trick must be a boy or foolish, and he did n't like to chance killing a boy or a fool. He did fire, aiming, however, at about the ankle of the dimly seen man. There was a howl, and a sudden scuffling flight. "Barked him," thought Alfred. But he was not content with so much, and began a vigorous pursuit, which lasted until the evening of the day then about to dawn.

Twice during this day he sighted his three men, and was twice fired upon, answering in kind now, but at great distance, through a drizzling rain and a tangle of underbrush. As he was himself much exhausted at the close of the day, and as he had found blood in the track of one of the three men, he concluded that he had given them enough to make it unlikely that they would worry him again. So he returned home, trying to think how many men his Case County marauders would have supposed were hot upon their pursuit.

When Alfred related this to Uncle Dan, the old man was perhaps as much amused as ever in his life. He met Mr. Carr in Mr. Brown's store a few days later, Lucinda and her mother both standing by, and seized the opportunity to repeat the entire tale, not without embellishment, and an added member or so to the Case County crew.

"Alfred Bannerman 's tasted blood," said he, dryly, "and hit 's my notion he 's goin' to be a terrible dangerous man — come 's the time he gets his full growth."

Captain Crossby threw his head back, looked out at old Carr, and laughed without a sound for about a minute. He knew very well that Lucinda had thought Alfred too mild, and the temptation of her presence was accordingly too great for him.

Mr. Carr heard the tale with a series of explosive breaths and exclamations.

"Well," he said at the conclusion, realizing very clearly that the story was aimed at Lucinda, "people gets mistaken in people, and people ain't always what people thinks. Most men 'll fight and scratch,—like Mr. Brown here,—but Alfred he 's a slaughterer! Why, he 's a danger to the peace! Chase a whole pack o' thieves and disturbers! Bark their shins! And shoot at 'em for thirty miles! In the night at that! And all the time to look as mild and gentle as a little ewe lamb!"

Mr. Carr burst into a roaring laugh, which shook him in all his limbs, as if he were a tree struck suddenly by a strong wind. He waved his arms, and ran his hands through his hair, apparently in the desire to get all the relief he could. Captain Crossby responded silently.

"When Alfred bleats, he signifies blood," said Mr. Carr, bringing both his fists down on the counter to give exit to some of the volume and violence of his mirth, and thereby causing Mr. Brown to start and emit a feeble exclamation.

Lucinda said nothing, but remembered the story, and took care to hear it repeated. At that time she was too worn, and too little herself, to see clearly; but later she began to feel that she had mistaken Alfred. That he was "mild," that he lacked some asperity of na-

ture, some commanding, enforcing quality, at least toward her, was plain enough still; or, at all events, that, unlike the men she was accustomed to, he chose not to allow himself to be imperative with his wife, and gave her a freedom that Lucinda herself felt she was ill able to bear. All this was plain to her now. In her opinion, no man had any right to be as soft and yielding as Alfred had been. She said to herself that she hated him for it. But, on the other hand, he was no coward; why he had not killed Hiram at once, she felt would be a riddle to her forever. But, for the rest, Alfred seemed to be rather unusually ready and successful with his rifle, and not to know what fear was. She wished he had shown her that side of his character—in time.

The following spring Alfred came down to the mill to help Captain Crossby with his harvesting, and remained there a month or so. He passed Lucinda more than once, but the girl, with her head carried very high, and her eyes in another direction, appeared not to see him. She hated him to be anywhere near, and could have killed him whenever he passed her. Alfred never came to Mr. Carr's cabin, but he gave the old man six wild-cat skins for the "new one," all sewed roughly together by himself.

The day before he left Captain Crossby's he knocked at Mr. Carr's door. Lucinda happened to be sitting on the floor inside, the rest of the household being absent. She was teaching the "new one" how to crawl. She said "Come in" blithely enough, for hard work, the new one's pranks and growth, and the rough, busy, noisy, laughing, and joking household of people among whom she had lived, had put the color in her cheeks again, and renewed her physically and morally in the good course of time.

"Come in," she cried out.

But when she saw the visitor, she started up from the floor, looking to Alfred just as she used to in the days when he first knew her—rosy and fresh and proud, except perhaps for something softer and kinder in the expression of her face.

She gazed at Alfred now without a word.

"If I may come in," said Alfred. He had a spray of blossom in his hand, and tossed it to the "new one." "If I'm welcome," he said tentatively, and without the usual assured quiet of his demeanor.

"You're not welcome," said Lucinda, abruptly. The color rose to her face. Alfred noticed, as she stood there, looking very angry and breathing fast, that her hair was tied with a blue ribbon again.

"That is," she added—"come in; no one you want to see's here—but you are welcome."

Alfred had suddenly lost the look of hope with which he had entered.

"I am certainly right sorry if I am much unwelcome."

He stood before her, with his long arms hanging down, and looking at her with the serious, innocent eyes that made her cry in her sleep, and wake crying when she saw him and them in a dream.

Lucinda felt anger, and pity for herself, and hate of Alfred, and despair, and some other feeling, vague and strong, left over from her former life,—she hardly knew what to call it, or even what it was,—all rising and swelling and coming heavily upon her, and carrying her off her feet, like a succession of waves: only to her they seemed to come from all quarters, and from underneath, and to clash and crash violently together. She stood trying to control herself.

"Lucinda," said Alfred, evidently also trying to get the better of some emotion that appeared to catch him in the voice—"Lucinda, I want you to come and live with me again."

The girl's expression suddenly fell, the color left her cheeks, a look almost of fright and weakness overcame her, changing back again to life and boldness as suddenly.

"If you can care enough to make you want to do it," continued Alfred, speaking slowly. "I am very poor of a hand at forgiveness, and I wish not to make any make-believes of forgiving you; for what you did is done, and it cost a life. But all I say now is, if you think you will be happier than in the old days—"

Lucinda clapped her hands together, and seemed almost to gasp for breath as she burst in: "Alfred Bannerman, unless you can care for me I won't go—not a step! I won't have your pity!"

"I give you none," said Alfred, bluntly.

"If you want me, knowing what I am, what I was, and having suffered from me,—knowing as I am a bad girl, and was false to you, and a wicked devil,—and if knowing all that, and those, you can care—why, then, I'll say too that I was terrible mistaken in you, and that you're the only man—right, true man—I ever met up to! And I ain't regrettin' nothing, and I won't make no promise—but—but—"

Lucinda tossed her head back, as if the words stifled her. Her hair came down, and fell over her shoulders in a mass, and the color flared into her face and down her neck.

"Lucy, I want you; will you come?" said Alfred.

He moved a step toward her. There was some word on her tongue, but what it was he never knew, for she seemed to struggle with it, in a kind of death-agony of expression, the blood flushing her more and more, and her en-

tire figure trembling, until Alfred took both her hands in his, when she burst into tears and sobs, and cried as if she never expected to have an opportunity of crying again.

"Lucy," said Alfred, "will you come, and try?"—very much fearing that this explosion of grief in tears meant "No" to the new hope he had so slowly formed.

"Ain't I said I would!" cried out Lucinda, indignantly, between her sobs.

Not many days after, the "new one" was crawling about Alfred's cabin, mauling the kitten in a shocking and inhuman manner, and setting up unheard-of yells at the most distant approach of hunger.

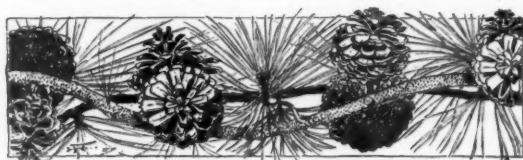
"I could n't live without him now," said Alfred; "and I do hate to see a little one grow

up wanting its true fawther, without some kind of a makeshift."

Lucinda loved him dearly when he said that. "I do hate it when one of these little ones dies," continued Alfred, thinking sadly of his own baby. "Hit don't seem right; they 're born with such a heap o' trouble that it does seem they ought to live, and be a happiness to themselves."

Almost every morning, dull or bright, of the spring and summer, if you had chanced to pass by at the foot of Alfred Bannerman's hill, you would have heard a girl's voice floating down from the cabin, where she was at her work, where she had come to live again, happily this time, with "the only man—right, true man—she had ever met up to."

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.



A NORSE CHILD'S REQUIEM.

SLEEP soundly, little Thorlak,
Where all thy peers have lain,
A hero of no battle,
A saint without a stain!

Thy courage be upon thee,
Unblemished by regret,
For that adventure whither
Thy tiny march was set.

The sunshine be above thee,
With birds and winds and trees.
Thy wayfellows inherit
No better things than these.

And silence be about thee,
Turned back from this our war
To front alone the valley
Of night without a star.

The soul of love and valor,
Indifferent to fame,
Be with thee, heart of vikings,
Beyond the breath of blame.

Thy moiety of manhood
Unspent and fair, go down,
And, unabashed, encounter
Thy brothers of renown.

So modest in thy freehold
And tenure of the earth,
Thy needs, for all our meddling,
Are few and little worth.

Content thee, not with pity;
Be solaced, not with tears:
But when the whitethroats waken
Through the revolving years,

Hereafter be that peerless
And dirging cadence, child,
Thy threnody unsullied,
Melodious, and wild.

Then winter be thy housing,
Thy lullaby the rain,
Thou hero of no battle,
Thou saint without a stain!

Bliss Carman.

THE CONQUEST OF ARID AMERICA.



HE material progress of the United States in its first century under the Constitution is a supreme record of achievement in the history of nations. The patriotic orator and writer ascribe these results to triumphant democracy; members of political parties claim a large share of credit for their public policies; and much has been said of the inventive genius and the peculiar industry and intelligence of the American people. But all these explanations of the nation's amazing strides to the goal of material greatness are essentially false and delusive. Incidentals have been confounded with fundamentals. The national egoism has appropriated to itself a credit that belongs chiefly to a much higher power.

The material greatness of the United States is the fruit of a policy of peaceful conquest over the resources of a virgin continent. The first movement of population subjugated the Atlantic seaboard to the uses of modern life. The next carried civilization across the Alleghanies, and expanded northward to the lakes, and southward to the gulf. The third peopled the Mississippi basin, largely with the veterans of the war for the Union. These three eras were intelligible and eventful. They made virtually complete the conquest and occupation of eastern America, and in eastern America more than ninety per cent. of a nation of seventy million people dwell to-day. The lust for sudden riches, the opportunity for the development of a few seaports, the necessity for at least a sparse agricultural population to feed the mines and towns, have attracted a few millions into the far West. But speaking in broad terms, and with a view to its ultimate capabilities, the conquest of the continent is only half accomplished. The mighty forces which molded the prosperity of the past have ceased to operate. The great engine of material progress stands idle in its tracks. The nation halts and falters upon a mysterious boundary line which marks the ending of familiar conditions and the beginning of problems strange and new to Anglo-Saxon men. Thus the splendor of national prosperity pales in the grim presence of national stagnation. And yet beyond the line where the armies of civilization have bivouacked, if not laid down their arms, sleeps an empire incomparably greater and more resourceful than the empire those armies have conquered. Here lie the possibilities of a twen-

tieth-century civilization—a civilization new, distinctive, and more luminous and potential than any which has preceded it in the world's long history.

A MOMENTOUS MERIDIAN LINE.

THE one-hundredth meridian divides the United States almost exactly into halves. East of that line dwell sixty-four million people. Here are overgrown cities and overcrowded industries. Here is surplus capital, as idle and burdensome as the surplus population. West of that line dwell four or five millions. Here is a great want both of people and of capital for development. Here is the raw material for another war of conquest, offering prizes far greater than those of the past, because natural resources are richer, and much more varied and extensive. The new empire includes, in whole or in part, seventeen States and Territories. It is a region of imperial dimensions. From north to south it measures as far as from Montreal to Mobile. From east to west the distance is greater than from Boston to Omaha. Within these wide boundaries there are great diversities of climate and soil, of altitude and other physical conditions. But everywhere the climate is healthful to an extraordinary degree, and in all, except the great plains region of the extreme east, the scenery is rugged and noble beyond description.

The one-hundredth meridian is not merely the boundary line of present development. It is much more significant as indicating the beginning of the condition of aridity. To the popular mind "arid" means only "rainless," and "rainless" is synonymous with "worthless." But "aridity," when properly defined and fully comprehended, is seen to be the germ of new industrial and social systems, with far-reaching possibilities in the fields of ethics and politics. It would be idle to attempt to predict how the American character will be modified and transformed when millions of people shall have finally made their homes in the arid regions, under conditions as yet untried by Anglo-Saxon men. But that millions will live under these conditions is inevitable, and that the new environment will produce momentous changes in methods of life and habits of thought is equally certain. This sounds now like mere assertion. But the truth will be revealed by a study of a few representative colonial undertakings on

arid lands during the last fifty years, by a brief statement of the larger problems involved in the conquest of Arid America, and by a reference to the experience of foreign peoples, ancient as well as modern, with similar conditions.

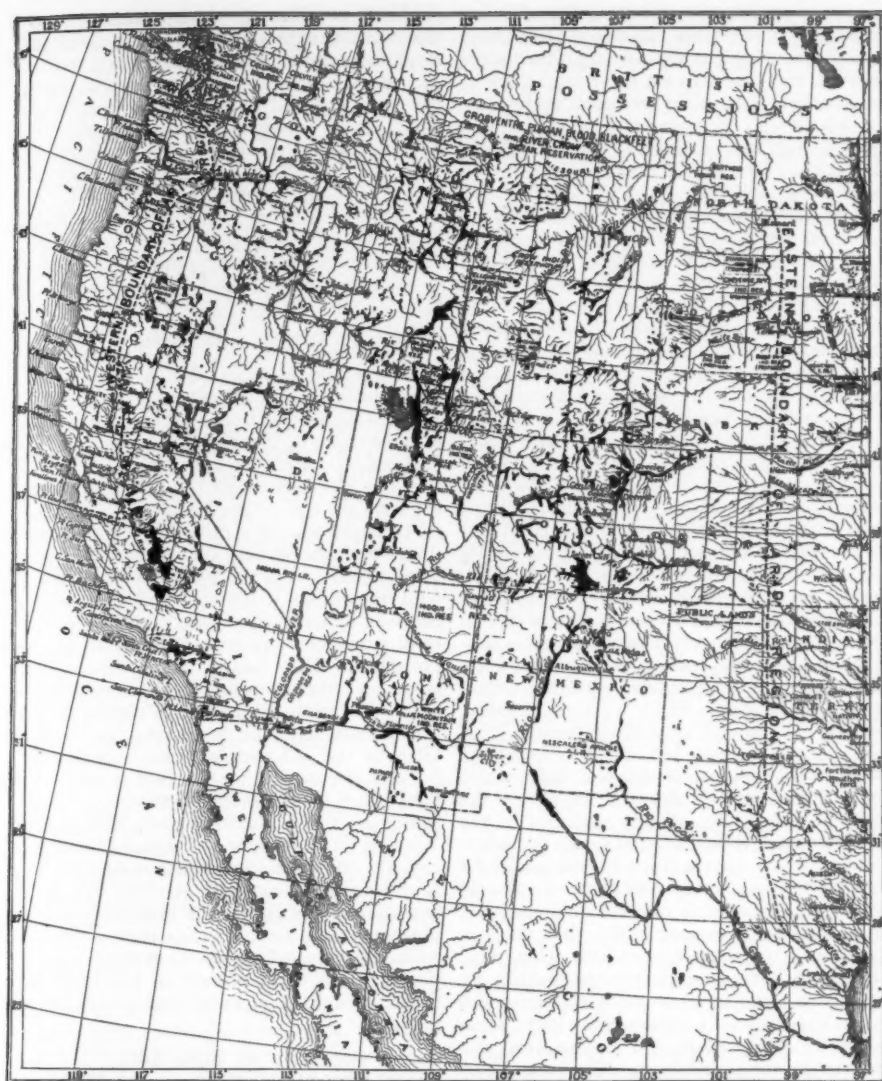
LESSONS FROM UTAH EXPERIENCE.

THE experience of the people of Utah over a period of more than forty years furnishes the best available light for the problems of the arid region as a whole. This is due to a combination of important circumstances. First, it is not the experience of a few individuals, or of a single colony, but of a whole people. Furthermore, it is not limited to agriculture, but illustrates in a much larger way the development of a commonwealth. Again, Utah is, fortunately for our purpose, almost the exact geographical center of the arid region. What has been done there is a fair test of average possibilities. Utah would be far less useful as an object-lesson if it exchanged places on the map with either Montana or Arizona, which represent the northern and southern extremities of the far Western country. All these circumstances are exceedingly fortunate for a study of Utah institutions with relation to the future of Arid America; but there is yet another circumstance of still higher importance to be mentioned. This is the fact that the industrial system of the coming State was founded by a man of genius, who had both the disposition and the power to mark out new ground for the human race. Putting polygamy wholly outside the limits of this discussion, and speaking in the light of existing industrial conditions throughout the United States, and of probable future demands upon the arid region, it may be said that the economic structure of the State founded by Brigham Young appears to approach marvelously near to perfection.

On July 14, 1847, President Young and his fellow-pioneers passed through the picturesque outlet of Emigration Cañon into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Utah was then Mexican soil, and the leader believed he could find whatever character of institutions should suit him and his people. In the bitter anti-Mormon crusades of the past it has been alleged that "Brigham Young had chains on men's souls." There is no doubt that religious superstition, rendered effective by the marvelous machinery of the church, was partly the source of the leader's irresistible power with his own people; but back of the religious superstition and the church organization stood the brain of a great and masterful man. He knew that his power, to be enduring, must rest upon something material and tangible; and this something he discerned to be the prosperity of the people themselves.

Brigham Young was an organizer of prosperity. This was the real source of his strength. He did not aim at mere temporary prosperity. On the contrary, he fought everything that tended to that end, going to the length of actually forbidding the opening of the rich mines in the mountains near at hand, because he abhorred the spirit of speculation. He chose for the corner-stone of his State the principle of industrialism; and that principle lies there yet, at the base of a noble edifice of economic fact, reared by human toil, and held firmly in place by the average prosperity of all who had part in its building. If the great architect, and the superintendents and foremen who surrounded him, enjoyed a larger share of the profits than the workmen, it is also true that the humblest hewer of stone and carrier of mortar was paid in proportion to the importance of his labors. And what fair mind can object to an industrial system that yields these results?

So far as can be learned, Brigham Young had no previous knowledge of irrigation when he entered Salt Lake valley. He quickly realized that he had come to an arid country, which would be hopeless for agriculture unless artificially watered. With marvelous perception, he saw that irrigation was not a drawback, but an advantage of the most important sort. He realized that it meant freedom alike from the dangers of the drought and of the flood. He discovered that, having a rich soil and ample sunshine, and adding moisture by the construction of ditches, it was actually an improvement upon nature to be able to turn the "rain" either on or off with equal facility. And therefore he rightly concluded that he had found in these conditions the basis of the most certain worldly prosperity, and the most scientific agriculture. It remained for a later genius to remark: "Irrigation is not a substitute for rain. Rain is a substitute for irrigation—and a mighty poor one." But if the Mormon leader did not say so, he evidently felt it. He perceived, furthermore, that irrigation was much more than an insurance policy upon the crops. It brought all the processes of agriculture within the realm of known facts, and that is science. It even rendered possible the control of the size of vegetables, and this became important many years afterward, when the Mormon people added a great sugar-factory to their industrial system; for it is important to grow sugar-beets of about a standard size to get the best results. Moisture is required to give the beet a vigorous growth at the beginning; but when it is well started, weeks of uninterrupted sunshine are desirable in order to develop the saccharine qualities. Much sunshine at the wrong time dries up the crop, while much moisture at the wrong time produces a



DRAWN BY D. S. KEELER.

FROM THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

ARID REGION OF THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING AREAS IRRIGATED.

beet pleasing to look upon, but unprofitable at the factory.

Brigham Young also realized, almost at the first, that the necessity of careful irrigation largely increased the labor upon an acre of land; but he found that this labor was generously rewarded by the increased yield both in quantity and quality. And from this fact he drew the most important principle of his commonwealth, which was the division of

land into small holdings. Closely related to this is the other twin factor in Mormon prosperity — the diversification of farm products to the last degree. Natural conditions, even where there is the most abundant and well-distributed rainfall, are often favorable to the production of only a few crops. But the Mormons realized that the skilful application of water just where and when needed, and in just the right quantity, and by the very best method,

rendered possible the widest variety of fruits, vegetables, and cereals suited to the temperate zone. Thus Brigham Young taught the people that no man should own more land than he could cultivate to its highest point by his own and his family's labor, and that no man should go to a store for any article of food or clothing that could be profitably produced on his own small farm.

And here is the first great lesson which the Mormon people can teach the world. The time has come when the world is willing to listen eagerly to the man or people who can demonstrate how it is possible for an indefinite number to gain a generous living by honest labor, not as servants, but as masters. Employment, however good the wages and certain the tenure, is in its last analysis a form of servitude. Proprietorship, however severe the original hardships and however prolonged the struggle, is sovereignty. The hired president of the greatest railroad system is a servant. The proprietor of twenty unmortgaged acres, planned with a view to the production of nearly all that is consumed, and insured against failure by the irrigation canal, is a sovereign. He realizes independence in its best and truest sense; for industrial independence comes nearer to the hearthstone of every man who loves his family than does independence of pope and king. The industrial independence of the Mormon farmer is not merely ideal. It is an actuality, as may be proved by reliable statistics. A study of the ordinary bill of fare, even at the best hotels, will reveal the fact that nearly every item, except coffee, tea, sugar, and the spices, can be systematically produced on the small irrigated farm. The time is coming when the irrigated region will not import sugar, for it will be produced in every State of the arid West, as it is already in three of them. But the Mormons have gone further than the production of the necessities of life. They were taught to have a surplus exchangeable for money or some other form of property, and when the national currency was almost a curiosity in their valleys, the surplus crop was exchanged for church scrip. This passed current at the best stores in the Territory, buying the cloth, shoes, furniture, and many other products of the home factories, and purchasing with the same facility such articles of Eastern or foreign manufacture as were occasionally required. But in Utah foreign goods are not a badge of honor. The Utah man wears Utah clothes, made in Utah factories, from wool sheared from the backs of Utah sheep, with the same pride that a New York man wears a London hat and a New York woman a Paris gown. The manifestation of pride in both cases is the same, but the source of in-

spiration is different. Independence, absolute and uncompromising, is in the air of the irrigation empire. When a man learns to control the "rainfall," and discovers that he is the president and cabinet of a republic of twenty acres, he avoids all entangling alliances with outside manufacturers and producers of all sorts. What are the financial results of this policy of home industry, beginning with the small diversified farm and leading up to stores, factories, and banks? The policy has been in force for more than forty years. This is long enough for a fair test of the principle.

EXPENDITURES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

At the writer's request, Mr. A. Milton Musser, historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, has made for the benefit of the readers of *THE CENTURY* a careful calculation. It should be understood that whatever the Mormon people possess came primarily from the soil. They had virtually no capital to begin on. As a rule, their recruits were drawn from classes very poor in worldly goods. They toiled across the plains and mountains with incredible hardihood and persistence. Arriving in Utah, they found themselves face to face with the untried conditions of the virgin desert. They had no assets except their labor and their leader. Every expenditure of the last forty years, for all classes of improvements, from the first shanty to the last turret of the last temple, came from the soil. So also the capital for stores, factories, and banks, and for the bands of missionaries who have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth. Nothing was won by speculation on borrowed capital. All is the fruit of honorable toil, expended upon raw materials provided by nature, but adapted by man. The historian's figures of the expenditures of the last forty years, calculated upon the basis of an average population of 120,000, distributed on ten thousand farms, as well as in cities and towns, are as follows:

Cost of establishing the 10,000 farms (\$187.50 per farm per annum).....	\$75,000,000
Cost of making irrigation canals and ditches (\$37.50 per farm per annum).....	15,000,000
Cost of irrigating 10,000 farms and gardens (\$24.00 each per annum).....	9,600,000
Building factories.....	5,000,000
Building temples.....	8,000,000
Building churches and schools.....	4,000,000
Cost of missionary work.....	10,000,000
Cost of immigrating and sustaining the poor.....	8,000,000
Living of the farmers (\$875 to each family per annum).....	350,000,000
Cost of roads and bridges in mountains and valleys.....	4,000,000
Cost of Indian wars, building forts, stockades, breaking up settlements, etc. . .	5,000,000



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

BETWEEN THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

Cost of feeding and clothing Indians and establishing Indian missions, farms, schools, etc.	2,000,000
Cost of resisting the invasion of the Army of 1857, and of the people of Salt Lake County and the counties north moving south into middle and southern Utah. .	6,000,000
Loss sustained by crickets, locusts, and grasshoppers	2,500,000
Unsuccessful early experiments in making iron, sugar, paper, nails, leather, cotton-raising, mining, etc.	6,000,000
Cost of defense against anti-polygamy legislation believed to be unconstitutional.	3,000,000
Heavy freight-rates from the Missouri River and the Pacific coast before the railroads	8,000,000
Cost of establishing the Overland Mail and Express Company, purchase of Fort Bridger, and establishment of Fort Supply, abandoned and afterward absorbed by the Army of 1857	2,000,000
Protecting overland travel, succoring and feeding California, Oregon, and other emigrants	1,500,000
Cost of colonizing Carson and Green River counties, abandoned because of the Army of 1857	2,000,000
Cost of establishing colonies on Salmon River, in Lower California, and the Sugar Plantation near Honolulu	1,500,000
Cost of local telegraph and railroad lines	3,000,000
Cost of obtaining fuel, and building and fencing materials, from the rugged mountains and cañons many miles away	10,000,000
Cost of making settlements on the Muddy, Call's Landing, Florence, Sunset, and	

other localities, afterward abandoned because of adverse conditions subsequently developed.	1,000,000
Losses by fire (\$20,000 per annum). . .	800,000
Taxes	8,000,000
Miscellaneous expenditures	12,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$562,900,000
Less the personal property brought into Utah by immigrants, such as cattle, wagons, cash, etc.	20,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$542,900,000

In his note transmitting these figures Mr. Musser writes: "The inclosed has been submitted to the inspection of Presidents Woodruff, Cannon, and Smith, and Bishops Preston, Burton, and Winder, as well as to others conversant with such matters. All agree that the estimates are as fair as they can be given." And he adds, with a reverence characteristic of his people: "While much of our prosperity is doubtless due to industrious, temperate, and frugal habits of life, yet we never lose sight of the overruling hand of the Almighty in all these results, and to him be given praise and thanksgiving without stint."

But while these elaborate figures tell the story of the prosperity of the commonwealth, their true significance may be better studied when they are brought down to the basis of the individual family. The census shows that only five per cent. of all the American people have

any proprietary interest in the land on which they dwell, while ninety per cent. of the Mormon people are owners or heirs of the soil. Still further, the figures presented by the historian show that the average gross income of the Mormon farmer over a period of forty years has been \$1357.25, or \$482.25 above the cost

tivated by methods of irrigation, they will be found wonderfully productive, and their products will support a population as great as that found in the United States at the present time."

The Mormon scheme of industry is rapidly becoming the model of all colonial developments in the irrigated regions. There can be



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE ENGINEER'S MATE.

ENGRAVED BY N. HAIDER.

of his living expenses. It is to be seriously doubted whether any other people on the face of the earth can make such a showing. And the great importance of the matter is not that the Mormon people have accomplished these results, but that there is sufficient water and land in Arid America to sustain an additional population of between fifty and one hundred millions upon precisely the same basis. The most conservative authority on the subject of the water-supply, which is less adequate apparently than the land available for irrigation, is Major J. W. Powell, late director of the Geological Survey. He is so conservative that Western men have sometimes denounced him for belittling their resources; but in the course of an elaborate review of the question he has used these words: "When these acres are cul-

no question but that it will be improved upon. Higher ideals are beginning to rule elsewhere, and the tendency is constantly upward. Such faults as there are in Mormon agricultural methods are due to the fact that too little effort is required to get a bare living from a small irrigated farm to awaken ambition for the highest results. And yet beyond a living these people have realized nearly five hundred dollars annually over a period of forty years. If it be assumed that a living equal to that at an ordinary hotel for a family of five is worth \$1000 per year, this and the surplus furnishes an annual income of \$1500. That is precisely the income which the purchaser of \$50,000 of government bonds, netting three per cent., enjoys. In other words, the man who invests \$1000 in purchasing and developing a small

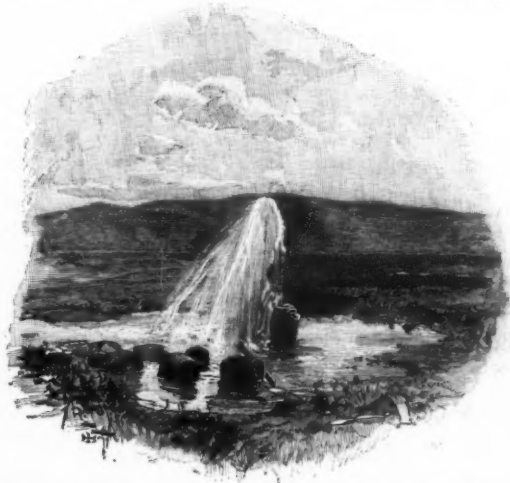
irrigated farm enjoys precisely the same living and hope of a competence as the man who invests \$50,000 in government bonds. The difference in the amount of money invested is represented by human labor.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

SOCIAL changes of a marked character will be wrought by the occupation of the arid region. In this matter also Mormon experience is luminous. Brigham Young sought to found his prosperity not only on industrial ethics, but also upon the happiness of the people. He would not tolerate idleness, and the walls of cobblestones still standing in the older portions of Salt Lake City were invented that the church might pay for the labor of men who would otherwise have been temporarily supported by charity. As a means of furnishing entertainment, various diversions were planned, including the Saturday-night dance, led by the bishops of the wards. The leader's wisdom is almost as clearly exhibited in his social scheme as in his plan of industry. The central idea in it was the farm-village. A village site, generally a half-mile square, is selected in the midst of a tract of five or six thousand acres to be colonized. In Utah there are many small valleys between the towering mountains, and the village site is generally located near the center of the valley, and near the river from which the water is diverted into canals on each side at a sufficient elevation to command the irrigable lands. The half a square mile is then laid out into blocks of four acres, with broad avenues between, and the blocks are divided into lots of an acre each. On these acre lots the farmers have their homes. Here also are their commodious barns. Here they have their poultry and swine, while considerable space is devoted to a market-garden. The farmer then has his farm on the outlying lands, which are divided into lots ranging from two acres up to twenty acres. There are scores of villages of this sort; but, for the purpose of illustration, Huntsville, in the Ogden valley, has been selected. A map of it is presented in connection with this article. A study of this map will reveal the physical basis of a plan which completely revolutionizes the social side of farm life as generally known. From the public park in the center to the farthest outlying farm is only two and a half miles. Most farmers traverse a much shorter distance to reach the farm from their homes. On the other hand, the women and

children enjoy the important advantage of having near neighbors, while the church, school-house, stores, and post-office are near at hand. Under this system the advantages of town life are blended to a very considerable degree with the charms of rural existence. It is a system full of delightful possibilities. The Mormons have realized its substantial advantages in neighborhood association; but their model will be much improved upon by many colonies of more recent establishment. Farm life under the old conditions has involved isolation. The hunger for human sympathy and company has driven thousands from the country to cities already overcrowded. This factor is responsible for many a social tragedy, as well as for the problems which have arisen in congested city populations. There is no reason why farm-villages patterned after those of Utah should not have a social life and an outward beauty quite as pleasing as, for instance, the suburbs of Boston. There the architecture seems almost uniformly pleasing. Attractive lawns, with trees, vines, and flowers, are everywhere. People of small means will be able to surround themselves with similar advantages in the farm-villages of the arid region, while realizing all the benefits of independence and equality inseparable from the industrial scheme of irrigation.

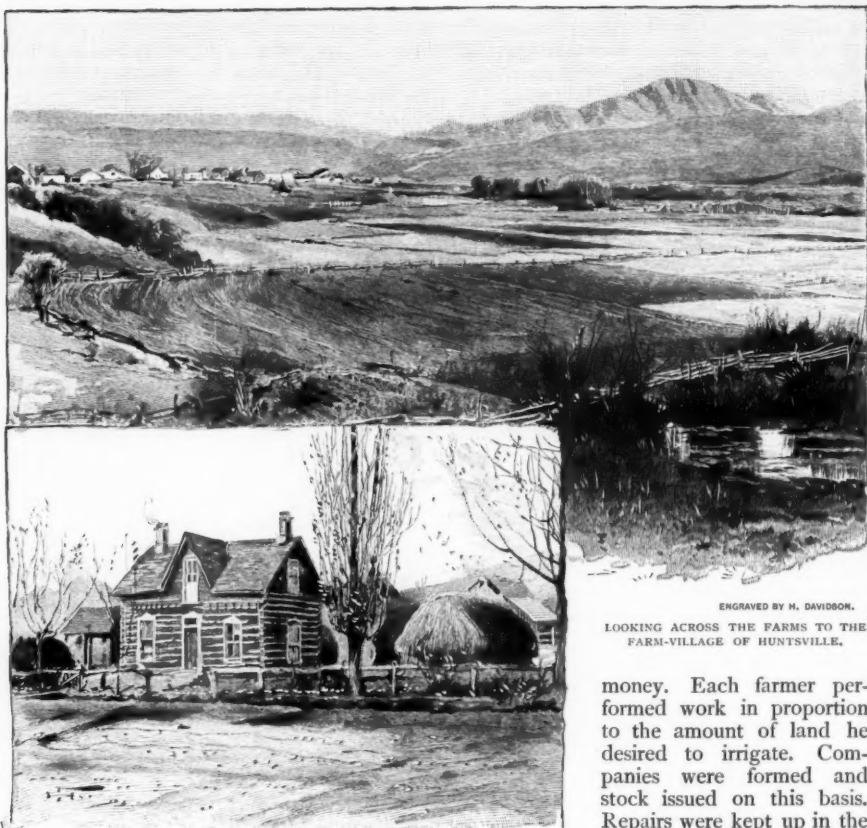
On the map of Huntsville the figure placed upon a village lot and the corresponding figure on the outlying farm represent, respectively, the home and the farm of an individual. It will be observed that there is a great variety in the size of the farms. This is due merely to the taste of individuals. Men acquired whatever amount of land they thought necessary for



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

ARTESIAN WELL IN YAKIMA VALLEY, WASHINGTON.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

LOOKING ACROSS THE FARMS TO THE FARM-VILLAGE OF HUNTSVILLE.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. R. SAVAGE.

TYPICAL HOME IN THE FARM-VILLAGE OF HUNTSVILLE.

their support, and many of them preferred a very few acres. Many of the smaller farms are owned and operated by polygamous widows and their children. When the laws against plural marriage were made effective, a good many polygamists divided their property among their several families, and thus provided for their future.

It will be seen that the farm-village had an important part in Brigham Young's plan of making the people contented after they had first been made prosperous. In a day's drive of seventy miles the writer recently passed through portions of twenty of these settlements, including Huntsville. This fact furnishes a good idea of the density of population in northern Utah.

Another important feature of the Mormon system relates to the ownership of water. The canals were built by the common labor of the settlers, and practically without the use of

money. Each farmer performed work in proportion to the amount of land he desired to irrigate. Companies were formed and stock issued on this basis. Repairs were kept up in the same way. No single item in the long list of natural resources which Brigham Young found on entering the territory offered so good a chance for a safe speculation as the water in the mountain streams. It was absolutely essential to existence, and a shrewd speculator might have taken possession of it at that time, and levied perpetual tribute upon the agricultural industry. But the same principle which had led him to frown upon speculation, and to insist upon a small farm unit and universal landownership, made it a logical necessity to prevent any monopoly in the control of the water-supply. And here, as in other vital matters, the far-sighted leader established a precedent of the highest importance in the development of the institutions of Arid America.

THE GREELEY COLONY.

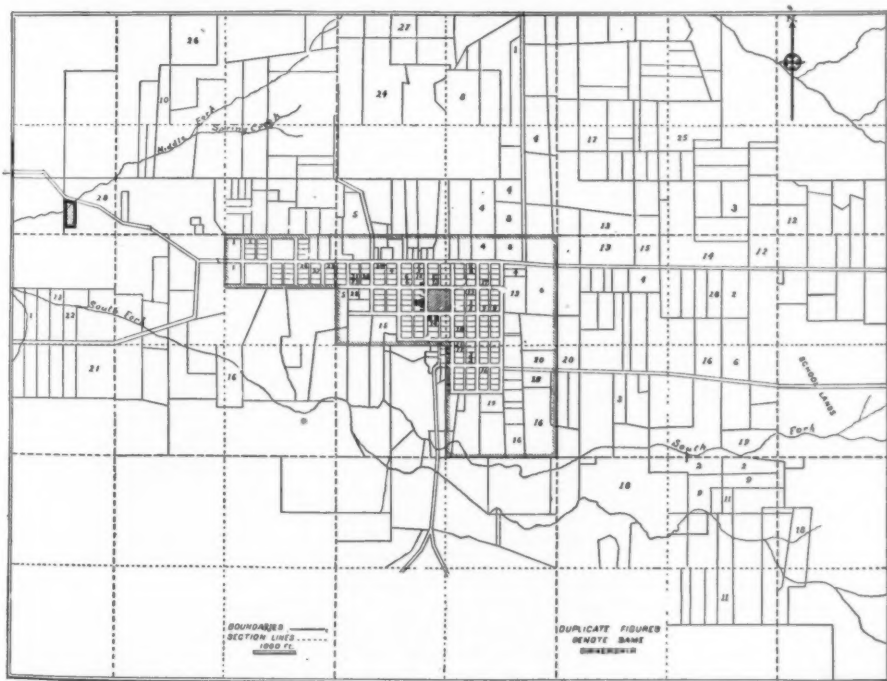
NEXT in importance to the Utah development is the story of the Union Colony at Greeley, Colorado. This was the inspiration of N.

C. Meeker, a member of the staff of the "New York Tribune," who had previously been a follower of Fourier, and a resident of one of the ill-fated colonies of Ohio. The undertaking had the cordial support of Horace Greeley, in whose honor it was named. The first call for this colony was published in the "New York Tribune" in December, 1869. It outlined a scheme of coöperation, although it was proposed to have individual landholdings. The advantages of irrigation, of the farm-village system, and of the independence of agricultural life were attractively set forth. Fully one thousand people made application within a week for membership in the colony, and the first meeting was so largely attended as to make it necessary to adjourn from the "Tribune" office to a room in Cooper Institute. Horace Greeley presided, and, although that was twenty-five years ago, complained in his speech that "New York is filled with people, yet there are thousands who want to come hither. I do not know that emigration is the best remedy, but I think so." He described the history of Londonderry Colony in New Hampshire, founded by his ancestors, and entered upon a most interesting discussion of the proposed colony in Colorado. Among other things he said:

I believe that there ought to be not only one, but one thousand colonies. Still, I would advise no one who is doing well to leave his business and go West, unless he is sure of bettering his condition. But there are many men working for wages who ought to emigrate. I dislike to see men in advanced life working for salaries in places where, perhaps, they are ordered about by boys. I would like to see them working for themselves.

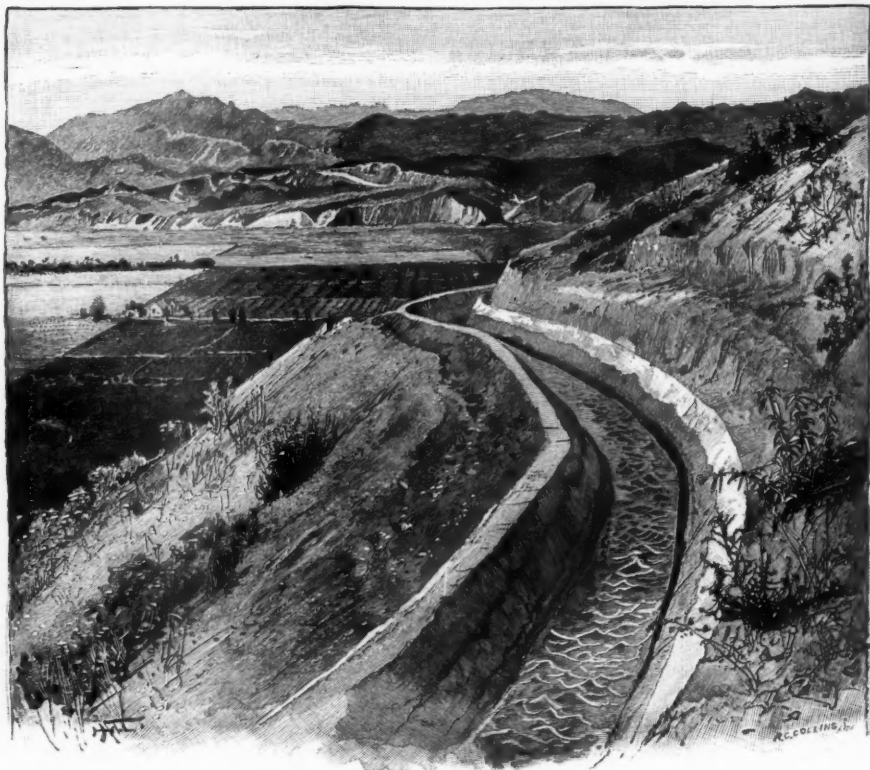
If Greeley could come back and speak to-day upon existing conditions in the United States, he could say nothing more appropriate to the times.

The Greeley Colony was composed of the best elements of Eastern citizenship; and the first and most important lesson it teaches is that people of this class are responsive to such a call as Mr. Meeker put forth. He did not appeal to the instinct of speculation. He pleaded for new institutions, and aimed at high ideals; and he found that men of culture and of means were ready to coöperate heartily in such an undertaking. This fact lends encouragement to those who are hoping for great things to come from the development of the arid region. The site of the Greeley Colony was not well chosen—or, at least, it did not in all respects meet the expectations of those who selected it. They were



DRAWN BY D. COMINGS.

MAP OF HUNTSVILLE, WEBER COUNTY, UTAH.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. B. WAITE.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: STONE AQUEDUCT WATERING FIELDS AND ORCHARDS, WITH RUGGED MOUNTAIN BACKGROUND.

therefore unable to realize all their plans. They made some serious miscalculations. For instance, they estimated the cost of their canals at twenty thousand dollars, while the actual cost was more than twenty times as great. Fruit-culture was mentioned in the prospectus as certain to be an important industry, but the soil and climate proved unsuitable. The dream of an improved household economy, based on a plan for coöperative bakeries and laundries, also proved delusive. There were other disappointments; but the fundamental claims of irrigation were all vindicated at Greeley, as they have been whenever and wherever brought fairly to the test.

A few years of intelligent labor brought a high degree of average prosperity, based upon substantial foundations. Even the severe panic of the summer of 1893 did not materially disturb these foundations. During those trying weeks, when mines and smelters shut down, and banks and stores closed their doors, water, soil, and sunshine continued to do their perfect work in the Union Colony. Greeley seemed like an oasis of prosperity in a desert of despair. The farmers received as the reward of the summer's

labor more than a million dollars in cash for the single item of potatoes. But this is the chief crop at Greeley, after the necessities of life have been provided for; and the wide reputation and handsome financial returns won for the Greeley potato illustrate the wisdom of a surplus crop of the highest quality. Greeley's civic institutions are like her potatoes. They represent the best standard available, and are the pride of the people. To sell any kind of intoxicating liquor within the boundaries of the Union Colony invalidates the title to the soil. This is one of the original plans which worked well; and the schools, churches, libraries, and lyceums are all in keeping with this high standard of public morals. A careful study of the development of Greeley, alike in its social and industrial aspects, would throw much more light upon the problems of Arid America; but this cannot be entered upon now.

CALIFORNIA EXPERIENCE.

PROBABLY the public is more familiar with the orange-colonies of southern California than

with any other institutions in the arid West. The story of these colonies is very interesting, but it possesses less value to the American people than the experience of Colorado and Utah, because southern California is semi-tropical, and therefore not fairly representative of average possibilities. In southern California institutions are almost ideal because of the peculiar climatic conditions. These beautiful valleys, narrowly restricted, but well-nigh perfect within their limitations, constitute the private box in the theater of Arid America; but the vast majority of people must always sit in the parquet and gallery. It would be utterly unfair and untrue, for this reason, to build hopes of average development upon the experience of this small but charming corner of the Western empire; but it teaches some lessons that may be generally applied.

Southern California furnishes an extreme illustration of the value of water in an arid country. Land assessed at seventy-five cents per acre without water, being useful only for the pasturage of sheep, when brought under irrigation sells in the raw state for \$100 per acre and upward, with an extra price for water-right. Improved with orange-groves at the

stage of maturity, it ranges in selling value from \$500 to \$2000 per acre, and has sometimes paid fifty per cent. interest per annum on the latter figure. Perhaps the most perfect type of these communities is Riverside, founded less than twenty-five years ago by Eastern colonists of the same class as the settlers of Greeley. Here landownings are divided into five- and ten-acre lots, and the homes are a long succession of beautiful country villas, surrounded by lawns, trees, and glowing flower-beds. Magnolia Avenue, a boulevard bordered for eighteen miles with double rows of palms, and intersected in the middle by a third row, is lined throughout its entire length by homes of this kind. There is free postal delivery, with other advantages of town life. The civic institutions are fully equal to the highest New England standard. The California colonies have the highest forms of irrigation canals and methods, but perhaps their best contribution to the fund of common knowledge is their latest, which is the coöperative fruit exchange.

A problem of rising importance in the arid region is the organization of industry and of markets. Modern development has conferred its chief advantage upon the large producer;

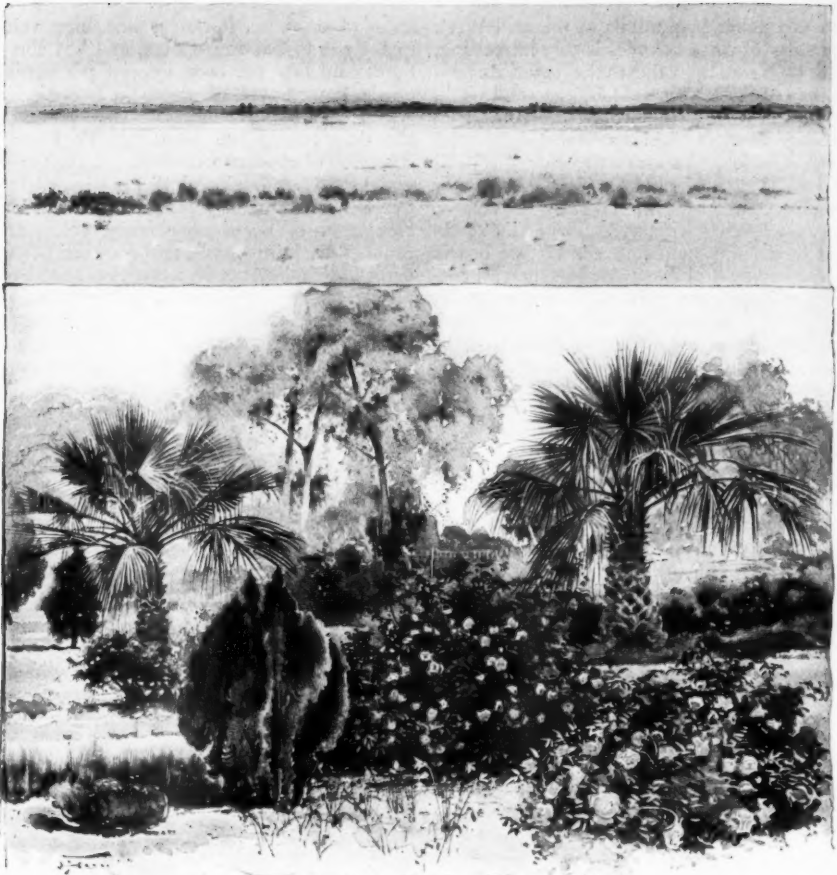


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

SWEETWATER DAM, CALIFORNIA: A REPRESENTATIVE WORK OF IRRIGATION.

A GLIMPSE OF THE DESERT IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE MIRACLE OF IRRIGATION IN THE ARIZONA DESERT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

but the multitudinous small producers are the very essence of the new life of the West. Here are anomalies that must be harmonized in some way to subserve the common prosperity. The fruit exchanges recently organized in California foreshadow the coming system. These are stock companies, owned and managed by the producers with the purpose of dispensing with the services of the pernicious commission man. The commission system has been grossly abused. This was inevitable; for it is utterly illogical, since the interests of the middleman frequently run counter to those of the producer. Production is vain without a market. Under the old plan this market is absolutely in control of an element whose interest it is to depress the price of fruit to the lowest point in order to stimulate large sales. This system in practical operation has depressed the producer's income without conferring a corresponding benefit

upon the consumer. The middleman has controlled the situation and consulted only his own interest. Now, if there is any class of men who are capable of managing their own affairs, it is the fruit-growers. They are men of high intelligence, as well as of energy and enterprise. The great items of capital involved are their land and labor. Their highest interest demands that they should rigidly control the standard of the fruit sent to market, and deal directly with the agencies of transportation and the consuming public. There seems to be little doubt that the new California system will prove enduring, and become a very important part of the commercial machinery of Arid America. But this is only the first step in the wise organization of industry, which, in the full development destined to come with rapid strides, will introduce far-reaching changes into the economic life of the United States.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

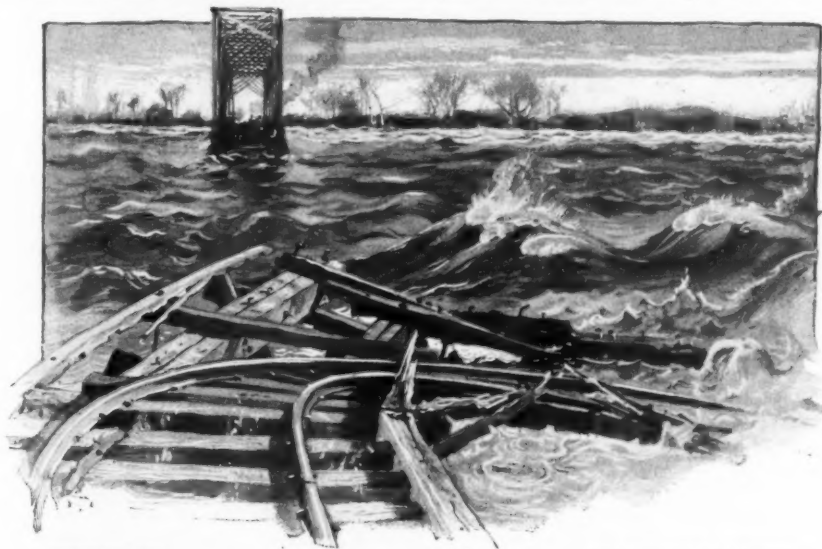
IRRIGATING A YOUNG ORCHARD BY THE FURROW METHOD, ARIZONA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

AN EXAMPLE FROM ARIZONA.

It is impossible to attempt at this time even a meager outline of the physical basis of Arid America. It can only be said that this neglected and often derided half of the continent is full of the potentialities of greatness. Its rich and varied mineral resources are already conceded, but the items of transcendent significance are water and land. Only a single instance can be cited here. The transcontinental traveler who passes through southern Arizona carries away the impression that this great Territory—this State of the early future—is an almost hopeless waste. He sees only the vast desert, its soil like

ashes, marked with no vegetation save the grim pillar of the cactus and the gnarled branches of the mesquit. But if the traveler would leave the main line at Maricopa, the train would carry him in an hour into the heart of the real Arizona. Here he would behold the miracle of irrigation. The Salt River valley has felt the touch of living water, and its deserts have been transformed into green pastures, gardens, and orchards. The productiveness of the gray soil when watered surpasses description. Phoenix, the capital, is surrounded by tens of thousands of acres of irrigated land; and here the flag of civilization has been planted in the heart of the primeval desert. Ten acres of this soil will bring



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

WINTER FLOOD IN SALT RIVER, ARIZONA, SHOWING LOSS OF WATER WHICH SHOULD BE STORED IN MOUNTAINS AND FOREST RESERVES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

a higher reward to labor than one hundred acres cultivated under the old conditions in the Eastern States. The possibilities of derided Arizona beggar the imagination. The day will come when the proudest State will not blush to stand under the same flag with the Territory which sheltered the ancient civilization of the Aztecs.

large degree the fruit of continental conquest, then the restoration of the national prosperity may certainly be sought by a renewal of the policy of national development. Inconceivable sums of money and incalculable human energy will be required to overcome the natural difficulties of the situation ; but man thrives on



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

LOOKING DOWN ON A RECLAIMED VALLEY IN UTAH.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE work of reclamation has been going forward silently, but gradually and surely, for the better part of a generation. Between ten and twenty millions of acres are now under ditch, and some slight rivulets of population have begun to trickle in upon the lands. But the threshold is scarcely passed. The arid region as a whole comprises more than 800,000,000 acres. Of this empire more than half a billion acres is still the property of the Government. It is the priceless heritage of the children of America. The work of scientific discovery of water-supply has not yet gone far enough to furnish a reasonable basis for an estimate of the amount of this land open to ultimate reclamation. But no one disputes that the entire present population of the United States could be accommodated in the arid region. If the present greatness of the American people is in any

struggle, and waxes great on conquest. The time seems ripe for the advance. But if this is to be longer delayed, there are certain things which the nation ought to do, and which enlightened statesmanship ought not to postpone.

The arid region is full of great and peculiar problems which require to be studied from a national standpoint. Water is the foundation of all. The forests are nature's storage reservoirs. They are being constantly destroyed by fire and avarice. The forest reservations made by the last and the present administrations are wise steps, but they cannot be effective unless accompanied by some comprehensive system of patrol. The National Irrigation Congress has pronounced in favor of the plan put forward by Professor Sargent of Harvard, providing for the education of skilled foresters at West Point, and the control of the forest reserves by the army. This would furnish the basis for a scientific system of forestry like



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ALFALFA HARVEST, KERN DELTA, CALIFORNIA.

those employed in some European countries. If public sentiment would rally to the support of this demand for an enlightened policy of forest preservation, there is no doubt that legislation could be obtained at an early day. And if public opinion realized the vast interest at stake, it could not and would not hesitate. The most valuable irrigable lands are being steadily acquired for speculative purposes, under laws inadequate, if not infamous, in an arid country. The pasturage lands are the prize of lawless elements who fight and shed blood in the struggle for possession. The interstate streams are becoming entangled in rival appropriations, and developing a state of affairs that in any country but this would involve civil war. Interna-

tional questions have already arisen over waters common to the United States and to Mexico, and are certain to arise in the future with Canada. Here is a class of large problems which will call for the highest statesmanship, and which already merit careful preliminary study and investigation. And beyond these lies the great practical question as to the manner of reclaiming the lands. This involves many nice questions between the nation and the States, and between the States and private companies and individuals.

But nothing can be hoped for until the American people have had their eyes opened to the importance of the stupendous national asset comprehended in Arid America. It is civilization that pleads for progress. It is humanity that cries aloud for more room in which to build its habitations. To say that the national valuation will be enhanced by untold millions is merely to mention a sordid fact. But to say that the voiceless desert will blossom with the homes of men, and that these homes will rest upon social and industrial systems better and purer than any the past has known, and that the future population will be ruled under a nobler code of ethics—these are considerations that cannot appeal in vain to the American spirit. The new century will invite us to a new task of transcendent possibilities to the human race.

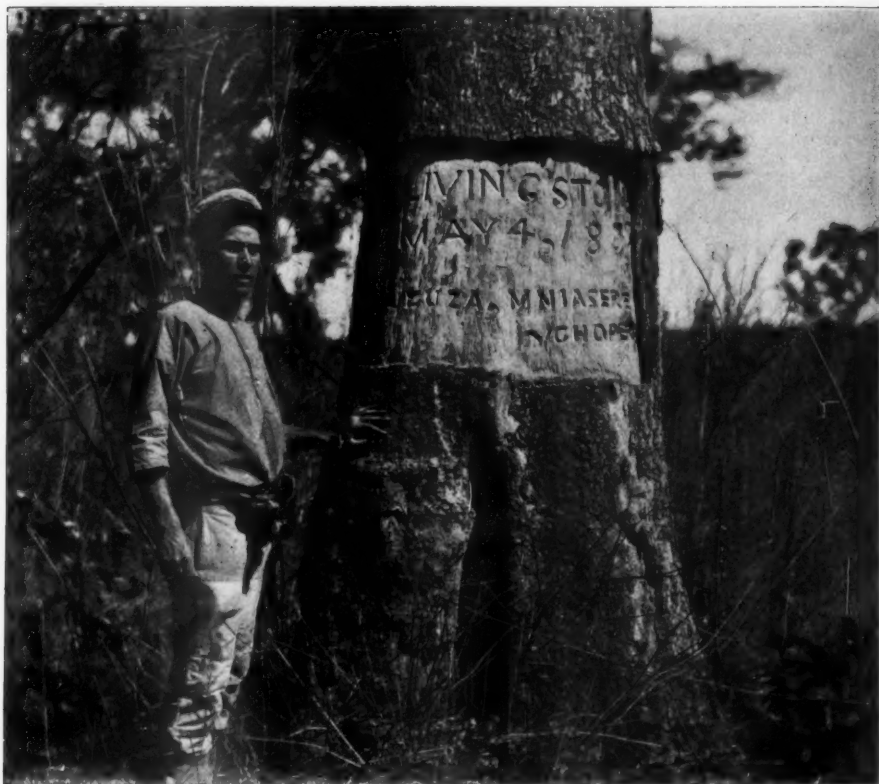
William E. Smythe.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HARTWELL.

AN IRRIGATION CANAL THROUGH THE DESERT IN ARIZONA.



MR. GLAVE AT THE TREE BENEATH WHICH WAS BURIED THE HEART OF DR. LIVINGSTONE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE HEART OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

BY a happy accident of equatorial travel THE CENTURY is able to publish the testimony of the camera to the preservation during twenty-two years of the one landmark in "Darkest Africa" that has an interest for the entire civilized world. That landmark is the tree which enshrines the heart of Dr. Livingstone, and which is the complement, in the wilderness of his labors, to his home sepulcher in Westminster Abbey.

This discovery is of special value, since an effort to place a tablet on the tree ended in failure to locate it; and the discovery is of additional interest, perhaps, to the readers of THE CENTURY, inasmuch as it was made by Mr. E. J. Glave in the course of an exploration for this magazine. Mr. Glave, it will be remembered, went to the Congo as one of Stanley's junior officers. After arduous services for so young a man, at one of the advance stations of the Congo Free State, he came to this coun-

try to lecture. During a visit to Alaska, in 1890, he formed the project of penetrating to the interior without the uncertain aid of Indian carriers; and in the following year he made an expedition with a pack-train, his adventures being described, after his return, in this magazine for September and October, 1892.

His present enterprise grew out of his personal knowledge of the horrors of the African slave-trade as carried on by the Arab raiders of the interior. Convinced that the first step in a permanent opening up of the "dark continent" must be the extermination of the slave-caravan system, it became his ambition to procure, by special study on the ground, the exact information with regard to the system which would enable the civilizing influences now at work in Africa to coöperate effectively against its main arteries.

In the interest of this magazine he entered on the work early in the summer of 1893. From

Zanzibar he made his way to Fort Johnston, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa, his first letters from that station being despatched in November, 1893. In the spring of 1894 he was at Karonga, near the northern extremity of that lake, on the west shore. Thence, with no companions except a small party of natives, he penetrated to the little-known regions far to the southwest about Lake Bangweolo, which were the scene of Dr. Livingstone's last journey. Near the site of the deserted village of Chitambo, on the south shore of that lake, Mr. Glave found the tree at the base of which the heart of the great missionary was buried by his devoted followers, and on which Jacob Wainwright—the Nassick boy, who read the burial service—chiseled the words: "Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yazusa, Mniasere, Vchopere." The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was inclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole, and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey, on April 18, 1874.

The tree is the largest in the neighborhood, is of very hard grain, and by the natives is called *mpandu*. Mr. Glave writes that Mrs. Bruce—the daughter of Livingstone—and her husband sent out a tablet commemorative of the explorer's death, which the Belgian officers to whom it was consigned put up about eight miles from the tree. Eighteen months before Mr. Glave's visit, the tablet was carried off by the chief of a slave caravan. Three years before Mr. Glave's visit, an English explorer visited the region, and at a point supposed to be twenty miles from the tree despatched a "trusted follower" with native guides to visit it. He returned with a strip of bark in which an inscription had been cut; but when and where are not quite clear, since the lettering on the tree found by Mr. Glave was clearly cut in the wood after the bark had been removed from a space about two feet square.

Mr. Glave's letter accompanying the photographs of the tree was written at the south end of Lake Tanganyika on September 6, 1894,



A GROUP OF MR. GLAVE'S MEN AT THE BASE OF THE LIVINGSTONE TREE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



TOP OF THE LIVINGSTONE TREE AS SEEN ABOVE THE SURROUNDING GROWTH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

and came out by way of Fort Johnston and the east coast; while Mr. Glave, who was in contact with the Belgians of the Congo Free State, was expecting to travel northwest to the head waters of the Congo, and to descend that river to the Atlantic. He was hopeful of reaching home two or three months after the letter, which arrived in January of this year.

The Editor.

THE LAND OF LOST HOPES.

A traveler in this land of lost hopes, where I have wasted most that is precious in life."

AND journeying on, we came to that wide land
 Where seldom any sought or forced return;
 For either breaks the trembling bridge that spanned
 The torrent stream (that country's restless bourn),
 Or word will come, the friend we used to mourn
 Dwells there, and if but far enough we roam,
 We, surely, in good time must tidings learn:
 At last, in glooming peace, we make our home,
 And please the alien god with vows and hecatomb.

When first we came, we marveled much to see
 Innumerable paths that wound by dale and hill—
 That here might pause beneath the nooning tree,
 And there might wander by some pleasant rill;
 So on through sun and shade they bent until
 They suddenly to darksome dells would sink;
 Yet there the pastoral pipes were playing still!
 The Shepherd of Lost Hopes by some green brink
 Poured the sweet stream from which the crowding flock would drink!

That Shepherd takes a tithe from every flock
In every land — the fairest and the best.
He shelters them beneath the hollow rock;
He folds the young and wayworn to his breast.
But one shall wander east and wander west,
Who thus hath lost his white and fairest hope,
Yet never meet the darling of his quest,
Not though he searched the wood and sunshine slope,
Or down those music-haunted depths should dare to grope.

Now, harkening to that unseen Melodist,
This would we note: how brave so e'er the strain,
We evermore the close and cadence missed;
Nor died in happy languor the refrain,
But even as those paths broke off amain,
So all at once would cease the lovely sound!
Yet, like a lapsing wind, it rose again,
Elusive, borne from some remoter ground:
Alas! naught in that land is with fruition crowned.

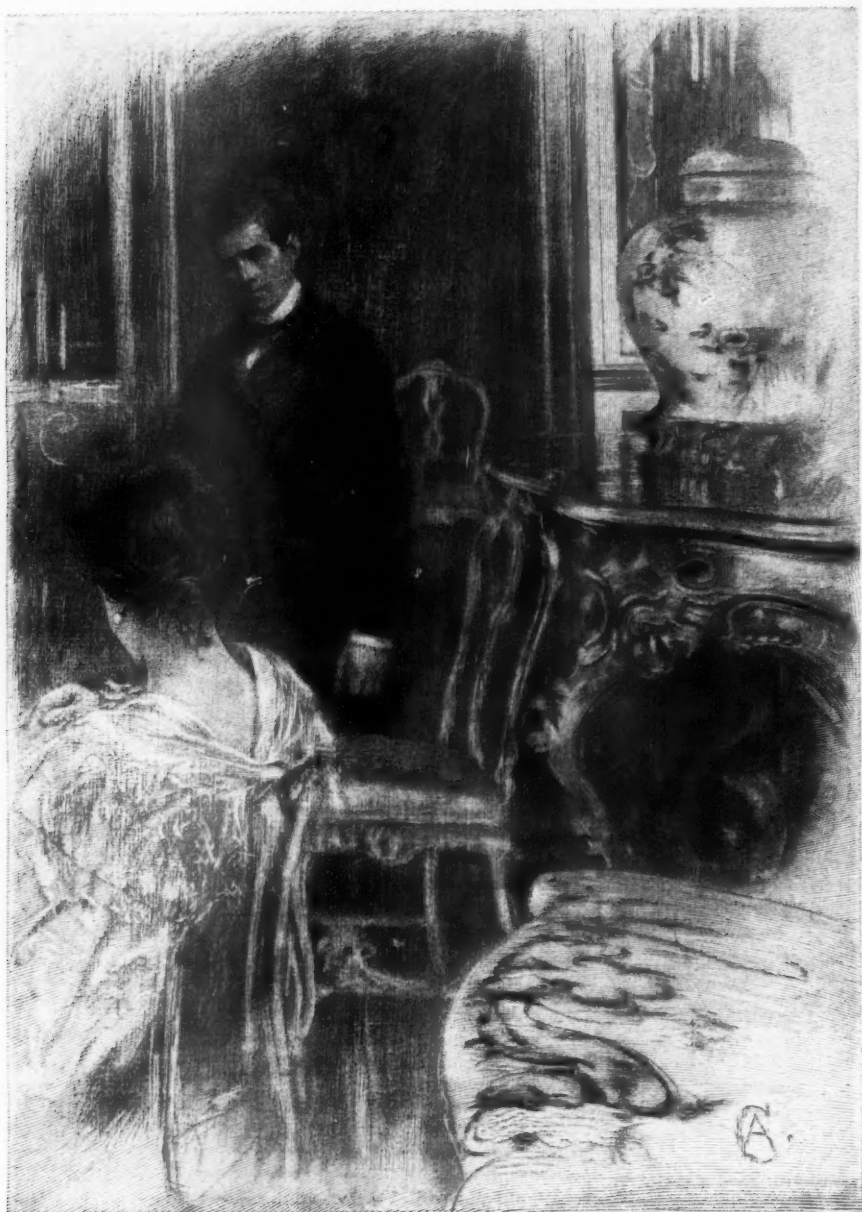
For where the brooding bird sat yestermorn,
And her mate fed her, warbling his delight,
There was at evening-time a cry forlorn,
And quivering wings, and unreturning flight;
While fragments, all of shelly blue or white,
Were scattered on the ground beneath the nest;
Or else, unbrooded, to the chill of night
Those orphaned treasures lay, while the soft breast
That cherished them was now in piteous crimson dressed.

And where the bladed corn, in sunny green,
Stood tiptoe waiting for the evening dew,
In darkness there was swung a sickle keen,
Or else from out the south a hot flame blew,
Whereat those tender legions downward drew.
And in the orchard, where the willing bough
Had lately smiled in flowers, a canker grew.
Thus, peerless Summer broke her golden vow;
All promise failed all hearts, yet none knew why nor how.

The egg unquickened and the futile bloom
Are types repeated there forevermore:
Unfinished is the fabric in the loom;
Unroofed to heaven the palace built in yore,
Unmatched the gleaming marbles of its floor.
And as wild Nature, and the works of man,
So is the man unto his bosom's core:
His words die off that with warm speech began,
His thoughts defile away, a visionary clan.

And while, elsewhere, may tears be dropped for him,
That tears can be, he hath himself forgot,
Long feeding on that music, dear and dim,
Loosed from the sunken world of dell and grot.
He is become enamoured of his lot.
And hence, while others follow other clues,
One care hath he—to reach the tuneful spot
Where, freshened by Elysian winds and dews,
The Shepherd of Lost Hopes a broken strain renews!

Edith M. Thomas.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"GLORIA—FORGIVE ME!"

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXIV.



DURING the first few months of their marriage, Reanda and Gloria believed themselves happy, and really were, since there is no true criterion of man's happiness but his own belief in it.

They took a small furnished apartment at the corner of the Macel de' Corvi, with an iron balcony overlooking the Forum of Trajan. They would have had no difficulty in obtaining other rooms adjoining the two Reanda had so long occupied in the Palazzetto Borgia; but Gloria was opposed to the arrangement, and Reanda did not insist upon it. The Forum of Trajan was within a convenient distance of the palace, and he went daily to his work.

"Besides," said Gloria, "you will not always be painting frescos for Donna Francesca. I want you to paint a great picture, and send it to Paris and get a medal."

She was ambitious for him, and dreamed of his winning world-wide fame. She loved him, and she felt that Francesca had caged him, as Francesca herself had once felt. She wished to remove him altogether from the latter's influence, both because she was frankly jealous of his friendship for the older woman, and wished to have him quite to herself, and also in the belief that he could do greater things if he were altogether freed from the task of decorating the palace, which had kept him far too long in one limited sequence of production. There was, moreover, a selfish consideration of vanity in her view, closely linked with her unbounded admiration for her husband. She knew that she was beautiful, and she wished his greatest work to be a painting of herself.

Gloria, however, desired also to take a position in Roman society, and the only person who could help her and her husband to cross the line was Francesca Campodonico. It was therefore impossible for Gloria to break up the intimacy altogether, however much she might wish to do so. Meanwhile, too, Reanda had not finished his frescos.

Soon after the marriage, which took place in the summer, Dalrymple left Rome, intending to be absent but a few months in Scotland, where his presence was necessary on account

of certain family affairs and arrangements consequent upon the death of Lord Redin, the head of his branch of the Dalrymples, and of Lord Redin's son only a few weeks later, whereby the title went to an aged great-uncle of Angus Dalrymple's, who was unmarried, so that Dalrymple's only brother became the next heir.

Gloria was therefore quite alone with her husband. Paul Griggs had also left Rome for a time, on business connected with his journalistic career. He had in reality been unwilling to expose himself to the unnecessary suffering of witnessing Gloria's happiness, and had taken the earliest opportunity of going away. Gloria herself was at first pleased by his departure. Later, however, she wished that he would come back. She had no one to whom she could turn when she was in need of any advice on matters which Reanda could not or would not decide.

Reanda himself was at first as absolutely happy as he had expected to be, and Francesca Campodonico congratulated herself on having brought about a perfectly successful match. While he continued to work at the Palazzetto Borgia, the two were often together for hours, as in former times. Gloria had at first come regularly in the course of the morning, and sat in the hall while her husband was painting, but she had found it a monotonous affair after a while. Reanda could not talk perpetually. More than once, indeed, he introduced his wife's face among the many he painted, and she was pleased, though not satisfied. He could not make her one of the central figures which appeared throughout the series, because the greater part of the work was done already, and it was necessary to preserve the continuity of each resemblance. Gloria wished to be the first everywhere, though she did not say so.

Little by little she came less regularly in the mornings. She either stayed at home and studied seriously the soprano parts of the great operas then fashionable, or invented small errands which kept her out of doors. She sometimes met Reanda when he left the palace, and they walked home together to their midday breakfast.

Little by little, also, Francesca fell into the habit of visiting Reanda in the great hall at hours when she was sure that Gloria would not

be there. It was not that she disliked to see them together, but rather because she felt that Gloria was secretly antagonistic. There was a small, perpetual, unexpressed hostility in Gloria's manner which could not escape so sensitive a woman as Francesca. Reanda felt it, too, but said nothing. He was almost foolishly in love with his wife, and he was devotedly attached to Francesca herself. For the present he was very simple in his dealings with himself, and he quietly shut his eyes to the possibility of a disagreement between the two women, though he felt that it was in the air.

Instead of diminishing with his marriage, the obligations under which he was placed toward Donna Francesca were constantly increasing. She saw and understood his wife's social ambition, and gave herself trouble to satisfy it. Reanda felt this keenly, and while his gratitude increased, he inwardly wished that each kindness might be the last. But Gloria had the ambition and the right to be received in society on a footing of equality, and no one but Francesca Campodonico could then give her what she wanted.

She did not obtain what is commonly called social success, though many people received her and her husband during the following winter. She got admiration in plenty, and she herself believed that it was friendship. Of the two, Reanda, who had no social ambition at all, was by far the more popular. He was, as ever, quiet and unassuming, as became a man of his extraordinary talent. He so evidently preferred in society to talk with intelligent people rather than to make himself agreeable to the very great, that the very great tried to attract him to themselves, in order to appear intelligent in the eyes of others. They altogether forgot that he was the son of the steward of Gerano, though he sometimes spoke unaffectedly of his boyhood.

But Gloria reminded people too often that she had a right to be where she was, as the daughter of Angus Dalrymple, who might some day be Lord Redin. Fortunately for her, no one knew that Dalrymple had begun life as a doctor, and very far from such prospects as now seemed quite within the bounds of realization. But even as the possible Lord Redin, her father's existence did not interest the Romans at all. They were not accustomed to people who thought it necessary to justify their social position by allusions to their parentage; and since Francesca Campodonico had assured them that Dalrymple was a gentleman, they had no further questions to ask, and raised their eyebrows when Gloria volunteered information on the subject of her ancestors. They listened politely, and turned the subject as soon as they could, because it bored them.

But the admiration she got was genuine of its

kind—as admiration, and as nothing else. Her magnificent voice was useful to ancient and charitable princesses who wished to give concerts for the benefit of the deserving poor; but her face disturbed the hearts of those excellent ladies who had unmarried sons, and of other excellent ladies who had gay husbands. Her beauty and her voice together were a danger, and must be admired from a distance. Gloria and her husband were asked to many houses on important occasions. Gloria went to see the princesses and duchesses, and found them at home. Their cards appeared regularly at the small house in the *Macel de' Corvi*, but there was always a mystery as to how they got there; for the princesses and the duchesses themselves did not appear, except once or twice when Francesca Campodonico brought one of her friends with her, gently insisting that there should be a proper call. Gloria understood, and said bitter things about society when she was alone, and by degrees she began to say them to her husband.

"These Romans!" she exclaimed at last. "They believe that there is nobody like themselves!"

Angelo Reanda's face had a pained look as he laid his long, thin hand upon hers.

"My dear," he said gently, "you have married an artist. What would you have? I am sure people have received us very well."

"Very well! Of course—as though we had not the right to be received well! But, Angelo, do not say such things—that I have married an artist—"

"It is quite true," he answered, with a smile. "I work with my hands. They do not. There is the difference."

"But you are the greatest artist in the world!" she cried enthusiastically, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him again and again. "It is ridiculous! In any other city—in London, in Paris—people would run after you; people would not be able to do enough for you. But it is not you; it is I. They do not like me, Angelo; I know that they do not like me. They want me at their big parties, and they want me to sing for them—but that is all. Not one of them wants me for a friend. I am so lonely, Angelo."

Her eyes filled with tears, and he tried to comfort her.

"What does it matter, my heart?" he asked soothingly. "We have each other, have we not? I, who adore you; and you, who love me—"

"Love you? I worship you! That is why I wish you to have everything the world holds—everything at your feet."

"But I am quite satisfied," objected Reanda, with unwise truth. "Do not think of me."

She loved him, but she wished to put upon him some of her uncontrollable longing for social success in order to justify herself. To please her, he should have joined in her complaint. Her tears dried suddenly, and her eyes flashed.

"I will think of you!" she cried. "I have nothing else to think of. You shall have it all, everything — they shall know what a man you are!"

"An artist, my dear, an artist. A little better than some, a little less good than others. What can society do for me?"

She sighed, and the color deepened a little in her cheeks. But she hid her annoyance, for she loved him with a love at once passionate and intentional, compounded of reality and of a strong inborn desire for emotion — a desire closely connected with the longing for the life of the stage, but now suddenly thrown with full force into the channel of her actual life.

Reanda began to understand that his wife was not happy, and the certainty reacted strongly upon him. He became more sad and abstracted from day to day, when he was not with her. He longed, as only a man of such a nature can long, for a friend in whom he could confide, and of whom he could ask advice. He had such a friend, indeed, in Francesca Campodonico, but he was too proud to turn to her, and too deeply aware that she had done all she could to give Gloria the social position the latter coveted.

Francesca, on her side, was not slow to notice that something was radically wrong. Reanda's manner had changed by degrees since his marriage. His pride made him more formal with the woman to whom he owed so much, and she felt that she could do nothing to break down the barrier which was slowly rising between them. She suffered, in her way; for she was far more sincerely attached to the man than she recognized, or perhaps would have been willing to recognize, when she allowed herself to look the situation fairly in the face. For months she struggled against anything which could make her regret the marriage she had made. But at last she admitted the fact that she regretted it, for it thrust itself upon her, and embittered her own life. Then she became conscious in her heart of a silent and growing enmity for Gloria, and of a profound pity for Angelo Reanda. Being ashamed of the enmity, as something both sinful in her eyes and beneath the nobility of her nature, she expressed it, if that were expression, by allowing her pity for the man to assert itself as it would. That, she told herself, was a form of charity, and could not be wrong, however she looked at it.

All mention of Gloria vanished from her conversation with Reanda when they were

alone together. At such times she did her best to amuse him, to interest him, and to take him out of himself. At first she had little success. He answered her, and sometimes even entered into an argument with her; but as soon as the subject dropped, she saw the look of harassed preoccupation returning in his face. So far as his work was concerned, what he did was as good as ever. Francesca thought it was even better. But otherwise he was a changed man.

In the course of the winter Paul Griggs returned. One day Francesca was sitting in the hall with Reanda when a servant announced that Griggs had asked to see her. She glanced at Reanda's face, and instantly decided to receive the American alone in the drawing-room, on the other side of the house.

"Why do you not receive him here?" asked Reanda, carelessly.

"Because —" she hesitated. "I should rather see him in the drawing-room," she added a moment later, without giving any further explanation.

Griggs told her that he had come back to stay through the year, and perhaps longer. She took a kindly interest in the young man, and was glad to hear that he had improved his position and prospects during his absence. He rarely found sympathy anywhere, and indeed needed very little of it. But he was capable of impulse, and he had long ago decided that Francesca was good, discreet, and kind. He answered her questions readily enough, and his still face warmed a little while she talked with him. She, on her part, could not help being interested in the lonely, hard-working man, who never seemed to need help of any kind, and was climbing through life by the strength of his own hands. There was about him at that time an air of reserved power which interested though it did not attract those who knew him.

Suddenly he asked about Gloria and her husband. There was an odd abruptness in the question, and a hard little laugh, quite unnecessary, accompanied it. Francesca noted the change of manner, and remembered how she had at first conceived the impression that Griggs admired Gloria, but that Gloria was repelled by him.

"I suppose they are radiantly happy," he said.

Francesca hesitated, being truthful by nature, as well as loyal. There was no reason why Griggs should not ask her the question, which was natural enough, but she had many reasons for not wishing to answer it.

"Are they not happy?" he asked quickly, as her silence roused his suspicions.

"I have never heard anything to the con-

trary," answered Francesca, dangerously accurate in the statement.

"Oh!" Griggs uttered the ejaculation in a thoughtful tone, but said no more.

"I hope I have not given you the impression that there is anything wrong," said Francesca, showing her anxiety too much.

"I saw Dalrymple in England," answered Griggs, with ready tact. "He seems very well satisfied with the match. By the by, I dare say you have heard that Dalrymple stands a good chance of dying a peer, if he ever dies at all. With his constitution that is doubtful."

And he went on to explain to Francesca the matter of the Redin title, and that as Dalrymple's elder brother, though married, was childless, he himself would probably come into it some day. Then Griggs took his leave without mentioning Reanda or Gloria again. But Francesca was aware that she had betrayed Reanda's unhappiness to a man who had admired Gloria, and had probably loved her before her marriage. She afterward blamed herself bitterly and very unjustly for what she had done.

Griggs went away, and called soon afterward at the small house in the Macel de' Corvi. He found Gloria alone, and she was glad to see him. She told him that Reanda would also be delighted to hear of his return. Griggs, who wrote about everything which gave him an opportunity of using his very various knowledge, wrote also upon art, and besides the first article he had written about Reanda, more than a year previously, had, since then, in his newspaper correspondence frequently made allusion to the artist's great talent. Reanda was therefore under an obligation to the journalist, and Gloria herself was grateful. Moreover, Englishmen who came to Rome had frequently been to see Reanda's work in consequence of the articles. One old gentleman had tried to induce the artist to paint a picture for him, but had met with a refusal, on the ground that the work at the Palazzetto Borgia would occupy at least another year. The Englishman said he should come back and try again.

Between Griggs and Gloria there was the sort of friendly confidence which could not but exist under the circumstances. She had known him long, and he had been her father's only friend in Rome. She remembered him from the time when she had been a mere child, before her sudden transition to womanhood. She trusted him. She understood perfectly well that he loved her, but she believed that she had it in her power to keep his love as completely in the background as he himself had kept it hitherto. Her instinct told her also that Griggs might be a strong ally in a moment of difficulty. His reserved strength impressed her

even more than it impressed Francesca Campononico. She received him gladly, and told him to come again.

He came, and she asked him to dinner, feeling sure that Reanda would wish to see him. He accepted the first invitation, and another which followed before long. By insensible degrees, during the winter, Griggs became very intimate at the house, as he had been formerly at Dalrymple's lodgings.

"That young man loves you, my dear," said Reanda, one day in the following spring, with a smile which showed how little anxiety he felt.

Gloria laughed gaily, and patted her husband's hand.

"What men like that call love!" she answered. "Besides—a journalist! And hideous as he is!"

"He certainly has not a handsome face," laughed Reanda. "I am not jealous," he added, with sudden gravity. "The man has done much for my reputation, too, and I know what I owe him. I have good reason for wishing to treat him well, and I am all the more pleased if you find him agreeable."

He made the rather formal speech in a decidedly formal tone, and with the unconscious intention of justifying himself in some way, though he was far too simple by nature to suspect himself of any complicated motive. She looked at him, but did not quite understand.

"You surely do not suppose that I ever cared for him!" she said, readily suspecting that he suspected her.

He started perceptibly, and looked into her eyes. She was very truly in earnest, but her exaggerated self-consciousness had given her tone a color which he did not recognize. Some seconds passed before he answered her. Then the gentle light came into his face as he realized how much he loved her.

"How foolish you are, love!" he exclaimed. "But Griggs is younger than I—it would not be so very unnatural if you had cared for him."

She broke out passionately.

"Younger than you! So am I, much younger than you! But you are young, too. I will not have you suggest that you are not young. Of course you are. You are unkind, besides. As though it could make the slightest difference to me if you were a hundred years old! But you do not understand what my love for you is. You will never understand it. I wish I loved you less; I should be happier than I am."

He drew her to him, reluctant, and the pained look which Francesca knew so well came into his face.

"Are you unhappy, my heart?" he asked gently. "What is it, dear? Tell me!"

She was nervous, and the confession or complaint had been unintentional, and the result of irritation more than of anything else. The fact that he had taken it up made matters much worse. She was in that state in which such a woman will make a mountain of a mole-hill rather than forego the sympathy which her constitution needs in a larger measure than her small sufferings can possibly claim.

"Oh, so unhappy!" she cried softly, hiding her face against his coat, and glad to feel the tears in her eyes.

"But what is it?" he asked very kindly, smoothing her auburn hair with one hand, while the other pressed her to him.

As he looked over her head at the wall, his face showed both pain and perplexity. He had not the least idea what to do, except to humor her as much as he could.

"I am so lonely, sometimes!" she moaned. "The days are so long!"

"And yet you do not come and sit with me in the mornings, as you used to do at first." There was an accent of regret in his voice.

"She is always there," said Gloria, pressing her face closer to his coat.

"Indeed she is not!" he cried, and she could feel the little breath of indignation he drew. "I am a great deal alone."

"Not half as much as I am."

"But what can I do?" he asked, in despair. "It is my work. It is her palace. You are free to come and go as you will, and if you will not come —"

"I know, I know," she answered, still clinging to him. "You will say it is my fault. It is just like a man. And yet I know that you are there hour after hour with her, and she is young and beautiful. And she loves you — oh, I know she loves you!"

Reanda began to lose patience.

"How absurd!" he exclaimed. "It is ridiculous. It is an insult to Donna Francesca to say that she is in love with me."

"It is true." Gloria suddenly raised her head, and drew back from him a very little. "I am a woman," she said. "I know and I understand. She meant to sacrifice herself and make you happy by marrying you to me, and now she regrets it. It is enough to see her. She follows you with her eyes as you move, and there is a look in them —"

Reanda laughed with an effort.

"It is altogether too absurd!" he said. "I do not know what to say. I can only laugh."

"Because you know it is true," answered Gloria. "It is for your sake that she has done it all, that she makes such a pretense of being friendly to me, that she pushes us into society,

and brings her friends here to see me. They never come unless she brings them," she added bitterly. "There is no fear of that. The Duchess of Astradente would not have her black horses seen standing in the Macel de' Corvi unless Donna Francesca made her do it, and came with her."

"Why not?" asked Reanda, simply; for his Italian mind did not grasp the false shame which Gloria felt in living in a rather humble neighborhood.

"She would not have people know that she had friends living in such a place," Gloria answered.

Unwittingly she had dealt Reanda a deadly thrust.

He had fallen in love with her, and had married her, on the understanding with himself, so to say, that she was in all respects as much a great lady as Donna Francesca herself; and he had taken it for granted that she must be above such pettiness. The lodging was extremely good, and had the advantage of being very conveniently situated for his work. It had never struck him that because it was in an unfashionable position Gloria could imagine that the people she knew would hesitate to come and see her. Since their marriage she had done and said many little things which had shaken his belief in the thoroughness of her refinement. She had suddenly destroyed that belief, now, by a single foolish speech. It would be hard to build it up again.

Like many men of genius, he could not forgive his own mistake, and Gloria was involved in this one. Moreover, as an Italian, he fancied that she secretly suspected him of meanness; and when Italians are not mean, there is nothing which they resent more than being thought to be so. He had plenty of money, for he had always lived very simply before his marriage, and Dalrymple gave Gloria an allowance.

His tone changed when he answered her, but she was far from suspecting what she had done.

"We will get another apartment at once," he said quietly.

"No," she answered, at once protesting; "you must not do anything of the kind! What an idea! To change our home merely because it is not on the Corso or on the Piazza di Venezia!"

"You would prefer the Corso?" inquired Angelo. "That is natural. It is more gay."

The reflection that the view of the deserted Forum of Trajan was dull suggested itself to him as a Roman, knowing the predilection of Roman women of the middle class for looking out of the window.

"It is ridiculous!" cried Gloria. "You must not think of it. Besides — the expense —"

"The expense does not enter into the question, my dear," he answered, having fully made up his mind. "You shall not live in a place to which you think your friends may hesitate to come."

"Friends! They are not my friends, and they never mean to be," she replied more hotly. "Why should I care whether they will take the trouble to come and see me or not? Let them stay away if I am not good enough for them. Tell Donna Francesca not to bring them — not to come herself any more. I hate to feel that she is thrusting me down the throat of a society that does not want me. She does it only to put me under an obligation to her. I am sure she talks about me behind my back, and says horrid things —"

"You are very unjust," said Reanda, hurt by the vulgarity of the speech, and deeply wounded in his own pride.

"You defend her! You see!" And the color rose in Gloria's cheeks.

"She has done nothing that needs defense. She has acted always with the greatest kindness to me and to us. You have no right to suppose that she says unkind things of you when you are not present. I cannot imagine what has come over you to-day. It must be the weather. It is sirocco."

Gloria turned away angrily, thinking that he was laughing at her, whereas the suggestion about the weather was a perfectly natural one in Rome, where the southeast wind has an undoubted effect upon the human temper.

But the seeds of much discussion were sown on that close spring afternoon. Reanda was singularly tenacious of small purposes, as he was of great ideas where his art was concerned; and his nature, though gentle, was unforgiving, not out of hardness, but because he was so sensitive that his illusions were easy to destroy.

He went out, and forthwith began to search for an apartment of which his wife should have no cause to complain. In the course of a week he found what he wanted. It was a part of the second floor of one of the palaces on the Corso, not far from the Piazza di Venezia. It was partly furnished, and without speaking to Gloria he had it made comfortable within a few days. When it was ready he gave her short warning that they were to move immediately.

Strange to say, Gloria was very much displeased, and did not conceal her annoyance. She really liked the small house in the Macel de' Corvi, and resented the way in which her husband had taken her remarks about the situation. To tell the truth, Reanda had deceived himself with the idea that she would be delighted with the change, and had spent money rather lavishly, in the hope of giving

her a pleasant surprise. He was proportionately disappointed by her unexpected displeasure.

"What was the use of spending so much money?" she asked, with a discontented face. "People will not come to see us because we live in a fine house."

"I did not take the house with that intention, my dear," said Reanda, gently, but wounded and repelled by the remark and the tone.

"Well, then, we might have stayed where we were," she answered. "It was much cheaper, and there was more sun for the winter."

"But this is gayer," objected Reanda. "You have the Corso under the window."

"As though I looked out of the window!" exclaimed Gloria, scornfully. "It was so nice — our little place there."

"You are hard to please, my dear," said the artist, coldly.

Then she saw that she had hurt him, which she had not meant to do. Her own nature was self-conscious and greedy of emotion, but not sensitive. She threw her arms around him, and kissed him, and thanked him.

But Reanda was not satisfied. Day by day when Francesca looked at him she saw the harassed expression deepening in his face, and she felt that every furrow was scored in her own heart. And she, in her turn, grew very grave and thoughtful.

XXV.

PAUL GRIGGS was a man compounded of dominant qualities and dormant contradictions of them which threatened at any moment to become dominant in their turn for a time. He himself almost believed that he had two separate individualities, if not two distinct minds.

It may be doubted whether it can be good for any man to dwell long upon such an idea in connection with himself, however distinctly he may see in others the foundation of truth on which it rests. To Griggs, however, it presented itself so clearly that he found it impossible not to take it into consideration in the more important actions of his life. The two men were very sharply distinguished in his thoughts. The one man would do what the other would not. The other could think thoughts above the comprehension of the first.

The one was material, keen, strong, passionate, and selfish; preëminently adapted for hard work; conscientious in the force of its instinct to carry out everything undertaken by it to the very end, and judging that whatever it undertook was good and worth finishing; having something of the nature of a strong piece of clockwork which, being wound up, must run to

the utmost limit before stopping, whether regulated to move fast or slow, with a fateful certainty independent of will; possessed of such uncommon strength as to make it dangerous if opposed while moving, and at the same time having an extraordinary inertia when not wound up to do a certain piece of work; self-reliant to a fault, as the lion is self-reliant in the superiority of physical endowment; gentle when not opposed, because almost incapable of action without a determinate object and aim, but developing an irresistible momentum when the inertia was overcome; thorough, in the sense in which the tide is thorough, in rising evenly and all at the same time, and as ruthless as the tide, because it was that part of the whole man which was a result, and which, therefore, when once set in motion was almost beyond his control; reasonable only because, as a result, it followed its causes logically, and required a real cause to move it at first.

The other man in him was very different, almost wholly independent of the first, and very generally in direct conflict with it, at that time. It was an imaginative and meditative personality, easily deceived into assuming a false premise, but logical beyond all liability to deception when reasoning from anything it had accepted. Its processes were intuitively correct and almost instantaneous, while its assumptions were arbitrary in the extreme. It might begin to act at any point whatsoever, and unlike the material man, which required a will to move it at first, it struck spontaneously with the directness of straight lightning from one point to another, never misled in its path, though often fatally mistaken in the value of the points themselves.

Most men who have thought much, wisely or foolishly, and who have seen much, good or bad, are more or less conscious of their two individualities. Idle and thoughtless people are not, as a rule. With Griggs the two were singularly distinct and independent. Sometimes it seemed to him that he sat in judgment, as a third person, between them. At other moments he felt himself wholly identified with the one, and painfully aware of the opposition of the other. The imaginative part of him despised the material part for its pride of life and lust of living. The material part laughed to scorn the imaginative one for its false assumptions and unfounded beliefs. When he could abstract himself from both, he looked upon the intuitive personality as being himself in every true sense of the word, and upon the material man as a monstrous overgrowth and encumbrance upon his more spiritual self.

When he began to love Gloria Dalrymple, she appealed to both sides of his nature. For once the spiritual instinct coincided with the

direction given to the material man by a very earthly passion.

The cause of this was plain enough, and altogether simple. The spiritual instinct had taken the lead. He had known Gloria before she had been a woman to be loved. The maiden genius of the girl had spoken to the higher man from a sphere above material things, and had created in him one of those assumed premises for subsequent spiritual intuition from which he derived almost the only happiness he knew. Then, all at once, the woman had sprung into existence, and her young beauty had addressed itself to the young gladiator with overwhelming force. The woman fascinated him, and the angelic being his imagination had assumed in the child still enchanted him.

He was not like Reanda; for his sensitiveness was one-sided, and therefore only half vulnerable. Gloria's faults were insignificant accidents of a general perfectness, the result of having arbitrarily assumed a perfect personality. They could not make the path of his spiritual intuitive love waver, and they produced no effect at all against his direct material passion. To destroy the prime beautiful illusion something must take place which would upset the mistaken assumption from a point beyond it, so to say. As for the earthly part of his love, it was so strong that it might well stand alone even if the other should disappear altogether.

Then came honor, and the semi-religious morality of the man, defending the woman against him for the sake of the angel he saw through her. Chief of all in her defense stood his own conviction that she did not love him, and never would, nor ever could. To all intents and purposes, too, he had been her father's friend, though between the two men there had been little but the similarity of their gloomy characters. It was the will of the material man to be governed; and as no outward influence set it in motion, it remained inert, in unstable equilibrium, as a vast boulder may lie for ages on the very edge of a precipice, ready, but not inclined to fall. There was fatality in its stillness, and in the certainty that if moved it must crash through everything it met.

Gloria had not the least understanding of the real man. She thought about him often during the months which followed his return, and a week rarely passed in which she did not see him two or three times. Her thoughts of him were too ignorant to be confused. She was conscious, rather than aware, that he loved her; but it seemed quite natural to her, at her age, that he should never express his love by any word or deed.

But she compared him with her husband, innocently and unconsciously, in matters where comparison was almost unavoidable. His leo-

nine strength of body impressed her strongly, and she felt his presence in the room even when she was not looking at him. Reanda was physically a weak and nervous man. When he was painting, the movements of his hand seemed to be independent of his will, and guided by a superior unseen power rather than directed by his judgment and will. Paul Griggs never made the slightest movement which did not strike Gloria as the expression of his will to accomplish something. He was wonderfully skilful with his hands. Whatever he meant to do, his fingers did, forthwith, unhesitatingly. His mental processes were similar, so far as she could see. If she asked him a question, he answered it categorically and clearly if he was able. If not, he said so, and relapsed into silence, studying the problem, or trying to force his memory to recall a lost item. Reanda, on the other hand, answered most questions with the expression of a vague opinion, often right, but apparently not founded on anything particular. The accuracy of Griggs sometimes irritated the artist perceptibly in conversation; but he took an interest in what Griggs wrote, and made Gloria translate many of the articles to him, reading aloud in Italian from the English. Strange to say, they pleased him for the very qualities which he disliked in the man's talk. The Italian mind, when it has developed favorably, is inclined to specialism rather than to generalization, and Griggs wrote of many things as though he were a specialist. He had enormous industry and great mechanical power of handling language.

"I have no genius," he said one day to Gloria, when she had been admiring something he had written, and using the extravagant terms of praise which rose easily to her lips. "Your husband has genius, but I have none. Some day I shall astonish you all by doing something very remarkable. But it will not be a work of genius."

It was in the late autumn days, more than a year and a half after Gloria's marriage. The southeast wind was blowing down the Corso, and the pavements were yellow and sticky with the moistened sand-blast from the African desert. At such times the grains of sand are really found in the air. It is said that the undoubted effect of the sirocco on the temper of southern Italy is due to the irritation caused by inhaling the fine particles with the breath. Something there is in that special wind which changes the tempers of men and women very suddenly and strangely.

Gloria and her companion were seated in the drawing-room that afternoon, and the window was open. The wind stirred the white curtains, and now and then blew them inward, and twisted them round the inner ones, which were of a dark gray stuff with broad brown vel-

vet bands, in a fashion then new. Gloria had been singing, and sat leaning sideways on the desk of the grand piano. A tall red Bohemian glass stood beside the music on one of the little sliding shelves meant for the candles, and there were a few flowers in it, fresh an hour ago, but now already half withered and drooping under the poisonous breath of the south-east. The warm, damp breeze came in gusts, and stirred the fading leaves and Gloria's auburn hair, and the sheet of music upright on the desk. Griggs sat in a low chair not far from her, his still face turned toward her, his shadowy eyes fixed on her features, his sinewy hands clasped round his crossed knees. The nature of the great athlete showed itself even in repose—the broad, dark throat set deep in the chest, the square solidity of the shoulders, the great curved lines along the straightened arms, the small, compact head, with its close, dark hair, bent somewhat forward in the general relaxation of the resting muscles. In his complete immobility there was the certainty of instant leaping and flash-like motion which one feels rather than sees in the sleeping lion.

Gloria looked at him thoughtfully with half-closed lids.

"I shall surprise you all," he repeated slowly, "but it will not be genius."

"You will not surprise me," Gloria answered, still meeting his eyes. "As for genius, what is it?"

"It is what you have when you sing," said Griggs. "It is what Reanda has when he paints."

"Then why not what you do when you write?"

"The difference is simple enough. Reanda does things well because he cannot help it. When I do a thing well, it is because I work so hard at it that the thing cannot help being done by me. Do you understand?"

"I always understand what you tell me. You put things so clearly. Yes; I think I understand you better than you understand yourself."

Griggs looked down at his hands, and was silent for a moment. Mechanically he moved his thumb from side to side, and watched the knot of muscle between it and the forefinger as it swelled and disappeared with each contraction.

"Perhaps you do understand me—perhaps you do," he said at last. "I have known you a long time. It must be four years at least—ever since I first came here to work. It has been a long piece of life."

"Indeed it has," Gloria answered; and a moment later she sighed.

The wind blew the sheet of music against her. She folded it impatiently, threw it aside, and resumed her position, resting one elbow on

the narrow desk. The silence lasted several seconds, and the white curtains flapped softly against the heavy ones.

"I wonder whether you understand my life at all," she said presently.

"I am not sure that I do. It is a strange life, in some ways,—like yourself."

"Am I strange?"

"Very."

"What makes you think so?"

Again he was silent for a time. His face was very still. It would have been impossible to guess from it that he felt any emotion at the moment.

"Do you like compliments?" he asked abruptly.

"That depends upon whether I consider them compliments or not," she answered, with a little laugh.

"You are a very perfect woman in very imperfect surroundings," said Griggs.

"That is not a compliment to the surroundings, at all events. I do not know whether to laugh or not. Shall I?"

"If you will. I like to hear you laugh."

"You should hear me cry!" And she laughed again at herself.

"God forbid!" he said gravely.

"I do sometimes," she answered; and her face grew suddenly sad as he watched her.

He felt a quick pain for her in his heart.

"I am sorry you have told me so," he said. "I do not like to think of it. Why should you cry? What have you to cry for?"

"What should you think?" she asked lightly, though no smile came with the words.

"I cannot guess. Tell me. It is because you still wish to be a singer? Is that it?"

"No; that is not it."

"Then I cannot guess. He looked for the answer in her face. "Will you tell me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Of what use could it be?" Her eyes met his for a moment, the lids fell, and she turned away. "Will you shut the window?" she said suddenly. "The wind blows the things about. Besides, it is getting late."

He rose, and went to the window. She watched him as he shut it, turning his back to her, so that his figure stood out distinct and black against the light. She realized what a man he was. With those arms and those shoulders he could do anything, as he had once caught her in the air and saved her life, and then, again, as he had broken the cords that night at Mendoza's house. There was nothing physical which such a man could not do. He was something on which to rely in her limited life, an absolute contrast to her husband, whose vagueness irritated her, while his deadness of sensibility, when she had wrung his sensitive-

ness too far, humiliated her in her own eyes. She had kept her secret long, she thought, though she had kept it for the simple reason that she had had no one in whom to confide.

Griggs came back from the window, and sat down near her again in the low chair, looking up into her face.

"Mr. Griggs," she said, turning from his eyes and looking into the piano, "you asked me a question just now. I should like to answer it if I were quite sure of you."

"Are you not sure of me?" he asked. "I think you might be by this time. We were just saying that we had known each other so long."

"Yes; but—all sorts of things have happened in that time, you know. I am not the same as I was when I first knew you."

"No; you are married. That is one great difference."

"Too great," said she. "Honestly, do you think me improved since my marriage?"

"Improved? No. Why should you improve? You are just what you were meant to be, as you always were."

"I know. You called me a perfect woman a little while ago, and you said my surroundings were imperfect. You must have meant that they did not suit me, or that I did not suit them. Which was it?"

"They ought to suit you," said Griggs. "If they do not, it is not your fault."

"But I might have done something to make them suit me. I sometimes think that I have not treated them properly."

"Why should you blame yourself? You did not make them, and they cannot unmake you. You have a right to be yourself. Everybody has. It is the first right. Your surroundings owe you more than you owe to them, because you are what you are, and they are not what they ought to be. Let them bear the blame. As for not treating them properly, no one could accuse you of that."

"I do not know—some one might. People are so strange, sometimes."

She stopped, and he answered nothing. Looking down into the open piano, she idly watched the hammers move as she pressed the keys softly with one hand.

"Some people are just like this," she said, smiling, and repeating the action. "If you touch them in a certain way, they answer. If you press them gently, they do not understand. Do you see? The hammer comes just up to the string, and then falls back again without making any noise. I suppose those are my surroundings. Sometimes they answer me, and sometimes they do not. I like things I can be sure of."

"And by things you mean people," suggested Griggs.

"Of course."

"And by your surroundings you mean — what?"

"You know," she answered in a low voice, turning her face still farther away from him.

"Reanda?"

She hesitated for a moment, knowing that her answer must have weight on the man.

"I suppose so," she said at last. "I ought not to say so — ought I? Tell me the truth."

"The truth is, you are unhappy," he answered slowly. "There is no reason why you should not tell me so. Perhaps I might help you, if you would let me."

He almost regretted that he had said so much, little as it was. But she had wished him to say it, and more also. Still turning from him, she rested her chin in her hand. His face was still, but there was the beginning of an expression in it which she had never seen. Now that the window was shut it was very quiet in the room, and the air was strangely heavy and soft and dim. Now and then the panes rattled a little. Griggs looked at the graceful figure as Gloria sat thinking what she should say. He followed the lines till his eyes rested on what he could see of her averted face. Then he felt something like a sharp, quick blow at his temples, and the blood rose hot to his throat. At the same instant came the bitter little pang he had known long, telling him that she had never loved him, and never could.

"Are you really my friend?" she asked softly.

"Yes." The word almost choked him, for there was not room for it and for the rest.

She turned quietly, and surveyed the marble mask with curious inquiry.

"Why do you say it like that," she asked — "as though you would rather not? Do you grudge it?"

"No." He spoke barely above his breath.

"How you say it!" she exclaimed, with a little laugh that could not laugh itself out, for there was a strange tension in the air, and on her and on him. "You might say it better," she added, the pupils of her eyes dilating a little so that the room looked suddenly larger and less distinct.

She knew the sensation of coming emotion, and she loved it. She had never thought before that she could get it by talking with Paul Griggs. He did not answer her.

"Perhaps you meant it," she said presently.

"I hardly know. Did you?"

"Please be reasonable," said Griggs, indistinctly, and his hands gripped each other on his knees.

"How oddly you talk!" she exclaimed.

"What have I said that was unreasonable?"

She felt that the emotion she had expected was slipping from her, and her nerves unconsciously resented the disappointment. She was out of temper in an instant.

"You cannot understand," he answered.

"There is no reason why you should. Forgive me. I am nervous to-day."

"You? Nervous?" She laughed again, with a little scorn. "You are not capable of being nervous."

She was dimly aware that she was provoking him to something, she knew not what, and that he was resisting her. He did not answer her last words. She went back to the starting-point again, dropping her voice to a sadder key.

"Honestly, will you be my friend?" she asked, with a gentle smile.

"Heart and soul — and hand, too, if you want it," he said; for he had recovered his speech. "Tell me what the trouble is. If I can, I will take you out of it."

It was rather an odd speech, and she was struck by the turn of the phrase, which expressed more strength than doubt of power to do anything he undertook.

"I believe you could," she said, looking at him. "You are so strong. You could do anything."

"Things are never so hard as they look, if one is willing to risk everything," he answered. "And when one has nothing to lose," he added, as an afterthought.

She sighed, and turned away again, half satisfied.

"There is nothing to risk," she said. "It is not a case of danger. And you cannot take my trouble and tear it up like a pack of cards with those hands of yours. I wish you could. I am unhappy — yes, I have told you so. But what can you do to help me? You cannot make my surroundings what they are not, you know."

"No — I cannot change your husband," said Griggs.

She started a little, but still looked away.

"No; you cannot make him love me," she said softly and sadly.

The big hands lost their hold on each other, and the deep eyes opened a little wider. But she was not watching him.

"Do you mean to say —" He stopped.

She slowly bent her head twice, but said nothing.

"Reanda does not love you?" he said, in wondering interrogation. "Why, I thought —" He hesitated.

"He cares no more for me than — that!" The hand that stretched toward him across the open piano tapped the polished wood once, and sharply.

"Are you in serious earnest?" asked Griggs, bending forward, as though to catch her first look when she should turn.

"Does any one jest about such things?" He could just see that her lips curled a little as she spoke.

"And you—you love him still?" he asked, with pressing voice.

"Yes—I love him. The more fool I!"

The words did not grate on him, as they would have jarred on her husband's ear. The myth he had imagined made perfections of the woman's faults.

"It is a pity," he said, resting his forehead in his hand. "It is a deadly pity."

Then she turned at last, and saw his attitude.

"You see," she said. "There is nothing to be done. Is there? You know my story now. I have married a man I worship, and he does not care for me. Take it, and twist it as you may, it comes to that, and nothing else. You can pity me, but you cannot help me. I must bear it as well as I can, and as long as I must. It will end some day—or I will make it end."

"For God's sake do not talk like that!"

"How should I talk? What should I say? Is it of any use to speak to him? Do you think I have not begged him, implored him, besought him, almost on my knees, to give up that work, and do other things?"

Griggs looked straight into her eyes a moment, and then almost understood what she meant.

"You mean that he—that when he is painting there—" He hesitated.

"Of course. All day long. All the bitter livelong day. They sit together on pretense of talking about it. You know—you can guess at least—it is the old, old story, and I have to suffer for it. She could not marry him—because she is a princess and he an artist—good enough for me—God knows, I love him! Too good for her, ten thousand times too good! But yet not good enough for her to marry! He needed a wife, and she brought us together; and I suppose he told her that I should do very well for the purpose. I was a good subject. I fell in love with him—that was what they wanted. A wife for her favorite! Oh, God! When I think of it—"

She stopped suddenly, and buried her face in both her hands, as she leaned upon the piano.

"It is not to be believed!" The strong man's voice vibrated with the rising storm of anger.

She looked up again with flashing eyes and pale cheeks.

"No!" she cried. "It is not to be believed! But you see it now. You see what it all is, and how my life is wrecked and ruined before it is

half begun. It would be bad enough if I had married him for his fame, for his face, for his money, for anything he has or could have. But I married him because I loved him with all my soul, and worshiped him and everything he did."

"I know. We all saw it."

"Of course—was it anything to hide? And I thought he loved me, too. Do you know?" She grew more calm. "At first I used to go and sit in the hall when he was at work. Then he grew silent, and I felt that he did not want me. I thought it was because he was such a great artist, and could not talk and work, and wanted to be alone. So I stayed away. Then, once, I went there, and she was there, sitting in that great chair—it shows off the innocence of her white face, you know! The innocence of it!" Gloria laughed bitterly. "They were talking when I came, and they stopped as soon as the door opened. I am sure they were talking about me. Then they seemed dreadfully uncomfortable, and she went away. After that I went several times. Once or twice she came in while I was there. Then she did not come any more. He must have told her, of course. He kept looking at the door, though, as if he expected her at any moment. But she never came again in those days. I could not bear it—his trying to talk to me, and evidently wishing all the time that she would come. I gave up going altogether at last. What could I do? It was unbearable. It was more than flesh and blood could stand."

"I do not wonder that you hate her," said Griggs. "I have often thought you did."

Gloria smiled sadly.

"Yes," she answered; "I hate her with all my heart. She has robbed me of the only thing I ever had worth having—if I ever had it. I sometimes wonder—or rather, no,—I do not wonder, for I know the truth well enough. I have been over and over it again and again in the night. He never loved me. He never could love any one but her. He knew her long ago, and has loved her all his life. Why should he put me in her place? He admired me. I was a beautiful plaything—no, not beautiful—" She paused.

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world," said Paul Griggs, with deep conviction.

He saw the blush of pleasure in her face, saw the fluttering of the lids. But he neither knew that she had meant him to say it, nor did he judge of the vast gulf her mind must have instantaneously bridged, from the outpouring of her fancied injuries and of her hatred for Francesca Campodonico to the unconcealable satisfaction his words gave her.

"I have heard him say that, too," she an-

swered, a moment later. "But he did not mean it. He never meant anything he said to me—not one word of it all. You do not know what that means," she went on, working herself back into a sort of despairing anger again. "You do not know. To have built one's whole life on one thing as I did! To have believed only one thing as I did! To find that it is all gone, all untrue, all a wretched piece of acting—oh, you do not know! That woman's face haunts me in the dark—she is always there with him wherever I look, as they are together now at her house. Do you understand? Do you know what I feel? You pity me—but do you know? Oh, I have longed for some one—I have wished I had a dog to listen to me—sometimes—it is so hard to be alone—so very hard—"

She broke off suddenly, and hid her face again.

"You are not alone. You have me—if you will have me."

Before he had finished speaking the few words, the first sob broke, violent, real, uncontrollable. Then came the next, and then the storm of tears. Griggs rose instinctively, and came to her side. He leaned heavily on the piano, bending down a little, helpless, as some men are at such moments. She did not notice him, and her sobs filled the still room. As he stood over her, he could see the bright tears falling upon the black and white ivory keys. He laid his trembling hand upon her shoulder. He could hardly draw his breath for the sight of her suffering.

"Don't—don't!" he said, almost pathetic in his lack of eloquence when he thought he most needed it.

One of her hot hands, all wet with tears, went suddenly to her shoulder, and grasped his that lay there with a convulsive pressure, seeming to draw him down as she bowed herself almost to the keyboard in her agony of weeping. Then, without thought, his other hand, as cold as ice, was under her throat, bringing her head gently back upon his arm, till the white face was turned up to his. Sob by sob, more distantly, the tempest subsided; but still the great tears swelled the heavy lids, and ran down across her face upon his wrist. Then the wet, dark eyes opened and looked up to his, above her head.

"Be my friend!" she said softly, and her fingers pressed his very gently.

He looked down into her eyes for one moment, and then the passion in him got the mastery of his honorable soul.

"How can I?" he cried in a broken, choking voice. "I love you!"

In an instant he was standing up, lifting her high from the floor, and the lips that had per-

haps never kissed for love before were pressed upon hers. What chance had she, a woman, in those resistless arms of his? In her face was the still, fateful look of the dead nun, rising from the far grave of a buried tragedy.

In his uncontrollable passion he crushed her to him, holding her up like a child. She struggled, and freed her hands, and pressed them both upon his two eyes.

"Please—please!" she cried.

There was a pitiful ring in the tone, like the bleating of a frightened lamb. He hurt her, too; for he was overstrong when he was thoughtless.

She cried out to him to let her go. But as she hung there, it was not all fear that she felt. There came with it an uncertain, half-delirious thrill of delight. To feel herself but a feather to his huge strength, swung, tossed, kissed, crushed, as he would. There was fear already, there was all her innocent maiden-like resistance beating against him with might and anger, there was the feminine sense of injury by outrageous violence; but with it all there was also the natural woman's delight in the main strength of the natural man, that could kill her in an instant if he chose, but that could lift her to itself as a little child, and surround her and protect her against the whole world.

"Please—please!" she cried again, covering his fierce eyes and white face with her hands, and trying to push him away. The tone was pathetic in its appeal, and it touched him. His arms relaxed, tightened again with a sort of spasm, and then she found herself beside him on her feet. A long silence followed.

Gloria sank into a chair, glanced at him and saw that his face was turned away, looked down again, and then watched him. His chest heaved once or twice, as though he had run a short, sharp race. One hand grasped the back of a chair as he stood up. All at once, without looking at her, he went to the window, and stood there, looking out, but seeing nothing. The soft, damp wind made the panes of glass rattle. Still neither broke the silence. Then he came to her, and stood before her, looking down, and she looked down, too, and would not see him. She was more afraid of him now than when he had lifted her from her feet, and her heart beat fast. She wondered what he would say, for she supposed that he meant to ask her forgiveness; and she was right.

"Gloria—forgive me!" he said.

She looked up, a little fear of him still in her face.

"How can I?" she asked; but in her voice there was forgiveness already.

Her womanly instinct, though she was so young, told her that the fault was hers, and that considering the provocation it was not a

great one—what were a few kisses, even such kisses as his, in a lifetime? And she had tempted him beyond all bounds, and repented of it. Before the storm she had raised in him her fancied woes sank away and seemed infinitely small. She knew that she had worked herself up to emotion and tears, though not half sure of what she was saying; that she had exaggerated all she knew, and suggested all she did not know; that she had almost been acting a part to satisfy something in her which she could not understand. And by her acting she had roused the savage truth in her very face, and it had swept down everything before it. She had not guessed such possibilities. Before the tempest of his love all she had ever felt or dreamed of feeling seemed colorless and cold. She dreaded to rouse it again, and yet she could never forget the instant thrill that had quivered through her when he had lifted her from her feet.

When she had answered him with her question, he stood still in silence for a moment. She was too perfect in his eyes for him to cast the blame upon her, yet he knew that it had not been all his fault. And in the lower man was the mad triumph of having kissed her and of having told her, once for all, the whole meaning of his being. She looked down, and he could not see her eyes. There was no chair near. To see her face he dropped upon his knee, and lightly touched her hands, which lay idly in her lap. She started, fearing another outbreak.

"Please—please!" he said softly, using the very word she had used to him.

"Yes—but—" She hesitated, and then raised her eyes.

The mask of his face was all softened, and his lips trembled a little. His hands quivered, too, as they touched hers.

"Please!" he repeated. "I promise. Indeed I promise. Forgive me."

She smiled, all at once, dreamily. All his emotion, and her desire for it, were gone.

"I asked you to be my friend," she said. "I meant it, you know. How could you? It was not kind."

"No—but forgive me," he insisted, in a pleading tone.

"I suppose I must," she said at last. "But I shall never feel sure of you again. How can I?"

"I promise. You will believe me, not to-day, perhaps, nor to-morrow, but soon. I will

be just what I have always been. I will never do anything to offend you again."

"You promise me that? Solemnly?" She still smiled.

"Yes; it is a promise. I will keep it. I will be your friend always. Give me something to do for you. It will make it easier."

"What can I ask you to do? I shall never dare to speak to you about my life again."

"I think you will, when you see that I am just as I used to be. And you forgive me, quite?"

"Yes; I must. We must forget to-day. It must be as though it had never happened. Will you forget it?"

"I will try." But of that he knew the utter impossibility.

"If you try, you can succeed. Now get up. Be reasonable."

He took her hand in both of his. She made a movement to withdraw it, and then submitted. He barely touched it with his lips, and rose to his feet instantly.

"Thank you," she said simply.

She had never had such a mastery of charm over him as at that moment. But his mood was changed, and there was no breaking out of the other man in him, though he felt again the quick, sharp throb in the temples, and the rising blood at his throat. The higher self was dominant once more, and the features were as still as a statue's.

He took leave of her very quickly, and went out into the damp street, and faced the gusty southeast wind.

When he was gone, she rose, and went to the window with a listless step, and gazed idly through the glass at the long row of windows in the palace opposite, and then went back and sank down, as though very weary, upon a sofa far from the light. There was a dazed, wondering look in her face, and she sat very still for a long time, till it began to grow dark. In the dusk she rose and went to the piano, and sang softly to herself. Her voice never swelled to a full note, and the chords which her fingers sought were low and gentle and dreamy.

While she was singing, the door opened noiselessly, and Reanda came in, and stood beside her. She broke off, and looked up, a little startled. The same wondering, half-dazed look was in her face. Her husband bent down and kissed her, and she kissed him silently.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.



Beyond the Adriatic by HARRIET W. PRESTON

THIRD PAPER.

WE embarked overnight on the steamer that was to take us from Spalato to Metković, on the frontier of Herzegovina, ten miles inland from the mouth of the river Narenta. Our route lay between the islands and the shore, and the outlines of the latter, below Spalato, were fine and grew constantly finer. The long succession of low, rounded hills, of which we

had often wearied in the upper waters of the Adriatic, now gave place to mountains of undeniable grandeur, springing almost as abruptly from the water-side as the Savoyard Alps rise from the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Culture and verdure extend but a very little way up these huge acclivities from the few and insignificant hamlets huddled be-

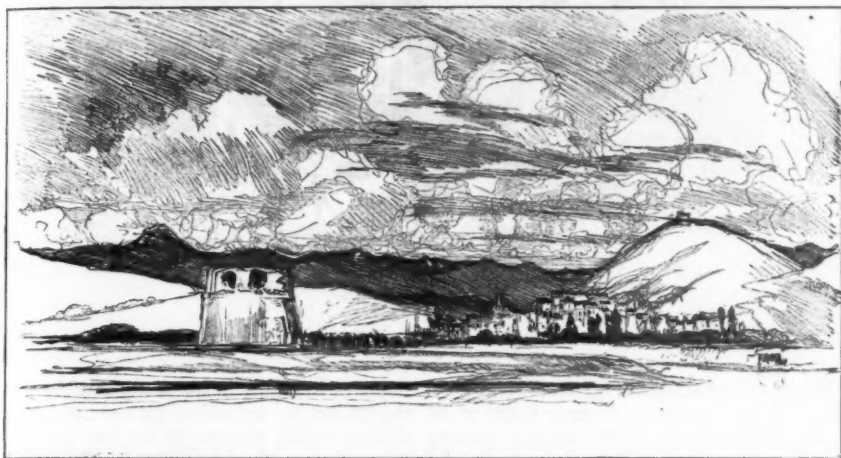


DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ON THE NARENTA.

tween them and the shore; above, the purple shadows of the passing clouds pursue their wayward chase alone. The only town of any importance at which the steamer calls is Makarska, which has a good harbor almost as nearly landlocked as that of Sebenico, whereby it was a famous pirate station for many centuries—from the days of Pompey the Great, in fact, until the eve of our own.

ram and Budapest. The stage navvies rush on board our boat, seize our hand-baggage, and dash with it down a hundred yards of narrow-gage track to where a small station with a deep veranda is poetically placed between a pine-grove and a rose-garden. Having seen our traps deposited here, we sally forth to visit Metković; and since the town lies over the river, we naturally make first of all for the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

METKOVIČ.

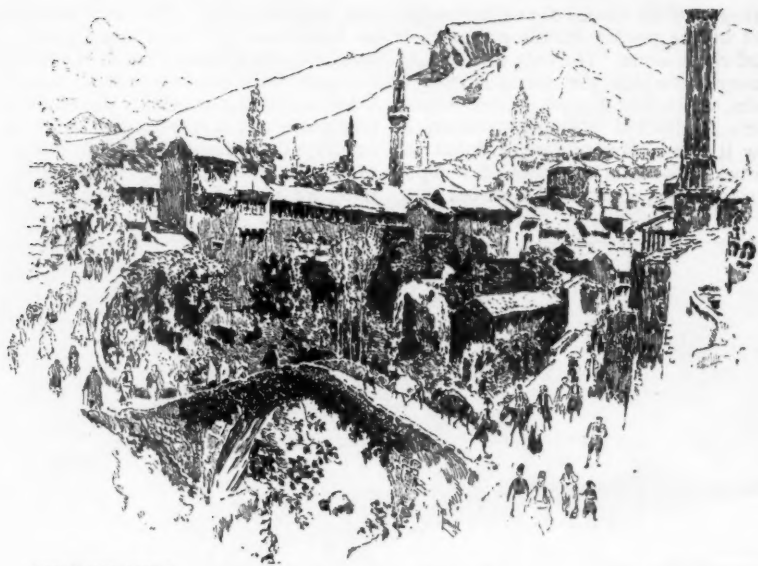
Here, having duly paid our compliments to the shades of the sea-rovers of all time, we descended to the well-appointed and appetizing lunch which is always to be had on a boat of the Austrian Lloyd; and while we were discussing it the steamer turned into the Narenta, so that we found the scene changed as if by magic when we reappeared on deck. Again one is reminded of Savoy and the upper Rhone valley; for a flat, sunny, flowery, and presumably pestiferous, marsh extends on each side of the reedy river to the base of the mountains.

After about an hour of river travel, Metković was discerned crowning a hill to the right; and the last navigable stretch of the stream accomplished, our engines stopped, and the boat was pulled up to an embankment by a troop of most theatrical-looking navvies, with brilliant caps and sashes, who managed in some mysterious way, amid all their pulling, hauling, and gesticulating, to keep their jackets hanging jauntily from their shoulders. The newly completed railway, at the terminus of which we thus find ourselves deposited, leads up the river-valley to the capital of Herzegovina, and thence to that of Bosnia, connecting at the latter (Serájevo) with through lines to Ag-

bridge, whereof Joanne gives in his guide-book a clear and pleasing description. Alas!

Where the laughter that shook the rafter?
Where the rafter, by the way?

It may possibly be that the frail structures, composed seemingly of superannuated hurdles, which now project a little way from each bank into the turbulent stream, once formed a continuous causeway, and that the central portion was swept away by the freshets of yesteryear; but the only feasible mode of transit presented to us consisted of a flat-bottomed boat moored by the hither bank of the stream, and propelled by two stalwart rowers. Into this primitive conveyance had already entered two of our fellow-passengers by the *vapore*—a commercial traveler, nationality not evident, and a slim Austrian lieutenant; and seating ourselves as they had done, we were laboriously pulled over the Narenta, to the tune of the commercial gentleman's muffled and plaintive remonstrances. For the wind was brisk, and the craft bobbed merrily, and the color of the little man's cheeks presently vied with that of the water. "*Lente, lente; so male,*" he pleaded, while the boatmen grinned, and slightly increased their exertions.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MINARETS OF MOSTAR.

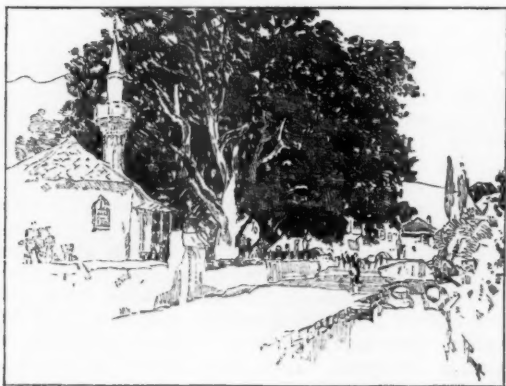
We exhausted Metković in about twenty minutes, and there were four whole hours to be disposed of before we could take the evening train for the capital of Herzegovina. It had been a question whether we should allow ourselves this brief divagation from our main route; but the fascinating fame of the mainly Mohammedan little city, a very outpost of the East, where the children of the Prophet have held their own with peculiar tenacity, proved too strong to be resisted, and none of us, I think, will ever regret anything less than our flying visit to Mostar among the mountains.

Pacing the river-bank in the declining after-

noon, or lounging in the pretty shrubberies of the station, we arrived at the unanimous conclusion, which we pass on for the encouragement of those who may follow us, that however uninteresting as a town Metković may be, the dire tales told of its insalubrity must be greatly exaggerated. No doubt it was bad enough in times not very old, but now that the bed of the river has been confined by solid embankments, and the wide intervalle at this point thoroughly ditched and drained, and converted into one enormous wheat-field, there can be no serious trouble from malaria; nor did we see a single face with the unmistakable fever-mark upon it.

The view over the reclaimed plain on the right-hand bank of the river was not without a certain charm: a sea-like level of green, rippling grain, lines of feathery young poplars along the straight water-courses, wattled huts here and there for the housing of the crop, with a steep mountain barrier encircling all. It was exactly, so our own artist said, like a reproduction in miniature of the central Transylvanian plain.

Our train took its time about starting, as trains and men are wont to do where there is no competition. It stood ready for full three quarters of an hour beside the vine-draped station before the pompous little guard would consent to pull the tongue of the station bell, and un-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"MOSQUES . . . SHADY WITH TALL TREES." (MOSTAR.)



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE OLD BRIDGE, MOSTAR.

lock the doors of either first, second, third, or fourth-class carriages. These last were mere unfurnished boxes, but what did that matter to the swarthy, long-limbed beings, clad with startling simplicity in red turbans and short white cotton pajamas, who squatted upon their heels along the platform outside, and awaited the guard's pleasure "in patient, deep disdain" of this new, noisy, clumsy contrivance for locomotion of the uneasy Western mind? We were indeed upon the confines of a new world.

Pulling slowly up the ever-narrowing river-valley, with the light of the May moon glinting through oak and chestnut boughs upon the limpid surface of the Narenta and the white cascades of all its tributary brooks, we halted at last in a place of orchards and gardens, where the night air was perfumed with syringa and full-blown roses. Our first impressions of Mostar were confused, but happy. Though it was now late, the people seemed to be all awake and abroad, and the place was wonderfully illuminated for a remote little mountain town. They asked for our passports at the station gate,—it was the first time they had been demanded,—but it seemed a mere formality, and we were presently whirled across a long bridge above

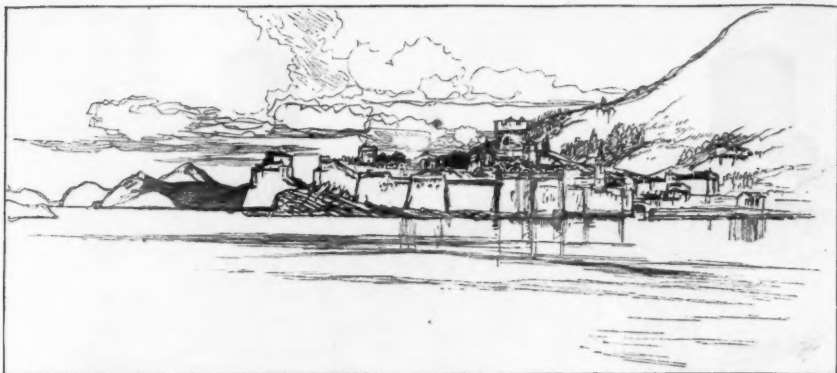
a deafening rush of water, and set down at the entrance of a huge, new, and rather disgustingly smart hotel.

We had telegraphed for rooms, and were therefore disposed at the first blush rather to resent the proposition that we two should ascend to the very top of this pretentious caravansary, while our own artist accepted lodgment for the night in a commodious bath-tub upon the *piano nobile*. But we were mollified when the anxious and plainly half-distracted landlady explained to us, in a queer variety of German, that she had both a "Hoheit" and an "Excellenz," with their suites, among her guests



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"LOW STRUCTURES OF A PERFECTLY ORIENTAL CHARACTER." (MOSTAR.)



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"A LITTLE CITY OF THE PAST."

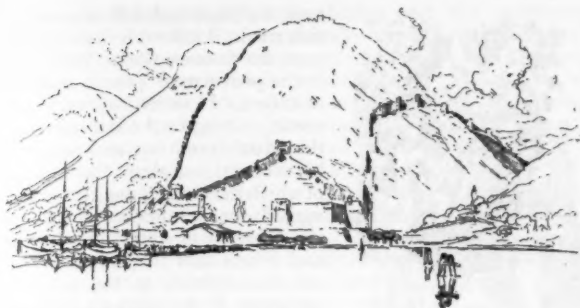
that night, and "*natürlich!*"—The Hoheit proved to be the old Archduke Albrecht, and the Excellenz a great military personage on a tour of inspection; and their presence amply explained the phenomenal stir and brilliancy which we had noted outside. We were glad, moreover, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience, that our visit should have coincided with theirs, when we awoke next morning, and threw open the round attic windows, which appeared about as large as port-holes when viewed from the ground, but which admitted great drafts of mountain air, and framed our matchless outlook in the most artistic manner.

But how describe, in the trite language of conventional prose, the view we saw? Mostar would be a sensation any day; but Mostar *en fête*, under the sapphire skies of May, is a thing never to be forgotten. Down through the middle of the picture dashed the Narenta, storming and foaming between the massive piers of the bridge at our feet, swirling and swerving in all the beauty of its original and self-sought curves—clear green and white from the perpetual snows of the interior mountains. The immediate borders of the stream upon each hand have all their native wildness of abrupt or shelving rocks, leaping cascades and leaning trees, white masses of cornel and



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE APPROACH TO RAGUSA.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

STAGNO GRANDE.

elder-flower, full drapery of blossoming vines. The town is rather crowded between the left bank of the river and the base of the mountains, but on the other side there is a mile or so of rich, open plain, dotted with farmsteads and crossed by shady avenues leading to the fine post-road which mounts the western hills, and by which you may drive, if you will, to Sinj and Knin. The well-to-do inhabitants of Mostar live mostly on this latter side, and the old-fashioned dwellings of gray stone are low and plain, and roofed with lozenge-shaped flags; but even the simplest have always a veranda and a bit of garden and an over-shadowing tree. Along the new bridge and over both halves of the town the gayest of bunting was flying: the yellow and black of Austria, the orange and deep red of Herzegovina, with hundreds of lesser streamers, white, scarlet, and pale blue. Yet all this fluttering of ephemeral rainbows appeared only to enhance the curiously solemn and striking effect of the twenty or more pallid minarets of time-worn stone which one could see springing skyward above the tiled roofs at various points on each side of the valley vista. The mosques to which these minarets appertain are for the most part ancient and humble, and wholly without architectural significance; but the high-walled inclosures in which they stand are shady with tall trees, and their deep porches are often painted with quaint arabesques.

Going out for our first morning stroll, we found the main commercial street of Mostar profusely adorned, not with flags only, but with garlands of roses and oleander, as well as a dazzling display of Oriental rugs hung out from window and balcony; while the costumes of the crowd that surged along the narrow way vied in gorgeousness with these rich decorations. There are some blocks of modern buildings in the vicinity of the hotel,

and more are going up; but they soon give place to low structures of a perfectly Oriental character, with projecting upper stories and closely latticed windows, the ground floors consisting always of a row of tiny shops, from each of which the whole front is removed every morning, like a kind of comprehensive shutter. In the square of darkness thus disclosed mechanics or shopmen sit cross-leg-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BY THE PORTA FLOCCIE, RAGUSA.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY GATE, RAGUSA.

ged, smoking, or drinking black coffee out of tiny enameled cups, and plying his trade, or dispassionately offering his wares in the intervals of these more absorbing occupations. High up on the hillside to your left, as you meander down this bewildering thoroughfare, you can see the dome and towers of the great Greek cathedral, backed by a chestnut grove, and a little farther on, the belfry of the one Latin church; while if you follow the same highway to the confines of the town, you will be somewhat abruptly reminded of the end of all earthly things. For here, with only a few black cypresses growing in its inclosure, stands a venerable mosque; and beyond it, on each side of the road for a good half-mile, the ground is one sad, neglected waste of briers, thistles, and unmown grass, all bristling with the insignificant stone pillars which mark the resting-places of the Mohammedan dead.

It is a depressing sight, and we gladly turn our backs upon it, and proceed to explore the ancient and exceedingly quaint bazaar of Mostar, where every conceivable trade is carried on, the green-grocer succeeding the goldsmith, and the shoemaker's last the potter's wheel. Beyond this curious congeries of low arcades and miniature shops lies the chief architectural wonder of the town—the enormous old single-arched bridge, defended by towers at each extremity, with a span of a hundred feet, and a height above the water-level of about sixty. The history of this amazing monument, which for bold-

ness of design and skill of construction rivals, if indeed it does not surpass, the famous Ponte Maddalena in the province of Lucca, is almost unknown. It bears an Arabic date corresponding to the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and two Turkish inscriptions, about the meaning of which the learned are by no means agreed: for some find it recorded that the bridge was wholly constructed, and others that it was rebuilt upon old foundations, at the period in question. If the latter are right, the foundations are probably Roman; but they do not look so, and it is almost certain that there was never a Roman town upon this site. It would indeed be hard to find another state capital at once so appealing to the imagination in its aspect, and so

lightly encumbered with authentic history, as Mostar, and this may be one secret of its extraordinary charm. Stephen, the first independent duke of Herzegovina, owed feudal service to the sovereign of Bosnia, but is thought to have compounded with the Turks for the immunity of his province, and certainly paid tribute to the sultan. He ruled his little realm with marked ability until his death in 1466, after which it lapsed to the sultan, and continued for many years to be reckoned as a Turkish province.

We were not inclined to attempt the climb to either of the new Austrian fortresses which occupy the heights immediately above the town on each hand; and when weary with our fascinating wanderings, we could always leave our happy artist at his work, and go back to our high post of observation in the Hotel Narenta. Here, sitting down before our round windows, in the best imitation we could manage of the native's favorite posture, and each armed with a good opera-glass, we could watch the endless



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WATER GATE, RAGUSA.

procession crossing the Franz Josef bridge, and take in every detail of its wonderfully varied apparel. For here came stately old Mohammedans, plainly men of traditions and of substance, with silvery beards, and delicately folded white turbans, sashes of rainbow-hued silks, full trousers, and long, fur-bordered paletots of peculiarly fine cloth, in the most beautiful shades of green, brown, or blue. Here came women in flat-soled yellow boots, muffled to the crown in flowing white or black drapery, which was lifted a little way from the forehead and eyes by a gold or silver vizor. Here came little school-girls in long, fluttering trousers of the gayest silk or cotton,—preferably pink,—with curious short jackets trimmed with gold braid, and fastened tightly just below the armpits. A group of youths, brown, thin, and well-featured, would follow, swinging their shapely limbs in the freest manner, wearing dark-red fezzes and sashes, and close-clinging skirts of striped orange and white. And to these would succeed a drove of white oxen, or a troop of variously laden donkeys, driven by peasants from Bosnia, in the dress with which we had become familiar at Sinj, or by natives in that same airy kind of pajama which we had observed at the Metković station.

At the opposite extremity of the bridge from the hotel was a little square with a fountain, one side of which was occupied by one of the most frequented of all the mosques; and we could see the old men bring their praying-rugs, and drop under the shadow of the wall, and at the appointed hour the muezzin emerge upon the dizzy little gallery, and turn successively to the four points of the compass, making a trumpet with his hands in the way that sailors do. But the sound of his impressive call was oftenest carried away by the breeze, or drowned by the rush of the river.

Sharp features of modern life did indeed obtrude themselves from time to time amid all this imagery of the East and the past, with an effect of rather ribald pleasantry. Thus, exactly opposite a Mohammedan school-house, outside which all the pupils' little shoes were reverently deposited, and through the open windows of which came the droning sound of young voices reciting the Koran (exactly as the school-boys of Fez used to do in the days of Nicholas Clanerts), there was an agency for the sale of sewing-machines and petroleum stoves. And when it came to taking down the profuse decorations of the streets, and laying them away for the Hoheit's next visit, a man was rolled about upon a fire-escape—which was really rather a clever idea.

How many days did we stay in Mostar? I really cannot say. I only know that we were sorrowful to leave it at the sacred hour of sun-

rise, on May 19, and retrace our steps down the river-valley to commonplace Metković.

At Metković it was no spacious Austrian Lloyd on which we embarked, but a tiny steamer whose deck was furnished with the narrowest of benches, and whose first-class saloon could with difficulty accommodate eight per-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NARROW STREET, RAGUSA.

sons at table. The tall, white-bearded captain was of a social turn, and seemed to know every port of the world from Canada to Tasmania. He had been three times in "Nuova Yorka," but was shy about using the English which he had picked up there, remarking modestly that it was "English of the ships, not of the books." It seemed a rather "somber close" to his adventurous day that he should be spending his last years in taking this insignificant tub four times a week back and forth over forty miles of Adriatic seaway; but to judge by the tales he told us over our midday meal, even this sheltered voyage is no joke in winter, and we were doubly glad, as we listened, of our glassy sea. We were now in the deep bay which di-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE RECTOR'S PALACE, RAGUSA.

vides the long promontory of Sabioncello from the mainland, and we kept up a perpetual zig-zag between the small ports on each hand. Noon was well passed before we reached the head of the bay, where half a dozen houses, huddled round the base of a ruined castle, constitute the village of Stagno Piccolo. Here the voyager must disembark, and, leaving his luggage to be conveyed by the most leisurely of ox-carts, take his own place in a yellow-and-black van, and be rattled over a mile and a half of hilly road to Stagno Grande, on the other side of the isthmus which unites Sabioncello to the continent. Here are the remains of a really magnificent medieval fortress, the long lines of the many-towered wall converging to a point high on the hillside above the hamlet. This time, for a wonder, the adjectives are not misapplied: for Stagno the Great must have quite twice as many inhabitants as Stagno the Little, besides a very much larger number of the salt-beds, or *stagni*, which give a name to each village.

At Stagno Grande another steamer awaited us,—no leviathan, but measurably larger than the one we had left,—and on this we presently embarked for the opulent old city of Ragusa, parent of “Argosies,”—or

rather for Gravosa, its principal port. From Stagno Grande we are sailing in hot summer seas, and the coast islands among which we take our devious way are rich with an almost tropical vegetation. First we touch at pretty San Lucca, upon Giappana; then at little Mezzo, on the island of the same name, and far gone on the road to ruin: for once, they say, it had fourteen thousand inhabitants, and now it has about five hundred; yet all its tangled old gardens gush with the gayest flowers, and it is bright and winsome in its decay. From Mezzo the steamer turns to the mainland, and pulls up in the haven of Canosa, a hillside town luxuriantly embowered in varied foliage, and dominated by two gigantic plane-trees, worth a longer voyage than we had made that day to see, even as one sees them from the water; for they were brought hither from Constantinople and planted in the sixteenth century. Six tall men can hardly touch their outstretched hands about the trunk of the larger; and now, in the fullness of their prime, they rival the historic planes of Greece—that which overshadowed the Lyceum at Athens, and the venerable group which Menelaus was said to have planted on his triumphant return from Troy.

It is only a few miles hence to Gravosa, where we are to disembark, and the run is quickly made, affording a visionary glimpse up the beautiful Val d'Ombra as we pass the mouth of that strange river. The half-dozen cabmen who are watching upon the quay fight



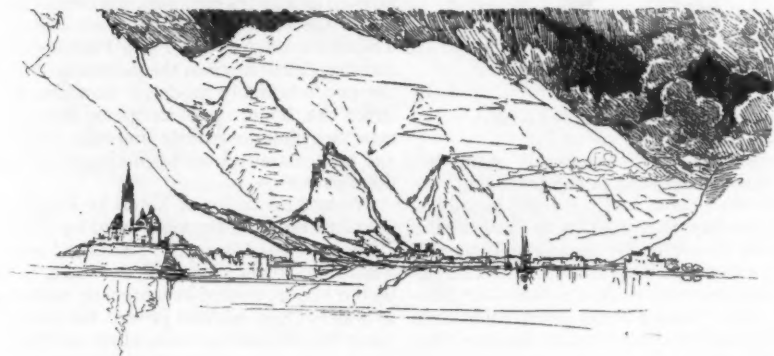
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, RAGUSA.

lustily for the possession of our effects, but cannot mar the sense of dream-like content with which we exchange our weary, watery highway for the delectable mile or two of hilly road between Gravosa and Ragusa. For aloes bristle along our path, tall palms wave their panaches in the intense blue above us, and marble stairways, or steep paths set with cypress, lead up the great hillside from villa to villa, between garden-walls overtopped by pomegranate and oleander flowers. It is like a choice bit of the old Cornice Road; but it leads to something finer, in its way, than all the Mediterranean Riviera has now to show. Reclined upon the mountain-side, with its feet in the sea, there is presently disclosed, by a sudden turn in the road, a perfect little city

platza). On your left is the Franciscan church, with a rich doorway and an exquisitely pillared cloister; on your right, an enormous old marble fountain, circular in shape, and surmounted by a brick dome.

The broad and magnificently paved Plaça, its quadrangular flags all shaped and fitted as if for the marble facing of a palace wall, runs straight before you to the towered Porta Plocce, and is lined on each side with stately stone dwellings, three stories high, having low Pompeian shops upon the street-level, and dormer-windows in the roof, and all built on exactly the same model. These are the palaces par excellence of Ragusa, and their plan of construction was regulated by an edict of the city fathers when the town was rebuilt after the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CASTELNUOVO.

of the past, the amazingly strong and stately cincture of its medieval defenses quite complete, and wearing, in its luxurious isolation, a certain look of patrician *contegno*—a bland indifference to the revolution of the spheres the like of which I have seen in no other town.

Ragusa has only two land gates, one leading east, and one west,—the Porta Plocce and the Porta Pille,—and coming from Gravosa you enter by the latter. The drawbridge has been replaced by an iron viaduct, and the deep, dry moat is all one bowery garden, here veined with white paths and set with ornamental shrubs, there given over to nature's horticulture and the blazing contrast afforded by field-poppies of an abnormal size and depth of color, and masses of the great pale-yellow flowering sage, which grows wild over all this coast, and yields its aromatic fragrance to the scorching sun. Entering, as I have said, by the Porta Pille, you descend by an inclined passage, sharply angled, in the thickness of the wall, and emerge at one end of the imperial main street of Ragusa, commonly called the Plaça (pronounced

terrible earthquake of 1667. Ragusa, be it remembered, though in early times it acknowledged the protectorate now of Hungary and now of Venice, was a completely independent state from 1418 until Napoleon I. made it a duchy and presented it to General Marmont; and the traces one meets on every hand, both in the aspect of its monuments and in the bearing of its people, of an active and splendid civic life, not so very long extinguished, add greatly to that effect of rare distinction which the city produces upon the stranger.

Between every pair of palaces run steeply up to the town wall, on each hand, narrow streets crowded with inferior dwellings, but as full of life and color and picturesque effects as the side streets of Genoa. Once indeed, so tradition affirms, the Plaça was a waterway,—a grand canal with tall structures on both sides,—but that must have been before the great earthquake already mentioned, which made no material impression upon the outer walls of Ragusa, but reduced the heart of the city to one heap of ruin, and killed five thousand of the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"THE INNUMERABLE ZIGZAGS." (CATTARO.)

inhabitants. So large a proportion of the victims of this disaster, and of the preceding visitations of the plague, had belonged to the hereditary nobility, that in order to preserve the balance of power in the State the desperate measure was adopted of raising some hundreds of the burghers to the rank of nobles—a "creation of peers" with a better justification than the furtherance of any mere party measure. But the ill feeling thus engendered among individuals was infinite. The remnant of the decimated class considered itself vastly better, as a matter of course, than the parvenus, and the children of both long continued to wage petty war under the party names of Salamanchisti and Sorbonnisti, the old families having maintained the tradition of sending their sons to Salamanca to be educated, while the new men patronized the Sorbonne.

Two striking architectural monuments of the earlier time have survived the cataclysm of the earthquake. They are the sponza, or custom-house, and the palace of the chief magistrate, or rector, of the Republic of Ragusa. They date from about the same period, and are both exceedingly graceful specimens of what we call Venetian Gothic. The sponza remains quite intact, even to the fine arches of its inner court, each of which bears the name and image of its own patron saint, and leads to a chamber appropriated to a special kind of import; while above the great scales opposite the central door may still be read a Latin inscription to the following rather Pharisical effect, "When I weigh merchandise, God himself holds the balance."

The Palazzo del Rettore, a very splendid civic edifice, was terribly damaged by the explosion of a powder-magazine in 1462; but was so soundly restored that it seems to have suffered little in the great catastrophe; and it also has its courtyard, exceedingly beautiful, somewhat like that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Not many of the old churches of Ragusa resisted the shock of the earthquake; and the present cathedral, a totally uninteresting seventeenth-century structure fronting the rector's palace, replaces, it is said, a votive church built there by Richard Cœur de Lion after he had been shipwrecked upon this coast, and had conceived a kind of romantic predilection for the entire region; and it is a fact for the curious in such matters to note that old St. Paul's in London, another of the lion-hearted monarch's erections, was burned barely a year before this one went down at Ragusa. The clock-tower of the Porta Plocce shows a startling deviation from the perpendicular, and the two admirably modeled manikins which strike the hours upon its green bronze bell raise their hammers a little languidly, as though age and calamity were beginning to tell upon them at last.

We had no choice of hotels at Ragusa, for the picturesque "Miramar," hard by the Porta Pille, was closed for repairs; and the Lacroma, within the town, where we were fain to take up our abode, abused its temporary monopoly, as was but natural, and proved the one place upon the Dalmatian coast where we had reason to complain of extortion. It had the advantage, however, of being close to a café with a broad terrace overshadowed by oleanders, to which we went regularly for our morning and post-prandial coffee, and about which all the stateliest objects in the town seemed to group themselves in the most impressive manner. And lingering here day after day, in the morning coolness or the rich afterglow, we gradually became imbued with the spirit of the place, and found the air and aspect of it strangely stimulating to the fancy. There was a time every evening when the sky above the town used fairly to be darkened by the flight of innumerable swallows, rushing, wheeling, darting, retreating, and calling out all together in the shrillest and most agitated tones. The cheerful idea having occurred to one of us that these were the souls of the unshriven victims of the earthquake let out of their prison for an hour each night and wistfully revisiting their earthly home, it was capped by the suggestion that, to judge by the agonized importunity of their accents, the creatures had come to warn their kindred, if it might be possible, of a similar calamity impending. A happier notion was that of our youngest, that the palace

of the Duke of Illyria, where *Viola* and *Sebastian* played their gracious games, had unquestionably stood upon the legendary Grand Canal of Ragusa, and we wondered that it had never occurred to Mr. Irving or any of his rivals to have studies made upon this spot for a sumptuously realistic setting of "Twelfth Night."

From our private box under the oleanders we also beheld the brave pageant of the Corpus Domini procession, and the hardly less brilliant scene on the day of the municipal elections, where one could see at a glance exactly how parties divided and high political feeling ran. The men in costume (and a good proportion of these,

Our elder artist, the genial doyen of the party, deserted us at Ragusa, at the summons of an Indian comrade, and went back to the flesh-pots of Fiume first, and subsequently to a season of reflection beside the waters of Carlsbad. We went over to Gravosa to see him off, and having regretfully bidden him *bon voyage*, tried to console ourselves for our loss by exploring the Val d'Ombra. The river, which looks more like a broad estuary, is one of several in Dalmatia which break full-grown out of the porous substance of the hills, like the Sorgue in the valley of Vaucluse. The source is only three or four miles inland, and the day



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SOURCE OF THE GORDICCHIO.

in Ragusa, were plainly citizens of wealth and distinction, and most beautiful to behold in their silken sashes and heavy gold embroidery) were all on one side; the Austrian officials and the poor creatures in tweed coats and billycock hats were on the other. We found little enough here of that enthusiasm for the Austrian occupation which we had noted farther north; but instead, signs of an indomitable racial feeling, not scrupling to call itself Illyrian, which plainly remembered the days and ways of freedom, and aspired to bring them back. In this interesting revival of national sentiment the Church appeared fully to share; and detachments of pale young Franciscans, taking a languid constitutional two by two with folded hands, would break ranks abruptly, and rush away pell-mell to read a candidate's manifesto just affixed to a vacant bit of wall; nor did Monsignor himself disdain hobnobbing with the grandest of the crimson-waistcoated gentry upon election day.

VOL. L.—17.

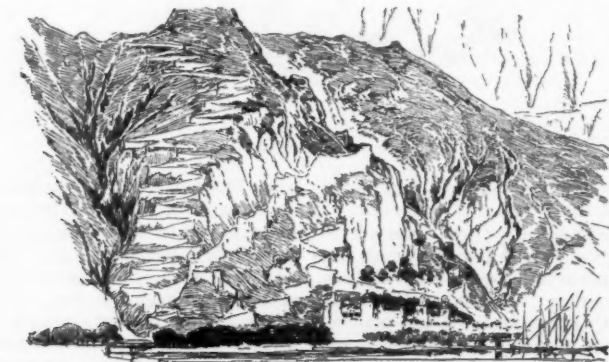
being fine and fresh, we declined the most insinuating offers of boatmen to convey us thither, and resolved to walk round the river by its exquisitely beautiful bank. All went prosperously for a mile or so, when the charming water-side path we had been following came to an abrupt end in the humblest of fishing-hamlets, beyond which the pine-hung cliffs dropped sheer to the river's edge. The entire population of the village immediately gathered about us, and informed us in Slavic, fortunately accompanied by more or less intelligible gestures, that we must either consent to be rowed over the river at this point, and pursue our promenade upon the other side, or strike straight up the acclivity for about a mile, by an exceedingly rugged mule-track, to the old military road, built high upon the mountain-side, and leading apparently from somewhere in Bosnia to a fort erected by the first Napoleon on the highest pinnacle above Ragusa.

A little doggedly we chose the latter course,

but remembered no more our half hour's breathless climb when once we had emerged upon that lofty, level pathway. For the mountain wind blew in our faces, keen yet indescribably soft; the manifold mountain herbs upon which we trod sent up a delicately blended perfume; the sylvan solitude was absolute, and the wide view divinely fair. We were from two to three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and through the rich groves of chestnut and pine that mantled the slopes below us we caught from time to time the blaze of villa gardens, or the white gleam of the colonnade about some convent cloister. Pursuing our dreamlike way from spur to spur along that aerial pathway, made for the uses of war, but now so redolent of peace, we stood at last above the source of the Ombla. The irrepressible factory is there, of course; but regarded from such an altitude, it seems less obnoxious than the one at Vaucluse, and the river pours in amazing volume, only a very few feet from its noiseless beginning, through the arches of a viaduct which leads half-way across the basin to the main entrance of the building.

There is another enchanted spot in the vicinity of Ragusa, which no traveler with a particle of artistic perception or of human sympathy should fail to visit. It is the verdant

orchard only, was pointed out by our boatman as marking the outlines of the lazaretto to which the plague-stricken inhabitants of Ragusa used to be sent in the days of that awful visitation. Rounding a promontory, where a white cross commemorates the loss, with all on board, of a great Austrian man-of-war in 1859, we glided over the deep and miraculously clear, green waters of the little haven between the hills, and, landing, followed a path which leads upward, through the solemn *pineta*, to a series of gardens more luxuriant and spicy than ever the fancy of poet conceived, surrounding a modern castellated villa. But all the visionary beauty of its environment cannot make this palace gay. For the ill-starred Archduke Maximilian built the villa about the cloister of a Dominican convent founded, like the old Duomo, by Cœur de Lion; and it was Maximilian who devised the gorgeous gardens, and projected all manner of other costly embellishments for a spot of which Nature herself had almost made an earthly paradise. His "purposes were broken off," as we know; and soon after the Mexican catastrophe the villa was sold. But the Archduke Rudolph fell under the spell of the place, and bought it back, and owned it at the time of his own tragic death, since when the heartstricken piety of Francis Joseph has restored it to the Dominican order. The grave young *frate* who



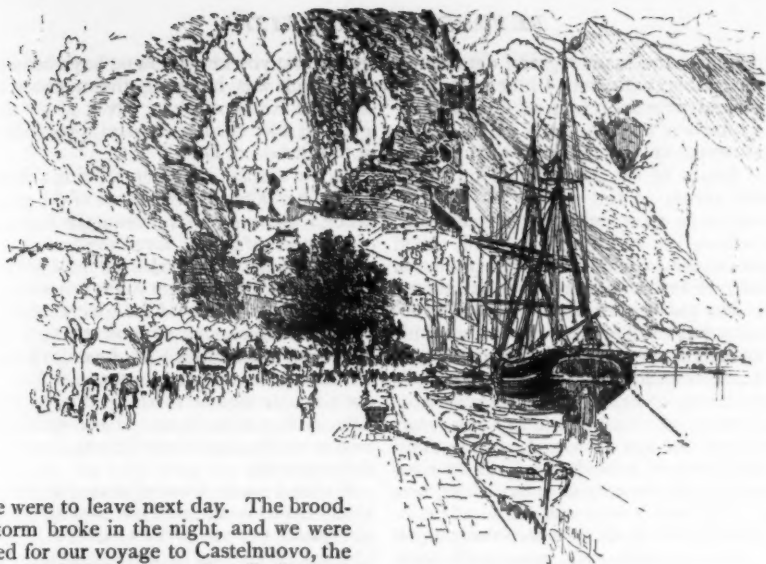
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

BUTRESSED WALL, CATTARO.

island of Lacroma, in the middle of the bay, lying still and sad under the shadow of its venerable pines — a haunted isle, surely, if there be such a one in any terrestrial sea. We bargained to be rowed thither on a sultry and colorless evening, when barely a leaf or a ripple stirred, and all the heavy air foreboded storm. The island consists of two hills, both densely wooded. A dismantled fortress crowns the higher peak, and upon the slope below a massive quadrangle of gray stone walls, which now incloses an olive-

did the honors of this fateful pleasure pointed out, in a long, vaulted salon opening on the cloister, poor Carlotta's cabinet piano, with her favorite music neatly piled beside it; but the souvenirs of Rudolph's occupation are locked away in the upper chambers, which no stranger is permitted to see.

Coming back from that oppressively beautiful island, we bade our boatmen row us all round the promontory of Ragusa, that we might consider her stately bulwarks yet once more,



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HARBOR, CATTARO.

for we were to leave next day. The brooding storm broke in the night, and we were favored for our voyage to Castelnovo, the first port within the Bocche di Cattaro, with yet another of those furious southerly gales in which the spring had proved so prolific. There are no islands along this part of the coast, so that one gets the full benefit of the sea's malicious humor; and we might well have avoided the indignities of that particular day's voyage, since between Ragusa and Castelnovo there is, for a wonder, a fine coast road, which must command a series of unrivaled views, and at Castelnovo there is positively a very decent inn.

I have never been able to perceive the fitness of the ugly name Bocche (mouths) as applied to that majestic expanse of tranquil water on which you find yourself gratefully afloat. When once you have passed the narrow strait, commanded by the castellated fortress of Punto d'Ostro, the scenery is like that of a Swiss or Italian lake, only the scale seems indefinitely larger, the outlines more imposing. A Norwegian fiord would, maybe, offer a better term of comparison. The enormous bay winds in and out among mountains which either soar straight from the water's edge four or five thousand feet into the ether, or withdraw just far enough to leave space for one of the exceedingly picturesque little towns which relieve, at frequent intervals, the Dantesque solemnity of the shore. At the first glance, these towns look prosperous. The quays are alive with movement; the gardens glow with tropic bloom; and the women's gowns are gayer than the gardens. Gold earrings, and on fête-days gold hair-pins with a necklace of gold beads, often very elaborately wrought, complete a dress which imparts to a restless crowd a certain dazzling, kaleidoscopic effect, but has little intrinsic

beauty. A woman's entire patrimony is often invested in such a set of gold ornaments; and she is fortunate if she have a patrimony to invest, for the flourishing look which these villages on the Bocche wear is, after all, painfully delusive. A closer inspection reveals abandoned farms, deserted villas, roofless and ruined churches, everywhere. It is rather pathetic to have triumphantly pointed out to one at Risano—one of the larger towns—the smart pink dwellings and carefully trimmed pleasure-grounds of two or three heroes of local romance, who disappeared in boyhood, and were lost to their relatives for years, but came back, after all, to spend in their beautiful birthplace the fortunes they had amassed in a mythical country called California.

One would have, I suspect, to live long in this country, and become gradually familiar with the instincts and prejudices of a curiously mixed population, before one could rightly understand the causes of its decline or gage its prospects of recovery. A great many Austrian troops appear to be required to keep the natives in order; and the officers of these regiments form a caste quite apart, while the indigenous population is divided into several distinct and more or less antagonistic parties by differences of race, creed, and political views. A society is forming at this moment in Vienna for developing in an Austrian sense the commercial resources of the Bocche; but the Illyrian League, which aims at national independence, and will not even use the Roman alphabet when reducing its own Slavic dialect to writing, is also ac-

tive at Cattaro, and made a grand demonstration in the public park, with Chinese lanterns, orations, and patriotic choruses, on the very evening after our arrival. Such being the diverse influences at work, let him who can forecast the future of this magnificent but long-neglected corner of the world.

Midway in its great length the gulf contracts like an hour-glass, and the place is still called the Catene because chains used to be drawn from cliff to cliff to protect the inner bay in time of war. The gulf makes an abrupt angle beyond this point, and there are two beautiful islands just within the strait—one the seat of a Greek monastery, the other of a far-famed pilgrimage church dedicated to the Madonna of the Scapulary, whither the country-folk resort in crowds all through the month of Mary, and where high festival is held on July 12, to commemorate a great victory over the Turks, won through Our Lady's intervention, in 1654.

Beyond the islands are more miles of tranquil water, with mountain-walls upon each hand that reduce to the proportion of a child's toy village the frequent hamlets dotted along the shore. Yet nothing really prepares one for the great scenic effect of Cattaro, when that strange town finally discloses itself at the end of the last inlet. A harbor gay with local shipping, broad quays beautified by umbrageous trees, and a mass of time-worn towers and dwellings clinging to the lower ledges or shrinking into the ravines of a stupendous mountain barrier—such are the main features of the view. The buttressed wall of the city's ancient defenses embraces one entire spur of the mountain, being carried steeply up to a height of some twelve hundred feet above the water-line. The topmost tower of this long wall touches the limit of vegetation; but for miles and miles beyond that airy point may be faintly discerned the innumerable zigzags of the old mule-track, the famous "Ladder of Cattaro," which leads upward, over wastes of barren rock, to the eerie of the invincible Montenegrin.

Twin rivers,—the Fiumara and the Gordicchio,—crossed by well-defended bridges, enter the sea at each extremity of the town; but you search the arid heights in vain for the cataracts by which they should be fed, until the truth dawns upon you that here are two more of those mysterious Dalmatian streams which find their dark way among the rocks of the hills, only to emerge into the sunshine so marvelously limpid and so irresistibly

strong that you know it must have been such a one which was haunting the memory of the seer of Patmos when he wrote of a "river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God."

I quite despair, however, of being able to convey in language any semblance of the great sensation which we received from the first glimpse of our journey's goal. Even the facile pencil of our own artist professed itself half paralyzed; for seeing Cattaro is not quite believing it, and only the drop-scenes of the spectacular drama are wont to be conceived upon so titanic a scale. It proved to be indeed the finale of our pleasant wanderings together; for save and except the singular façade of the cathedral, and the rich carving of the mystic vine around its great arched portal, we found little to detain us inside the walls.

We had been assured that the Prince of Montenegro would receive us with rapture if we would but deign to charter a vehicle at Cattaro, and go up by the wonderful new carriage-road, a six-hours' drive, to pay him a morning visit in his palace at Cetinje. But this would have been distinctly another adventure, and Cattaro is unquestionably the proper limit, not of Dalmatia merely, but of the entire Western world. The decaying village of Budua, ten miles farther down the coast, is still within the boundary of the Austrian province; but not even for the sake of its fine but ruinous walls could we resolve to mar the effect of the tremendous drop-curtain aforesaid which falls



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE "DROP-CURTAIN," CATTARO.

at the extremity of the Bocche. So we parted in good earnest upon the shady quay of Cattaro, our artist taking ship for Brindisi, while the rest of us embarked upon the four-days' voyage which was to land us in Trieste, and restore us to the trite but convenient conditions of ordinary European civilization.

THE END.

Harriet Waters Preston.

AN ERRANT WOOING.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

XIII.



AULINA sat alone on a step below the Mirador, two weeks later, looking down into the gardens of the Generalife.

Those who find it not altogether convenient to repair to Granada to identify the surroundings of our heroine may be told that the Mirador is a lookout built long ago by her lord for the delectation of a Moorish sultana, at her summer palace half-way up a hill facing the Alhambra.

To reach it Polly and her comrades had crossed a bridge over the river Darro, famed in song and story; then, following a cypress walk, beside which a stream played a thousand pranks in the way of waterfalls, they were admitted into the villa by a smiling peasant woman with a baby at her knee—and were mercifully abandoned to their fate.

For, once behind those gates, what a privilege to roam at will! The young people had hurried through a few rooms with fine carvings and arabesques and dreary portraits of dead kings, to issue, without loss of time, into the ever-green arcades of the garden. Here the clever old Moors, having taken the little river Darro bodily from its bed, and carried it through aqueducts of indestructible solidity to this point, had turned it, leaping and bubbling, into canals and tanks and fountains, to make the barren hillside blossom like the rose. Everywhere the ear caught the murmur and tinkle of its waters, sometimes running away to seek the valley, sometimes ascending, at the bidding of a stop-cock worked by the gardener, through perforations in the walks, in slender jets of crystal meeting above the pedestrian's head.

Now Polly stopped to rest under the cypress, standing yet, after centuries of growth, where frail Queen Zoraya kept her tryst with the Abencerrage that led to a direful massacre. Then she coursed along a tiled walk to inhale the odors of a bed of mignonette, or to peep down some leafy vista at a view. And, at last, up the steps of an ascending garden, between box-borders, and pagodas of clipped yew, and beds of fragrant flowers, she sped with light foot to the highest terrace, and ascended to the summit of the Mirador. Thence she looked over at the Alhambra, like a red fortress on a red crag; at

Granada, with its pink and white and blue houses embowered in verdure, suggesting to the Oriental poet who sang of it "a silver vase of hyacinths and emeralds"; at the wide campaign of the Vega, scattered with hamlets and churches; at the snow-capped Sierra Nevada crowning all.

A fortnight had passed since her visit to Italica. The days that had bid fair to crush her with their weight had progressed evenly, as days will when the inevitable has assumed sway of our actions. On this bright morning in the garden Paulina had even felt moments of healthy happiness in living.

But when, on coming out of the tower, she was invited by her comrades to climb with them to the summit of the hill above the Mirador, she had declined. She had a letter to write—a letter of congratulation to her cousin Miss Low, the announcement of whose engagement to marry had come out to them by the last mail. And Roger and May, while regretting Polly's determination, had left her without showing themselves altogether disconsolate. Taking out a pad of paper, and a fountain-pen of depraved character, the disappointing companion of her foreign rambles, Polly, after much shaking and coaxing, induced it to inscribe what here follows:

I need not tell you, my dearest Fanny, how truly we rejoice and sympathize in your new-found happiness.

"That much is true," she said, upon re-reading it. "I am glad she is satisfied, and that she thinks 'Jimmie' Winslow is nice enough to marry. For my part, rather than take such a solemn, weak-kneed member of 'the smart set' in New York, I'd apply to be assistant caretaker of the Generalife, and spend the rest of my days here."

Mama wishes me to say, with her love, that she is sure the marriage is, in every way, one your father and mother must think most suitable. Roger is sending a line by this post. And we want you frankly to say whether we shall get your presents in Paris, or London, or in New York on our return. We all know the best things find their way to our dealers, though there's a wider choice abroad. We are much surprised to hear that Amaranth Clyde has concluded to take old Nil Admirari Johnson, as we girls used to call him.

What has become of all her lords? And so Mabel Kirby has gone home to her people in New York, carrying her two little girls, and the husband has pranced off, nobody knows where!

"This is very cold-blooded," she said, dropping the pad, and looking about her. "Why is it such up-hill work to sympathize with things at home to-day?" Then, resuming:

I am sitting now in the cool shadow of a Moorish Mirador, on a terrace edged by a white balustrade, where they keep pots of gillyflowers and geraniums. Outside — my feet are in it — is a blaze of sunshine. I never saw so many white butterflies. They feast in a bed of red and yellow velvet wallflowers, and flit up here to digest their reckless meal, and then, finding this too cool, flit out again. Not being a butterfly, it is warm enough for me. I wish I were a butterfly, that I might forget everything except the wallflowers in the garden of the Generalife!

"It is well the fountain-pen struck at that point, and refused to do another stroke," she said, throwing it down. "I am the most selfish creature alive. I can't be interested in Fanny or anything but my own affairs. But come! Who dares be wretched in face of such a prospect on such a day? I must be brave, and possess my soul in patience. Why could n't I have had all this when my heart was as light as that bit of down floating in the air? There is absolutely no use trying to write to Fanny. I will do it when I return to the hotel — respectably, on a table with a hotel inkstand and a sheet of paper headed by a picture of the hotel. By that time I may have thought of something decent to say about Jimmie Winslow. There is no harm in my future cousin; but when he asked me the same question, last year, he has recently asked Fanny, I knew it was grandpapa's granddaughter he wanted, not Polly Standish. I had just come back from England, and I remember comparing him with — Piers! (No one can hear me think Piers!) I love the name: it smacks of honest English soil. But what have I to do with English soil — I, who a year ago said everything foolish and spiteful against it and its people? No matter! In the garden of the Generalife one can afford to be inconsistent. Hum! Put Jimmie Winslow — that important little man who leads cotillions at Sherry's, and believes so consumedly in New York fashion — beside Piers Gilchrist, who looks like an old rover of the Scandinavian seas reincarnate, who is strong in mind and body, whose brain is free of cobwebs and pretense, who thinks nothing of his family's past, of his right place in society, who is simple and kind, who suits me in every fiber of my being! Ah, me — Roger!" she cried, as two people came through the door of the Mirador

opening on the hillside behind her, "why did you make me jump? And what is the matter with May?"

"So tiresome!" said May, showing an object in her hand. "The heel of my shoe came off, and I can't walk without it. Mr. Woodbury is good enough to go to our house, and ask old Josefa for another shoe. I will stop with you, with your leave."

For the first time Polly thought she saw in May's ingenuous eyes a desire to avoid hers. She made place for her, however; and when Roger, doffing his hat, and promising to be quick in returning, ran off down the steps, reappearing in their sight from time to time through the bowery groves below, the girls talked of "La Silla del Moro," of the climb thither, the view, the weather, and the provokingness of shoes.

But as May talked, her eyes, no longer avoiding Polly's, became deep with wistfulness. The child's heart was weighed down under the thought that in a few days, at most, the friends who had created for her a new world of feeling and enjoyment were to pass out of her life forever. It was not in the nature of things to be supposed they would meet often again, when an ocean should divide them. That morning May had heard Mrs. Standish speak to Lady Edmund about Polly's and Roger's marriage as a thing of no distant date, and the announcement had made her turn cold. The recent attitude of the cousins to each other, so matter-of-fact, so unemotional, had indeed struck her as strange; but here, all the same, the marriage was going on!

A week later, and May would be gone into her shell again. There would be no merry Polly to entertain her with bright sayings; no kind Mrs. Standish to look out for her health and make suggestions about her toilet; no old Mr. Woodbury to bestow on her his quaint compliments (which, by the way, had been fewer of late, she knew not why); no — Roger! Roger, the first man she had ever known well who was not a father, a music-teacher, or a lecturer in ladies' schools; Roger, whom she had liked in London, liked better at Wootton Magna, welcomed joyfully in Morocco.

Now, after their intimate companionship in knocking about Andalusian cities in the time of the nightingale and rose, May had no words for the strange new feeling that possessed her at thought of parting with him.

It was right that Polly should carry off the prize — Polly, the brilliant little being who ruled every one about her, whom every one admired, indulged; who had never known what it was to give up, or not to have, what she wanted; Polly, the little American princess, wrapped in cottonwool, cradled in rose-leaves,

a great heiress,—so Lady Edmund said,—who had had lovers and offers in plenty, and would hear of none of them.

Also, that morning, when Lady Edmund had seemed to wish to make May understand the inevitableness of Polly's and Roger's match, she had told her how long it had been arranged, how it was to keep intact a splendid fortune, how really fond of each other the young people were; and had ended by saying the wedding would take place at Mr. Woodbury's country-house in Massachusetts in September.

And there was something else paining May; while Polly made her a place at her side, and talked to her so pleasantly, the younger girl was conscious of a certain disloyalty of recent action.

When she and Roger had started to leave the "Moor's Chair," her foot had struck upon a stone, and, the heel of her shoe forsaking it, she had lost her balance, and had fallen into Roger's arms. They were alone, with no one to behold them but a passing bird, and a shepherd on a far-away slope. As Roger restored her to her balance, a lock of May's hair of dazzling gold had been blown by the summer breeze across the young man's lips.

What occurred then is not known to the chronicler. It will never be told by May or Roger. As the little bird that, lighting on an orange-bough above them, trilled and twittered madly during the girls' talk, it may be rightly conjectured to have been telling tales. But it twittered in Spanish, and May was safe.

Something, however, had happened that, as their colloquy progressed, made May feel more and more grieved and guilty.

"Yes, it is sad," Paulina said, "to think of giving up this, and going back to live the life of every day; and my life will be the kind that suits me least—one of over-conventionality. But I suppose Spain is not always green in the valleys."

"No; in summer, Piers says, we must flee to the Basque hills for refuge. If I can only persuade him not to banish me to England!"

"That were a pleasant exile," said Paulina, dreamily.

"My England is not pleasant. I was brought up among people who—don't let me think of them! My one dream of sentiment was to go to Wootton Magna, and see my birthplace, and my mother's picture. My mother died when I was very young, I believe. I have never had any one speak of her to me. I think she must have quarreled with my great-aunt. When I saw her portrait, it was as if some castle of soap-bubbles I had been making all those years had burst. I can't tell you why, but she did not seem to want me. That was my only feeling—she did not want me."

"It was a very distressing one," said Paulina, softly. "From my babyhood I have always loved to think my mother's arms were open to me. I have continued to take all my troubles, little and big, to her. Her tenderness never fails. Indeed, I believe I have never kept anything from her—but one thing," she added, stopping short.

"I envy you. There are so many things I can't speak of to Piers. He is dear and kind, but I can't tell him all. And it is the greatest relief to speak, is it not, when one is sure of sympathy?"

"I think so; but then I am a spoiled child. A kiss, a warm pressure of the hand, will to this day make me smile when I am crying."

"Ah! there is no one for me to take my trouble to—no one!" cried May, bursting into tears.

"May, tell *me*," said Paulina, her face grave, her brows meeting.

"I have not been true to you! I have let some one who belongs to you see that I—care for him. There, I have told you! I could not endure to keep it."

"You do care for him, my poor child?" said Polly, her frown vanished, her voice ineffably tender. "May, let me put my arm around you. Lean your head on my shoulder. Ah, what a great child I have to pet and pardon! That is what mama always does to me when I'm feeling at my worst. She says nothing, but just strokes me; and soon a little warmth steals into my heart, and melts it, and then all I want is to rest there and be loved—as I love you, May!"

There were no more words upon the subject uppermost in both hearts. They sat side by side, watching the cloud-prints on the Sierra; a lizard ran out on the paved walk to play; a harmless snake glided by them, and disappeared in a bed of pansies. The world seemed glad and brilliant to both the girls once more, and from May a great weight was lifted.

When Roger returned, the young man, looking from one to the other, felt a tremendous twinge of conscience; but unlike May, it did not occur to him to desire to confide his emotion to any one—least of all to Polly.

"GRANDPAPA," said Paulina, linking her arm in Mr. Woodbury's as they went out that same day from luncheon, "I want you to come with me now for a little stroll in the Alhambra gardens."

"Eh? Yes," said Mr. Woodbury, looking to see if they might elude the courier.

Gillson was on hand, in unusual splendor, smoking in the vestibule, in company with a guide like a bandit in appearance, in reality a sentimentalist who, while quoting Théophile

Gautier within the precincts of the palace, did not disdain, under a stress of new arrivals at the hotel, to aid the domestic staff by handing potatoes at *table d'hôte*.

"Gillson," said Mr. Woodbury, "you have nothing laid out for me just now, have you?" "There his the Cartuja, sir, with hits world-renowned marbles, hits haltars hinlaid with mother o' pearl and daughter o' shell," admitted the grand duke, condescendingly.

"Does he mean tortoise-shell?" whispered Polly. "Now, grandpapa, stand to your guns, and say you won't go there to-day; and I'll back you up."

"I sha'n't want you this little while, Gillson," said his employer, temporizing.

"Just as you like, sir. Then I shall 'ave the pleasure of hescorting Miss Mills to see some of the points of hinterest she's neglected," said the superb Gillson, bowing himself off.

"And who is Miss Mills, Polly?"

"Oh, grandpapa, it is Justina. Do you know, Wilcox, who was quite indifferent to her at home, has become very jealous of Gillson's attentions. I don't doubt he will end by marrying her."

"Who? Wilcox? Ridiculous! Why, the creature's twice his age!"

"I know," said Polly, dropping her eyes; "but it is all Gillson's fault. And every time he thinks he is detected in being too attentive to her maid, he calls mama 'my lady.' He fancies it flatters her."

"I don't know but Gillson is right," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "These titles, like blackberries,—and worth about as much, humph!—are turning our republican heads."

"You know you like Lord Edmund. How good he is to Lucy, and how happy she is! And you once seemed to like Sir Piers Gilchrist."

"They are accidents. I do like Gilchrist, confoundedly well, too; and I never was so put out in my life as when he was called to Gib by his banker just while we are here. No signs of his coming back, Polly, eh?"

"None that I know of, grandpapa. Am I walking too fast for you up the hill? Don't you love this elm-wood and its everlasting trickling of waters? See there, under the Gate of Judgment, is the vain old gipsy posing as usual, and offering his photographs for sale. How I am growing to love it all! How can I ever leave it!"

"Yet we must get off on Monday. We've a good deal of Spain to do yet; and we've promised to stop at Biarritz with Lucy to see the baby."

"On Monday?" said Paulina, growing pale.

Her animation fled. Not until they were inside the little garden called Adarves, built on

the rocky bastion under the Vela tower, and she had found for the old man a comfortable bench, did she again speak.

"That is three days, grandpapa."

"What is three days, child? Egad, Polly, this is fine, this view. It takes one's breath away. I don't know but I'd be satisfied to camp out here for the rest of my life."

"Then stay, dear, stay. We are all so well; it's cool and enchanting; we're just beginning to know the Alhambra. Don't take us away yet."

"It will be the same everywhere we go in Spain, little girl. No, I've decided; and you very well know the one thing I don't do is to change my mind."

Another silence. The tiny garden that Fortuny put into the background of a picture was overflowing with flowers and haunted with booming bees. Upon the ivy-covered wall of the tower behind it were growing Bengal roses of deep velvety red, and under them gleamed the gold of oranges and the blue stars of celestine. The fine, strong countenance of the old man, as he sat bareheaded to let the breeze play with his streaming silver hair, might have daunted another than Polly. But after a brief time of thought she had resolved to play for high stakes—to lose or win.

"Grandpapa," she said, while putting a flower in his coat, "you have often told mama, and she has told me, nothing would give you greater pleasure than to see Roger and me married."

"Yes, child; yes, dear," answered he aloud, shifting uncomfortably. "Devil take that fellow! Has he let her know he's been after another girl, and is that the reason she's found out she wants him back?" was what the inner man was saying.

"I would like to make you happy. I want to make every one about me happy. And if Roger and you want it so very, very much, I won't any longer ask to have it put off."

"Life is n't certain, my dear. I found that out this winter, when I made such a narrow shave of it. I should rejoice to see your wedding, as you know, and you are a darling child to offer it."

"Oh, yes; I offer it," said Polly, her heart beating, her temples throbbing, a light mist seeming to come before her eyes. "I will marry Roger to-morrow, if he wants me."

"That would be the best plan, by George! That would rid us of all—hem!—entanglements," cried the old man, exultingly. "Not to-morrow, of course; but soon. There's no one absent but Toodles, dear lad, and your aunt and cousins. And let me tell you, Paulina, since I have heard that Sophy Low means deliberately to allow her daughter to marry such a

popinjay as that Winslow, I 'm not, so to speak, over-anxious to see any of the lot. Why, I could n't keep a civil tongue in my head if I met Winslow. A dancing, dawdling creature, neither American nor English, an imitation of he knows not what; with no vices, simply because he has n't strength for 'em!"

"Don't talk about Jimmie Winslow now, grandpapa. Talk about Roger and me."

"I'll do more: I'll have Roger in my room to-night, and settle the whole thing. But when it's settled, Miss Weathercock, no changing back again, mind that."

"No, grandpapa," said Polly, submissively. Then, frightened at her own temerity, she awaited its result.

XIV.

"My darling, Wilcox has just come from your grandpapa to say that Roger is with him, and that he wishes to see you at once. I asked Wilcox if grandpapa said anything about me, but he answered no; it was Miss Standish. And, my dear, all your hair is tumbling down, and I can't imagine what grandpapa can have to say at this late hour—11:30, and time you were in bed. But there! there! run along, and come back as quickly as you can, and tell me all about it."

Paulina walked down the corridor with a brave front, like poor Marie Antoinette on her way to execution. Now was the failure or success of her desperate venture to be proved. If Roger should be so blind, so base, as to take her up, what then?

She tapped at the door, and, entering, found the old gentleman on one side of the round table in his sitting-room, Roger on the other, a candelabrum with six candles burning between them, the room otherwise in darkness, but for a handful of fire on the hearth, made desirable by the cool night air of the mountains.

For the first time Polly could not look a crisis in the face. She sank into the chair placed for her by Roger, and, covering her eyes with her hands, bent her head down upon the table.

For a moment there was no sound but that one never failing in Granada—the murmur of a streamlet rushing down the hill. Then a nightingale in the courtyard surpassed himself in one long trill of beseeching to the rose.

"What shall I say to you, my child? How shall I tell you what he has answered me?" she heard in her grandfather's voice. Nay; was this indeed her grandfather's voice, so low, so fraught with compassionate tenderness?

Polly took courage to lift her head. She saw her grandfather's face, pearly white in the dusk of the room, his silver hair floating about it,

all spirit gone out of it, sorrowful, broken—the face of an old, old man.

Then she looked at Roger. She had never thought him so handsome. He held his head aloft; his eyes shone with a strange, new expression, half pride, half timidity.

"Roger! Then you refuse me?" cried Polly, a tremble of rapture in her tones.

"I have long known that you do not love me, dear," he said tranquilly.

"Paulina, is this true?" asked her grandfather, angrily.

"Grandpapa, don't look at me—don't speak to me—like that. It is not my fault. It is not his fault. We have fought for two long years, and failed. To please you we would have done anything but live a lie. *Your* grandchildren could never live a lie!"

"Then you made me do this thing—"

"To prove to you, grandfather, to convince you as no words could convince you, that we shall be happier apart. Do what you like with the money; give it every bit to Roger."

"You know that is impossible, sir," interposed the young man.

"That is a matter, young people, I have, up to the present, thank God! been able to manage for myself," dryly remarked Mr. Woodbury. "Perhaps you will let me ask how long this has been going on?"

"Polly has always alarmed me, sir. I felt uncertain of her since the first. Not of her keeping faith, mind you, but of—"

"Don't ask Roger; ask me," put in Paulina. "He has really been a sufferer for years. He deserves a pillar and a niche. You ought to be doubly indulgent to him, grandpapa, to make up for all he has borne for you."

"So I am the bugbear to both of you, eh?"

"You are not in earnest; you know we love you dearly," cried the girl, running to throw two warm arms around his neck. "Roger, come and take one hand, while I take the other. Let us swear that there never was such a duck of an old grandfather, whose bark is worse than his bite—who has spent his life doing noble and generous things—whom we are proud of, and will be till we die!"

"Paulina, what you and Lucy Blount do not commit in the way of offense against the English speech! Did you ever hear, pray, of a duck that barked? There, go to bed, and let Roger stay and settle me down, while I take a nightcap of hot Scotch."

"One minute! Roger, come with me into the corridor," said Paulina, trying to subdue the dancing of her heart. "Here, my dear boy, is your ring. I want you to promise me that you will give it to some one to whom it will mean a thousand times more than it ever did to me—or than I tried to fancy it did. We made

a great, great mistake; it came near being a terrible one—and we are saved! Don't you make another mistake, and through false shame let go what I know you are longing to grasp."

"I do long for it, Polly. I never knew how much till now," he said simply. "And I meant to speak to you and to my grandfather at once."

"To-morrow!" said Polly, thrusting the ring upon him.

"THERE! it is settled. I've won! I am free; Roger is happy; grandpapa is placated, I can see; and mama will think as he does. But what will become of poor me? If I were not afraid of running upon her Ted, I'd go to Lucy this minute, while she is having her hair brushed, and send away the maid, and tell her the whole thing. But no—no one before mama!" and opening her mother's door, she carried her surprise in with her.

"I HAVE turned it over in my mind in every way," said Lady Edmund Blount to her husband, as they walked together up and down the terrace before Gilchrist's villa, waiting for their young charge to come out to them. For, after her talk with Roger, May had decided to return to the companionship of old Josefa, and await her father's return.

It was the day preceding that upon which Mr. Woodbury still held to his determination to leave Granada. Lucy, to whom had been referred the question of May and Roger, had decided that in the absence of Sir Piers, the intending suitor had better abandon the casket that contained his gem—less poetically speaking, that Roger should go to Gibraltar, look up Sir Piers, tell him the whole story, and ask for his daughter's hand.

But to Lucy the rub was that by that time the others would be far on their way out of Spain. Remembering Gilchrist's confidences to her at Seville, she longed with all womanly desire to straighten out his complication, too. She did not dare to sound Paulina, who had requested to be left altogether out of discussions regarding May and Roger. Nor could she put it into the already overtaxed brain of Mrs. Standish—who, believing herself heart-broken, was still able to talk by the hour with Lucy over Roger's new affair—that her daughter Polly was in love with Roger's prospective father-in-law.

"They ought to meet; they ought to have a chance," had ruminated Lucy. "Everybody in this world ought to have a chance. And the question is whether Polly will eat me up if I communicate with Gilchrist. Polly can be rather an awful little person, especially if she thinks her maidenly dignity is involved. I

know I'll ask Ted if I may—no! I'll do it, and then tell Ted!"

May, during these perturbing meditations of her chaperon, had been of little help. With her foot on the first round of the golden ladder to a lover's paradise, she had nothing to wish. Her one stipulation, that she should leave the hotel and return to the shelter of her own modest home, touched Lucy into prompt acquiescence with the scheme. At the door of his lady's bower Roger had not yet ventured to present himself.

"It grieves me to leave May here to-morrow, Ted," Lucy now said to her liege, as she hung on his arm, and poured variations of one theme into his ear. "Just think, when we are crawling away in one of those slow trains from Bobadilla, going north, and Roger is in another train, going south, what her feelings will be, left alone, wondering whether her father will say yea or nay."

"You women are queer creatures," Blount remarked, knocking the ashes from his cigar into the heart of a rose. "Just now May Gilchrist is the center of interest. Until her love-affair is settled, I don't believe any of you will get a good night's rest. It is all May—May. My little friend Paulina is of secondary importance. No one talks of her, thinks of her, plans for her coming out all right."

"Ted, what can one do?" cried Lucy, guiltily aware of something already done. "Who knows whether Gilchrist cares for Polly? Do you?"

"There is no doubt of it in my mind. He is as far gone as any fellow I ever saw, and the marriage would be a deuced good one for him. It's a shame to let the Wooton Magna property run down as it is doing. A good round sum out of old Woodbury's pocket would fetch up its value to equal any in the county."

"You sordid boy! As if it were only a question of money!"

"No, I don't say that; but money makes love last longer and its flame burn brighter, in my opinion. Gilchrist ought to be a somebody, not a nomad; and he shall be, if I can help him."

"Why, Ted, you look as if you mean something. You have been meddling. What can you have done?"

"Wired Gilchrist last night to meet me here on important business before I leave to-morrow."

"Ted, you did n't? Yes, you did! You are the cleverest, sweetest old thing I ever saw! If baby grows up like you, what a blessing he will be to some woman one of these days! Darling baby! When I am happy I always want to see him. Let us fly to-morrow as fast as Spanish steam can carry us to Biarritz. Now I am going to tell you a secret. I wired, too."

"You? To Gilchrist?"

"Yes; I am his confidante, you must know. But it was a most diplomatic message, committing nobody. Polly could n't find anything to object to in it. I think he will believe you have suddenly gone mad, or that we can't afford to pay our hotel bill. But he must come, must he not? Oh, Ted, I see it all! Unless Gilchrist and Polly are too idiotic for anything, they will soon be married. And old Mr. Woodbury will give Polly lots of money. But he will insist on their living in England on their own property part of the time. And so we'll lose Wooton Magna; for of course we would n't be so mean as to hold on to the lease."

"Easy methods of doing business, yours," said her husband, much amused.

"Listen! But we must go back to Wooton Magna for May's wedding. They can have the house for the affair, and we'll be guests in it. May must be married in the little church, and the children will strew primroses; and Roger will take her to the ranch for a wedding-journey. What fun she will have with my dear old brother and Paddy! This will work around for your benefit, Ted; for Roger will have to live near his grandfather, and Billy will take Patrick for a partner on the ranch, and they'll make loads of money, and relieve you of always paying up for Paddy—don't you see? Mr. Woodbury will end by adoring May; and she is so young and unformed she will blend with things over there nicely. I don't doubt Lady Watson-Jones will disinherit May for marrying an American, and leave her money to found a hospital for cats, with an effigy of Tom over the front door. But dear! that little paltry sum beside the great Woodbury estate—"

"I say, Lucy, how you are clipping along!"

"But, Ted, I always do when I'm excited; and I want you to remember every word I say now, and see if it does n't come true. As to Polly, I am dying to have her Lady Gilchrist, if it were only to be even with her for the horrid things she said when I was first engaged to you. Do you believe, she pretended to think all Englishmen of title ill-treat their wives and squander their substance in riotous living. Oh, yes; that is the common opinion about your class in America, and I often wanted to shake Polly, to persuade her otherwise. I've bided my time, but I'll throw that back at her or die!"

"It will be Greek meeting Greek, and may I be there to see. But how will Mrs. Standish submit to having her daughter taken away from her?"

"Dear Mrs. Standish! Her sun rises and sets in Toodles. But Gilchrist and Polly will be chasing back to America every year. He is the kind to pick his wife up like a traveling-

bag, and carry her, at a moment's notice, to the land's end."

"Tell me, Lucy, how is it May never suspected Paulina's fancy for her papa?"

"Because, stupid, she thought when Polly had Roger she could want no one else. Anyhow, a fair exchange is no robbery."

"You have settled it admirably, my dear. I hope you won't kick over your own basket of glass, and find all your fine dreams shattered."

"Ted!" she exclaimed, a trifle sobered. "You don't think it possible Gilchrist could refuse to come?"

"I don't know. He may consider it folly to expose himself to her attractions."

"Don't talk so loud—there comes May. May, we are just praising your arcade of roses, and the view of the snow hills one gets through it. And what a dear little house! I envy you it; but I suppose we must n't be cuckoos, and want to rent *all* your father's homes."

"I wish old Woodbury could hear you on the subject of cuckoos renting homes," observed Blount, dispassionately.

THAT afternoon our friends decided to make a farewell excursion. A drive through the suburbs, out into the powdered dust of the glaring highway, brought them to a halt under a series of caves burrowed one above the other in the hillside, their black mouths half screened from observation by tufts of ragged cactus.

"They are like the dugouts of our Western frontier," said Roger, "only more picturesque."

In a trice the two carriages were surrounded by a swarm of swart men and women and children, who vociferated prayers for alms. The hill brought forth what seemed myriads of them; the supply appeared to be inexhaustible. Sitting smoking at the cave doors were here and there men in the smart costume of their tribe—head-handkerchief, jacket and breeches with silver buttons, massive earrings of gold and silver.

Chief among the importunate were three little girls whom they had been accustomed to see begging in the Alhambra garden, one of them, of exceeding grace, having the fascination of the 'Serpent of old Nile.' This Vivienne in embryo had been wont daily to plead with them for money, to coax, to dance, to pose, to run beside their carriage, with a vivacity in tone and gesture altogether seductive. If money were given her, she would expand with a fervor of blessing; if refused, she would spit and curse after them with viperish resentment. Now, on her own ground, she was all suavity. Beckoning, beseeching, she conveyed to the "Ingles" an invitation to visit one of the caverns. They acquiesced, and, transformed into a guide efficient and businesslike, she led the way.

In the gipsy home they found three chambers hewn in the rock, the smallest a kitchen with a barred window blackened by escaping smoke, the whole otherwise as neat as a new pin. On the whitewashed wall hung pictures of the saints over a cup of holy water; a shelf held gay crockery, a tambourine, and castanets; there was also a looking-glass, before which a dark woman was engaged in putting a smack of pomatum on her hair.

In the rear chamber were three tidily made beds, to accommodate husband and wife, grandmother, and three children. A table, with rush-bottomed chairs and cooking-utensils, completed the furnishings.

The visitors, received by a bright little woman from whom they had often bought violets at the hotel, were greeted as old acquaintances. Bustling to the door, she beckoned to her husband, who sat outside, giving the air to a baby like a doll of yellow wax.

The baby, reclaimed from the arms of his father, was handed around for inspection with every token of lively hospitality. With her red petticoat, orange spencer, and a carnation in her hair, the little mother darted like a dragonfly about her establishment, showing all her possessions with housewifely pride. She brought in and introduced the crone grandmother, a brother, a sister, some cousins and aunts, till the cave was crowded, and the space outside ringed with dark, merry, greedy faces, against a strip of sky over the red battlements of the Alhambra across the valley.

One of the gipsy wives, identifying May Gilchrist, kissed her hand, and, showing her own white teeth in smiles, poured upon the fair stranger lavish assurances of which puzzled May understood not a word.

"Beg pardon, miss," observed Gillson, who was standing near the cavern's mouth; "she says Sir Piers gave her help when her man was ill, and she can never think enough of him."

"I remember his telling me of some pet gipsy of his," said May. "He knows and likes many of them; but all the same, he does n't think it safe for strangers to come here after dark, or alone and unprotected."

"I hope we may get off with the loss of nothing more than the contents of our pockets," said Roger. "They say a Spanish gipsy can steal the stockings off your feet without touching your shoes."

"She wishes to tell your fortune, miss, through gratitude to your papa," said Gillson.

"Of course, of course, she must do it, May," said Lucy. "I wish we could manage to pass somebody else off for Ted's wife, and let her tell my fortune."

"It does n't require gipsy lore to find out

that Lord Edmund belongs to you, my Lucy," said Paulina, with satire.

"Oh, Polly, am I so bad? Wait, wait; you will be worse with the husband she'll give you, for a *peseta*," retorted Lucy, gaily.

To May, from whom the woman refused to receive payment, was allotted as fair a presentment of Roger as could have been expected from the artist offhand—a description punctuated by the laughter and comments of lookers-on, until both young people thought they were ready for the mountain to open and swallow them, as it had been wont to do to visitors in legendary days. But in spite of their embarrassment, each wore an expression of conscious bliss there was no mistaking. Roger, under the new condition of affairs, was especially transfigured.

Polly, with a pang, decided it was not in her to confer happiness like May—May, the guileless, the shy maiden, whom she had at first been rather disposed to patronize from the height of her wider knowledge of mankind.

Already Roger was forgetting her presence in May's. Little unintended words and actions left no doubt as to that.

"Now tell her she may read my hand, Gillson," ventured Lucy, hardily.

"She says, my lady, as how your fortune is made; but she would like the hand of the young lady who is looking at the picture in the corner," interpreted the courier.

"Yes, Polly; it's no fun where one backs out; and whatever you may say, I really think a great deal of this odd creature's wit in divining that I belong to Ted," cried Lucy. "Must n't Polly have her fortune told, Mr. Woodbury? There, Polly, hold out your hand; she will have to be clever to find a lad for you in the present company."

Paulina, her back to the light, showed her hand carelessly. The gipsy, sitting, scanned its lines with apparently deep consideration, then dropped it with annoyance, and took it up again.

"You are always a problem to the occult, not to be quickly solved," whispered gleeful Lucy. At that juncture a new figure was added to the group around the cavern door, and Sir Piers Gilchrist, who, arriving in Granada unknown to any of the party, had walked out in pursuit of his friends, pushed his way quietly to the front, to stand there looking on.

Before any one else had observed him, the fortune-teller, who claimed him as her benefactor, uttered a quick exclamation of delight. Paulina, following involuntarily the direction of the woman's eyes, saw Gilchrist, and a tremble of joy ran through her. As the others became simultaneously aware of his presence, May sprang to meet him fondly, Lucy greeted him

with cordiality, Mr. Woodbury gave him hearty welcome. Roger and Lord Edmund, who had their own reasons for hesitating as to the manner of opening conversation with the newcomer, separately strolled to the mouth of the cave, and met outside, in evident perturbation.

"What an astonishing little person is that wife of mine!" Blount was saying to his inner self. "Here we have brought this fellow to Granada upon the impulse of the moment, and have put ourselves into the biggest kind of box, and I don't in the least know how I'm going to get out of it. But she—equally at fault with me—she's as cool and composed as if in her own drawing-room! Whatever her situation, she has it well in hand. She'll set the business before him better than I could. By Jove! I believe I'll just leave the whole thing to Lucy, and not open my jaw."

In the breaking up of the party to go away, Paulina stopped behind to give a present to the woman who had failed to tell her fortune. Gillson, at her elbow to warn her against displaying silver, interposed again to interpret.

"I'm asked to tell you, miss," he said, with some show of embarrassment, "that when the young lady's fortune was on its way to her the gipsy could not see it."

"That will do, Gillson," said Miss Standish, haughtily, as she walked over and joined her grandfather, slipping her arm in his. It was past a jest when people like these took up her relations to Sir Piers.

At sight of tips, the earth had opened to yield more *gitanos*, who, resuming their interrupted escort of the strangers, clamored with begging. The little Vivienne, liberally recompensed with a peseta, pretended to cry because it was no more, then burst into elfish laughter, and hurled after them vituperations thick and fast. The tumult increased. Men, women, and children started to run with the carriages, according to custom, making a pandemonium to the very outskirts of the town.

"Will nothing stop this din?" cried Lucy, putting her hands over her ears.

Gilchrist smiled, and, after assisting to place the ladies in their vehicles, turned back, and addressed a few words in their own tongue to the rabble, who, also smiling, held off, making no further effort to accompany the visitors.

This self-denial on the part of the *gitanos* was promptly rewarded by the arrival of more carriages, among them one containing the newly arrived ex-Senator and Mrs. Treat: their courier, half turned upon the box beside the driver, as ever, in the act of oratorical explanation. But for once the judge did not look depressed by the privileges of foreign travel. He held his head erect; animation sat in every line of his keen countenance.

"Well, Mr. Woodbury," he cried, as he came within earshot of that gentleman, "I have news for you. Senator — from my State is dead, and my friends over there have cabled me to come right home in time for the caucus which will occur when the legislature meets for the election of his successor. Yes, sir; we expect to take the steamer that touches at Gibraltar Wednesday of this week."

"I am sure the country will be the gainer by it, judge," said Mr. Woodbury, politely. "But it's a pity to cut short your Spanish trip, even for such a patriotic purpose."

"Well, sir, I guess I've about had the best of it," was the radiant response. "If they could patch up that old palace of Charles V. a bit, the Alhambra, though it's considerably damaged in spots, might be better worth the journey in those slow cars from Seville. I was glad of an opportunity to inspect the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, though. Well, good day to you. See you at dinner at the Washington Irving, I expect," and the judge, with a gipsy girl hanging on each arm and coaxing sweetly, was last seen cheerfully entering the exhibition cave.

"Sir Piers, you must not walk home. You must come in the carriage with Ted and May and me," said Lucy. "I have something to say to you; and if Ted and May don't object, they can drop us at the Alameda, and we can talk there."

"My little woman is a Trojan," Blount kept thinking, with renewed admiration of her. He had served his Queen as a diplomatist, but as yet had seen no exit from the difficulty still perplexing his brain. And here was Lucy already dominating the affair with charming ease. Here was Gilchrist obeying her, with just a shadow of wonder in his face, which could not keep entirely unrevealed a sort of longing after the carriage that swept Paulina away from him.

And there was Paulina driving off, vaguely aware that a climax was at hand, her one wish and prayer, now that it had come, to escape from Gilchrist, and to keep the others from seeing that this was so!

SIR PIERS and Lucy had been talking for half an hour on a secluded bench in the Alameda, and Lady Edmund's expressive face could not conceal a certain blankness of disappointment.

"After what you told me at Seville!" she said, with rebellious intonation.

"I told you, dear lady, that I love her."

"Then —" cried Lucy, interrupting.

"And that I had no right to say so to her. Two weeks have not altered this."

"But I don't understand," said Lucy, pitifully.

"What has passed, although it changes the case immensely for Woodbury, whom I have promised to see on my return to the villa —"

"Roger ought to be grateful to me for opening this door for him. But he won't. They never are," interpolated she. "They think so at the time; but if the match turns out well, they wonder what you could have supposed you ever had to do with it. If they quarrel, they lay it all at your door, and hate you cordially. I wash my hands of lovers!"

"Not all," pursued he, with a smile at her change of tactics. "Don't quite give us up, Lady Edmund."

"You can jest at it! And you persist that while you may try to accept the very surprising idea of Roger (who was never loved by Paulina) having fallen in love with your beautiful daughter, you have no intention of following up that circumstance to your own advantage!"

"Put sentiment aside, and listen to reason from a man of middle age —"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed. "You disappoint me horribly. I liked you far better when you were so sad at Seville, and I went to my room and cried over you."

"I hope my recording angel took note of those tears — I need them," he said. "Listen, then, if you like it better, to the voice of a man who, having wrecked his own youth through impulse, does not presume to wreck that of the young girl he loves against his better judgment. What would the world say if I won her to be my wife?"

"That you — that she — why, what do you care what the world says about your marriage? You, an Englishman!" said Lucy, unable to resist this thrust.

"What would Blount say, for example? He's a clear-headed fellow, a man of the world — what has he said when you talked over this with him?"

Lucy was silent. Too well she recalled that her husband had said that a good round sum out of old Woodbury's pocket would bring the Wooton Magna property up to be as good as any in the county.

"One can never discuss with men," she said, generalizing. "They wander from the point, and, when you advance a good argument, knock it down, and jump on it."

"Am I wrong in supposing my friend Blount had an eye to my worldly advancement when he sent that telegram? No, Lady Edmund; you are too frank a woman not to admit that nine persons out of ten of our acquaintance would say I was marrying this girl for her money — was using her to pull me out of vagabondage into respectability; that she was throwing herself away on a moody wanderer

twice her age, who had taken advantage of her youth. Her own people — what face could I have before her grandfather?"

"It would surprise Mr. Woodbury, of course. I don't think he has a glimmering suspicion of it; but new experiences and shocks, and so on, seem to be having the best effect on him. Already he looks favorably upon Roger's hopes of getting you to give him May. And if that had been proposed to him at home — well!"

"Paulina's mother has from the first stabbed me with innocent suggestions of our disparity in years."

"Mrs. Standish is at heart a dove," cried Lucy. "She would be bewildered for a while; but let me tell you a secret — I think she would soon be reconciled to Lady Gilchrist."

"You are the most astute of tempters — but no, no! At Italica I fought my fight with myself, and won. I showed her, without glossing, what I am. I made her distrust me. After that, how can I in decency do anything but hear what Woodbury and May have to say for themselves, and then go back into my solitude and try to forget Paulina?"

"You will have ample opportunity," she said, her voice trembling a little with vexation. "Tomorrow we leave for good. Be sure I shall do my best to make Paulina forget you. She is not one to be, as it were, offered by her friends —"

"That she is not!" he exclaimed emphatically. "She is lovely, beloved, choice — one can't find the right epithets for her! She has great wealth, unlimited opportunities. She will soon make a marriage worthy of her."

"It is time enough for you to talk of her marriage to another when your conscience acquits you of having tried to make her care for you," said Lucy, rising, and facing him dauntlessly. "Now you will call a carriage, please. Poor Roger will be all impatience awaiting you."

"But you will let me say —"

"Nothing! I speak for Paulina also. Nothing! I think already we have said too much."

He bowed, and they walked together in silence to the pavement, where, placing her in an open cab, he let her go alone, saying he preferred to walk.

"Have we quarreled? I don't know," meditated Polly's champion, as she drove over stony streets. "I only know that if this fails I can do no more."

Gilchrist, picking his way over the short cut upward to his home, asked himself could it be that, in spite of his best intention, he had erred toward the young girl he held more than ever sacred in his heart. Had he, on the occasion of their talk together at Italica, betrayed to her too much of his overmastering passion? Was he, a man of sensitive honor, to be placed in the strange position of profiting by what he had

meant to be an act of renunciation? In the tumult of these doubts, even at the moment when, as it were, he now seemed almost to touch the goal, he felt a new pain—a new temptation to go from her forever.

SUNSET in the Alhambra! It filled halls and courts with splendor, bringing out the old tints of the arabesques, making the *asulejos* glow like jewels, and warming to rose-color the ivory of arch and fretwork.

He had sought for her under the citron-trees in the garden of Lindaraxa, but she was not there. He had come into the Court of Lions, and stood alone in that temple of fairy filigree roofed by the blue sky, while looking about him into the chambers opening out of it. If he should not see her in one of these, he had determined to seek no more.

The snuffy old guardian, who had directed him, now came up to say that, in admitting the señorita (a beautiful child!), she had coaxed him (with a smile like his daughter's, who was dead) to let her visit her favorite spots unattended. He had even unlocked for her the door leading to the Tower of Comares, so that she might go up and view the sunset.

With that, Gilchrist, who had long had the freedom of the place, put a big silver piece into the old man's hand, and told him he would take care the señorita should come down in safety.

Mounting with eager feet the corkscrew of stone stairs where, of old, ascended kings and queens to watch their hosts marshaling for battle in the Vega, he found her upon the battlement, looking toward the west, her companions, the martlets, flying back and forth.

"I have been with Roger," he said, in answer to the query of her look. "Your maid told me you were absent from your room, where the others believe you to be now, and I made sure to find you here."

"Well?" she said, scanning him with quiet eyes.

"It is settled—ridiculously soon, it seemed to me; but what would you have? Woodbury and May are together on the terrace, with old Josefa knitting in the arbor near, to satisfy Spanish notions of propriety. I am to lose my ewe lamb."

"We will have every care of her," Paulina said, with grave gentleness. "And Roger is Roger, as you know."

"I know. It is a most astonishing windfall, this of my new son-in-law; but I don't underrate the value of it. May's future is assured, her happiness certain. Between us, half a globe will make little difference. It will give me a fresh zeal in exploration—something to cross

the sea for. But that won't be yet awhile." He ended with a sigh.

Paulina said nothing. Her gaze had turned from him, and was fixed on the great ball of fire sinking into the snows of the sierra.

"Are you thinking that over yonder lies your beautiful Western continent, and that you are going back to be a little uncrowned queen?" he said, with an attempt at playfulness. "Where, before long, you will find yourself ruffling the leaves of your diary to recall the names of the people you met *en voyage*. That's why I followed you up here above the heads of other mortals, hoping to rise above them in your recollections. If you go to-morrow, in the gray dawn, as is threatened, this is my only chance to be alone with you again. Twice I turned away from the entrance below, and finally let myself be overcome by the wish for a last word undisturbed."

"No more last words, please," she said. "I prefer to melt away from people and places, as you do. Surely it is time to go down. The poor old guardian, who indulges me so much, must be tired of waiting to lock us out."

He was surprised by her calm speech, so devoid of the usual energy of diction.

"One moment, and the sun will have sunk behind the mountain," he cried, yearning to win back the old manner that had enthralled him. "Out of a whole lifetime don't begrudge me one moment more. Smile on me as you used. Mock at me if you like. Tell me I'm a madman for dwelling a thousand times more fondly on the thought of you since I so sternly put you away from me at Italica. Show me anything that is human, that is Paulina—not that unnatural calm!"

"When it was from you I acquired it—at Italica?" she said, a gleam of her frolic humor coming into her eyes.

"There! There is my will o' the wisp!" he cried exultingly. "The one I've danced after all these months—that came unsought into my life, to rob me of hard-earned peace—that made me feel the black past would be nothing if I could bring you to nestle in my heart! Fight as I may, you conquer. I love you, Paulina, you, you—I love you—do you hear?"

THE Tower of Comares was forsaken by the sun. The martlets, after consultation among themselves, made bold to hint to the invaders it was full time to go. A deep-mouthed bell in the cathedral called the evening hour, and was answered by other church bells far away upon the Vega. Flowers in the Alhambra gardens folded themselves to rest.

THE END.

Constance Cary Harrison.

TWO SHADOWY RIVALS.

I.



EVERYBODY thought so much of her that she was always called by her Christian name, which was Peninnah, though commonly abbreviated to P'ninny. Old people and familiars said *P'ninny*, just so; others said *Miss* or *Missis* P'ninny, according to relations and circumstances. Many and many a time have I heard old people say that from the time she first grew up, in the more than one interesting relation into which she had been put by destiny, if anybody ever had a better neighbor, all they cared to ask would be what that neighbor's name was, and where he or she lived, as the case might be. Her reputation as a visitor of both well and sick in the day, as a sitter-up with the latter at night, as a layer-out of the dead, as a consoler of weeping survivors, as a thoughtful suggester about the paling in of graves, and the planting around them of shrubs and things, was of the very best. On occasions not so lugubrious—for instance, as a complimentary eater of good dinners at other people's houses, and as a bountiful giver of them at her own—she was unexceptionable. Now that is as nigh as I can honestly state her standing in our neighborhood.

When I had grown old enough to begin to notice with interest things outside of my own domestic circle, she (whose dwelling was about a mile to the south of Hines's store, situated at a corner of our grove) was living in calm enjoyment of her second widowhood. Young as I was, I could not but remark the happy geniality that was exuberant in all her walk and conversation. It was the more surprising to me, therefore, when I learned that during the period extending throughout her married life—or, as I might more justly say, throughout both her married lives—she had indulged in two hostilities which at times inflicted upon her own feelings pain intensely exasperating. Honest woman that she was, she shrank not from admitting frankly that neither of the persons who had become the objects of her repugnance had ever perpetrated—in all human probability had never meditated—injury of any sort upon her rights or feelings. That made no difference: the animosity was in her breast, and there it stayed during two joint lives.

As for these persons, both of her own sex, neither had so much as dreamed of hurting either her or anybody or anything belonging or appertaining to her. Yet it was really stirring to note how this lady, in all respects so excellent, and indeed so happy during the greater part of the time, would occasionally pour forth abusive tirades, threatening, if they ever should perpetrate the atrocity she dreaded, what she would do in case she should be allowed to get at them.

The names of those enemies I cannot, any more than can you, call, inasmuch as they were never handed in to the clerk of the Court of Ordinary, wherein applications of such ladies, or of gentlemen in their behalf, according to the statute in such cases made and provided, were usually filed. Inasmuch as they had not lived up to the time when I began to know her unhurt by foes seen and unseen, she had survived apprehension of their assaults, and was then, as I said in the beginning, as good a neighbor as anybody ever had, or ought ever to wish to have.

At the period of her introduction in this brief tale, if she was a day over forty-five, she would have thanked nobody for saying so. Her full name, before time had wrought its changes upon it, was Peninnah Daniel, the baptismal prenomem being derived from that of the fruitful wife of Elkanah the Ephrathite, with the careers of whom and whose family Bible-readers are more or less familiar.

Now the name Peninnah, "as olde bookes maken memorie," signifies a precious stone; and notwithstanding the infirmities herein told, it is to be questioned if very many times it had been bestowed more worthily than in this instance. Not as pretty as some, but well shaped, industrious, vivacious, one of two daughters of a father who owned a fair tract of land and a good bunch of negroes, she was bound to have beaus; and she had them. From fifteen to seventeen she ruminated over the several offers made to her, and then took that of Jeff Lockett; and everybody said it was a good match for both. What is not always the case in such ties, the longer she lived with Jeff, the deeper she fell in love with him. If any person wanted to please her specially, and add to her pride at the birth of any of her children, it was to say that the baby, when first exposed to view, was Jeff's picture over and over again, from the incipient curl on the summit of his head to the crook of his little toe. Such she was when

there began to arise an apparition that disturbed the otherwise uninterrupted felicity of her existence.

II.

As for Jeff Lockett, he did not wilfully indulge in vanities of any sort. If his children were thought like him, who knew without anybody's telling him so that he was no paragon, well enough. If that idea pleased his wife, also well enough. He admitted having some of the hard-headedness of which his wife playfully accused him sometimes, and he accepted her exuberant devotion just as if he knew he deserved every bit of it. The hard-headedness before hinted at made itself most apparent when, after four of his facsimiles had been born in fast succession, demands were made upon him to promise what he would do, or rather what he would not do, in a certain contingency possible to occur. This contingency was his wife's death. With the thought of dying young, Jeff being young also, came that of another having him for a husband, and neither of them caring a bawbee for her grave, and seldom giving even a piece of memory to the one occupying it. This was more, she felt in her heart, than she ought to be called upon to bear after all her devotion to Jeff, and what she had gone through cheerfully on his account. Foreseeing that marriageable women of all descriptions, no sooner than the breath was out of her body, would be laying snares for Jeff, knowing what a glorious husband he was, she began to regard them as enemies to conquer whom the only chance lay in beginning the attack herself. Yet, like other and more noted diplomats, she began with discussion, and sought to elicit from Jeff a promise that in the event of her death he would not take another wife. Now right there came in that infirmity of Jeff which it is hardly necessary for me to name for the third time. Jeff positively refused to make any such promise, saying that it was all nothing but foolishness. Whereupon Mrs. Peninny conceived for her possible successor a hostility of which no existing woman would have liked to be the object.

Old Mr. Pate, who, from what he believed the best sort of motives, used to find out everything possible about everybody and everybody's business in the neighborhood, became much interested in this case. I remember hearing him say one day:

"I have knewed consider'ble wimming in my time, but nare one as vi'lent as P'ninny Lockett ag'in' the one she supposen Jeff might take for a wife in the ewent she drap off, of which she were as healthy a person as went, and look like they was positive no needcessity to be pesterin' her mind about sech a' unex-

pected thing for at least a many a year yit awhile. The thing is, she was so took up with Jeff to that she could n't b'ar the thought of him havin' of another wife; and it cut her to the very marrer of the bone, she say, because Jeff would n't make her any promise to the contraire; and I have heerd her acknowledge that the way she did hate that second wife o' Jeff were a sin, but which she could n't help it because it's in her heart, and is there to stay; at which Jeff laugh, Jeff did."

One day Peninny fell sick, and grew worse and worse, so that after about a week all her friends, including the doctor, gave her up to die. Moved by solemn duty, a pious aunt informed her of her extreme danger, and suggested that, in view of the approaching change, she should make what preparation she regarded necessary.

Too weak to be greatly shocked by the announcement, she only sighed, and whispered that on her mind were a few things she wished to say to Jeff, and in the hearing of all at her bedside. Jeff, poor fellow, was nigh distracted with grief; yet he had strength to approach, lean his head, and listen to her dying words, which were an appeal for a promise to her, in the presence of all there, that he would never put a stepmother over her children. That scene Mr. Pate, better than I, can describe.

"I were there, and heerd it all, a-wantin' to see the last o' poor P'ninny, as I thought she were mighty nigh gone, and give my advices about things in gen'l. The thing took Jeff so sudden that he were speechless, exceptin' to cry louder and declare that the takin' of another wife have never been on top o' his mind, and he begged P'ninny to please not to name sech a' idee to him any more. But P'ninny kep' at him, and Jeff kep' at her to spar' him the mis'ry; and that is every bit she could git out o' Jeff, till final she got mad, and she fetched a flirt, she did, and as she fetched it, she fa'rly *sung* out, 'Well, thank the good Lord, I ain't dead yit!' And she turned herself over, and she faced herself to the wall, and from that minute she begun to git better, and 't were n't more 'n two days before she could set up in the bed, and wash her face, and comb her ha'r, and in a week's time she were goin' about the house and tendin' to her business same like before she taken down. Doctor Lewis said it were jes what she needed, to git mad and make a' effort; and he say if Jeff have had promised her as she wanted, she'd been a dead 'oman in less 'n twenty-four hours. And so the very next year poor Jeff he took sick, and doctor's physic nor nothin' else could hender him a-goin' out for good. It seem mighty nigh killin' of P'ninny to see him go; but he never asked for no promise, and well he did n't, because everybody know what followed in jue time."

III.

So that first enemy was forgiven freely, and not another word against her was ever heard to come out of Peninny's mouth, although in Mr. Pate's opinion not very many a cow with a crumpled horn ever looked more forlorn than she did now. Time and time again she declared that she never would get over it. Yet when, in the following year, Billy Gunnell's wife died, leaving two poor little motherless children, she could n't keep, to save her life, from being sorry for them, and thankful they were too young to feel the full extent of their loss. Remembering how Billy had sympathized in her and her orphans' griefs, what time they were freshest and sorest, common gratitude drove her to feel sorry for Billy also. I need not say what was the final outcome of such mutualities. With Billy she fell in love, the same as with Jeff, and when the first Gunnell baby was born, that other woman had, it seemed, no other business to do but to rise, and cast her malignant shadow upon a path that otherwise would have been in renewed continuous sunshine.

"I jest can't help it," often she pleaded; "I love my children, both sets of 'em, so much, and I love Billy the same, that it make me perfect miser'ble to think of another woman coming in to hector over things in this house, and me in the ground, and not able even to turn over in my grave, much less get out and reg'late such things in general. Oh, you may laugh; but it 's so. I actual hate that woman, sinful if it may be, and I acknowledge that I would n't make any strenuous objections to the bad man getting possessions of her when her time comes, if not before. Everybody know I were the same in Jeff's lifetime, and Doctor Lewis said it were the thought of it kept me from dying that time I come so nigh a-doing of it. When Jeff died, that he was the very best husband any woman in this world ever did have—of course, excepting of Billy, that at present occepy his place total unexpected—but at which then time, every heart I had in my breast was that broke that I had no more idees of getting married again than I had of splunging head foremost into the very bottom o' Rudisill's mill-pond, where the water is knew to be the deepest, solemn as such a thing would have been to people who knoweth not and cannot understandeth how they might be for their own selves in similar case. Why, if any man, be he the finest and richest man that ever walked on two legs, had he have dares n't to even name such a thing to me, if I could n't have got him out the house no other way, I would have positive called up the hounds, sot them on him, and sent him scoting back to his home, wheresomever it might be. That

is me, or ruther I might say it *were* me, the day poor Jeff let loose his holt on me and the children, and, as old Brer Sanford expressed it feeling and mod'rate and comfo'ting, was gathered to his fathers; and for months on months afterward, until a perfect awful event happened in the drapping off of poor, dear Sally Gunnell, and the leaving of me exposed to have feelings of entire different sort, they is no telling what might happened, that I was thankful Jeff never asked me for a promise of no sort, but said with his dying breath he had no doubts I 'd try to do the best I knewed how. And so, when I saw the orphan and awful condition poor Sally Gunnell left her little children, and when Billy begun to persecute and *persecute* me to help take keer of 'em, some women might have stood it and helt out, but not me. But—and yit it is now different; a-supposing and a-acknowledging me to been wrong in the first instant. Because Billy have had two wives already, and me two husbands, which my own private opinion always have been, that 's as many as the good Lord ever want any one woman to have, that I have been good as I knewed how to Sally's children, and Billy the perfect same to Jeff's children; but I has not the confidence to believe likewise of any other woman under the broad sun in the circumstances of the case, as it now stand, or would stand when I die. But yit, when I ask Billy to promise me, he will do nothing of the kind, but say it is all nonsense and foolishness; and it put me on thorns, jest like it did before, against the woman that is to bang my and poor Sally's children about, and tromple over my and her grave. People need n't to talk to me; I jest can't help being mad when I think about it, and that 's a most of the time when I'm awake and not at my work or my victuals."

No; Billy Gunnell would make no such promise, even at times when his wife lay sick. We shall see what he got by it.

IV.

MR. PATE being more familiar with the facts of the case than I am, I shall let him talk again.

"If P'ninny Gunnell were n't one of 'em, I don't know any as was. Ev'ybody'member how bad she hated that unfort'nate female she suspicioned Jeff o' marryin' in ewent she went first, and then how her bristles riz the same ag'in' Billy's third wife. It did seem to me like them wimming, if nothing but sperrits though they be, and not even that, but they actual kep' her alive in both them hard spells she had endurin' first Jeff and then Billy's time. For she were always a resky person about expogin' herself to sickness, wisitin' everybody in the neighbor-

hood that had it, special' poor people, helpin' about everything, down to the very last in the graveyard, and havin' nothin' ag'in' anybody in the wide world exceptin' them aforesaid females. And now she were widder ag'in, and been widder long enough for another weddin', 't were n't she were that oppoged to the very idee of sech a thing, that she declar' she mean to dewote her time to the raisin' o' her children and Sally Gunnell's children the best she know how, with the good Lord's he'p, and doin' what little good it lay in her power to do outside among her neighbors, as ev'ybody acknowledge in that they ain't her ekal. It look strange to me how come a ruther smallish female have buried two big, strong, young husbands, and to all appearance because on her dyin' beds they would n't promise her like she wanted, and judgment come on 'em, both a-layin' silent side by side there the back o' the gyarden where she planted 'em. And I have give' my advices to Harry Brister and Sammy Pounds, that both of them val'able young men been layin' for her ever sence not so very long arter Billy Gunnell went, and was now open and aboveboard a-tryin' to over-persuade her, as both of 'em well might, considerin' what a fine ketch she were, and picked up powerful sence she been a widder, like most of 'em tries to do, and does; that my advices to them boys was, the first I should say to P'ninny, if it was me, I should promise P'ninny, at the very offfstart, that in the ewent of her

a-goin' before me, I should never even think about takin' of another companion; and both of 'em done it, but to no e-fects up till yit."

No; not Harry Brister, or Sammy Pounds, or any other one of I could not say how many other widowers and bachelors that lay siege to her gates, could ever take them. To all offers, backed by whatever promises and oaths, she smiled calmly, answering:

"No; the sheer I 've had of marrying is as much as any one woman ought reasonable to wish for in a vale where, as the Scriptur' say, there 's so many tears. I have had a very much happiness with two husbands as good, to my opinions, as any that went; and I do not think I ought to take the resk another and a third time, and have my feelings all worked up in anxiety about stepmothers to my children and Sally Gunnell's the same, that as for them I 've tried to do a good part. I acknowledge such anxiety was vain and foolish, as both my husbands frequent said, that they both went before, and I have tended both their graves as the good Lord give me strength and light. As for them two women that I hated with every bit of heart was in me, a-notwithstanding they was nothing but idle tales in my own mind, I hope the good Lord will not seemeth him meet to let 'em rise up in judgment against me not expected; but my mind is made up final that never — no, never — will I take the resk of another of 'em."

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

REGRET.



MAMZELLE AURÉLIE possessed a good strong figure, ruddy cheeks, hair that was changing from brown to gray, and a determined eye. She wore a man's hat about the farm, and an old

blue army overcoat when it was cold, and sometimes top-boots.

Mamzelle Aurélie had never thought of marrying. She had never been in love. At the age of twenty she had received a proposal, which she had promptly declined, and at the age of fifty she had not yet lived to regret it.

So she was quite alone in the world, except for her dog Ponto, and the negroes who lived in her cabins and worked her crops, and the fowls, a few cows, a couple of mules, her gun (with which she shot chicken-hawks), and her religion.

One morning Mamzelle Aurélie stood upon her gallery, contemplating, with arms akimbo, a small band of very small children who, to all intents and purposes, might have fallen from the clouds, so unexpected and bewildering was

their coming, and so unwelcome. They were the children of her nearest neighbor, Odile, who was not such a near neighbor, after all.

The young woman had appeared but five minutes before, accompanied by these four children. In her arms she carried little Élodie; she dragged Ti Nomme by an unwilling hand; while Marceline and Marcélette followed with irresolute steps.

Her face was red and disfigured from tears and excitement. She had been summoned to a neighboring parish by the dangerous illness of her mother; her husband was away in Texas — it seemed to her a million miles away; and Valsin was waiting with the mule-cart to drive her to the station.

"It 's no question, Mamzelle Aurélie; you jus' got to keep those youngsters fo' me tell I come back. *Dieu sait*, I would n' botha you with 'em if it was any otha way to do! Make 'em mine you, Mamzelle Aurélie; don' spare 'em. Me, there, I 'm half crazy between the chil'ren, an' Léon not home, an' maybe not even to fine po' *maman* alive *encore*!" — a harrow-

ing possibility which drove Odile to take a final hasty and convulsive leave of her disconsolate family.

She left them crowded into the narrow strip of shade on the porch of the long, low house; the white sunlight was beating in on the white old boards; some chickens were scratching in the grass at the foot of the steps, and one had boldly mounted, and was stepping heavily, solemnly, and aimlessly across the gallery. There was a pleasant odor of pinks in the air, and the sound of negroes' laughter was coming across the flowering cotton-field.

Mamzelle Aurélie stood contemplating the children. She looked with a critical eye upon Marcéline, who had been left staggering beneath the weight of the chubby Élodie. She surveyed with the same calculating air Marcélette mingling her silent tears with the audible grief and rebellion of Ti Nomme. During those few contemplative moments she was collecting herself, determining upon a line of action which should be identical with a line of duty. She began by feeding them.

If Mamzelle Aurélie's responsibilities might have begun and ended there, they could easily have been dismissed; for her larder was amply provided against an emergency of this nature. But little children are not little pigs: they require and demand attentions which were wholly unexpected by Mamzelle Aurélie, and which she was ill prepared to give.

She was, indeed, very inapt in her management of Odile's children during the first few days. How could she know that Marcélette always wept when spoken to in a loud and commanding tone of voice? It was a peculiarity of Marcélette's. She became acquainted with Ti Nomme's passion for flowers only when he had plucked all the choicest gardenias and pinks for the apparent purpose of critically studying their botanical construction.

"T ain't enough to tell 'im, Mamzelle Aurélie," Marcéline instructed her; "you got to tie 'im in a chair. It's w'at *maman* all time do w'en he's bad: she tie 'im in a chair." The chair in which Mamzelle Aurélie tied Ti Nomme was roomy and comfortable, and he seized the opportunity to take a nap in it, the afternoon being warm.

At night, when she ordered them one and all to bed as she would have shooed the chickens into the hen-house, they stayed uncomprehending before her. What about the little white nightgowns that had to be taken from the pillow-slip in which they were brought over, and shaken by some strong hand till they snapped like ox-whips? What about the tub of water which had to be brought and set in the middle of the floor, in which the little tired, dusty, sun-browned feet had every one to be washed sweet

and clean? And it made Marcéline and Marcélette laugh merrily — the idea that Mamzelle Aurélie should for a moment have believed that Ti Nomme could fall asleep without being told the story of Croque-mitaine or Loup-garou, or both; or that Élodie could fall asleep at all without being rocked and sung to.

"I tell you, Aunt Ruby," Mamzelle Aurélie informed her cook in confidence; "me, I'd rather manage a dozen plantation' than fo' chil'-ren. It's *terrassent!* *Bonté!* don't talk to me about chil'-ren!"

"T ain't inspected sich as you would know airy thing 'bout 'em, Mamzelle Aurélie. I see dat plainly yistiddy w'en I spy dat li'l' chile playin' wid yo' basket o' keys. You don't know dat makes chillun grow up hard-headed, to play wid keys? Des like it make 'em teeth hard to look in a lookin'-glass. Them 's the things you got to know in the raisin' an' management o' chillun."

Mamzelle Aurélie certainly did not pretend or aspire to such subtle and far-reaching knowledge on the subject as Aunt Ruby possessed, who had "raised five an' bared [buried] six" in her day. She was glad enough to learn a few little mother-tricks to serve the moment's need.

Ti Nomme's sticky fingers compelled her to unearth white aprons that she had not worn for years, and she had to accustom herself to his moist kisses — the expressions of an affectionate and exuberant nature. She got down her sewing-basket, which she seldom used, from the top shelf of the armoire, and placed it within the ready and easy reach which torn slips and buttonless waists demanded. It took her some days to become accustomed to the laughing, the crying, the chattering that echoed through the house and around it all day long. And it was not the first or the second night that she could sleep comfortably with little Élodie's hot, plump body pressed close against her, and the little one's warm breath beating her cheek like the fanning of a bird's wing.

But at the end of two weeks Mamzelle Aurélie had grown quite used to these things, and she no longer complained.

It was also at the end of two weeks that Mamzelle Aurélie, one evening, looking away toward the crib where the cattle were being fed, saw Valsin's blue cart turning the bend of the road. Odile sat beside the mulatto, upright and alert. As they drew near, the young woman's beaming face indicated that her homecoming was a happy one.

But this coming, unannounced and unexpected, threw Mamzelle Aurélie into a flutter that was almost agitation. The children had to be gathered. Where was Ti Nomme? Yonder in the shed, putting an edge on his knife

at the grindstone. And Marcelline and Marcélette? Cutting and fashioning doll-rags in the corner of the gallery. As for Élodie, she was safe enough in Mamzelle Aurélie's arms; and she had screamed with delight at sight of the familiar blue cart which was bringing her mother back to her.

THE excitement was all over, and they were gone. How still it was when they were gone! Mamzelle Aurélie stood upon the gallery, looking and listening. She could no longer see the cart; the red sunset and the blue-gray twilight had together flung a purple mist across the fields and road that hid it from her view. She could no longer hear the wheezing and creak-

ing of its wheels. But she could still faintly hear the shrill, glad voices of the children.

She turned into the house. There was much work awaiting her, for the children had left a sad disorder behind them; but she did not at once set about the task of righting it. Mamzelle Aurélie seated herself beside the table. She gave one slow glance through the room, into which the evening shadows were creeping and deepening around her solitary figure. She let her head fall down upon her bended arm, and began to cry. Oh, but she cried! Not softly, as women often do. She cried like a man, with sobs that seemed to tear her very soul. She did not notice Ponto licking her hand.

Kate Chopin.

A CHAPTER OF MUNICIPAL FOLLY.

THE SQUANDERING OF NEW YORK'S PUBLIC FRANCHISES.



HE importance financially of a proper control and regulation of the valuable public franchises of a city cannot be overestimated. The comptroller of New York, in his report for the year 1892, stated:

Franchises which the city of New York has yet to offer are immensely valuable; and it is not too much to say that upon the due care-taking and growth of the revenues of the general fund depends the sound prosperity of New York's fiscal future.

In all the large European capitals municipal franchises have been granted under such conditions that they now pay a very large proportion of the total municipal outlay. Gas- and electric-light works, street railroads, and even the cab and omnibus systems, are operated either directly or indirectly by the city, and with a view of contributing largely to the city's revenues. The city of Berlin pays 18 per cent. of its municipal expenditures from revenues derived from such sources, while Paris pays more than 20 per cent. of its expenditures in that way. The net income of Berlin from its gas-works in the year 1892, over and above all the cost of street lighting and the lighting of public buildings, was in excess of \$1,250,000, and in the same year it received nearly \$300,000 from the street railroads. In the year 1890 the city of Paris obtained from the private gas companies a net revenue of \$3,700,000, of which it repaid \$1,360,000 for public lighting, so that, over and above all cost of public lighting, the net revenue of the city from this source alone was in excess of \$2,300,000. From licenses for omnibuses and cabs, and rentals from the street-car companies, more than

\$1,030,000 additional was secured for the city's treasury. Of the \$34,000,000 necessary to meet municipal expenditures, about \$7,500,000, or 22 per cent., was obtained from such sources.

In England the development in this direction for the last twenty years has been very considerable. Dr. Albert Shaw sums up the result in his recent work as follows:

I can only say that it is almost the universal testimony in Great Britain that municipal gas enterprises are a brilliant success. They have steadily reduced the selling price, and largely increased the consumption. Their management has been as efficient and economical as that of the private companies. They have been able, while selling gas at a low price, to pay expenses and interest, accumulate sinking funds, enlarge the plants, make good all current depreciations, and still pay net profits into the municipal treasuries. The price in each town is generally 50 to 75 cents per thousand feet.

In Great Britain public companies supply more than half the gas consumed outside of London. Almost exactly one third of the mileage of street railways in Great Britain has been constructed, and is owned, by the municipal authorities.

This statement is made in order that it may be clearly understood that the great European cities, and even the smaller ones, have already shown an appreciation of the importance and value of the control or ownership of the street-car companies. The form of control differs. Some of the cities own and operate these public functions; others own, but do not operate, leasing the rights to private companies for very substantial considerations. But none of them

have given away these privileges so as to place them irrevocably beyond their control. Yet New York City pays annually for public lighting more than \$800,000, and receives substantially nothing for the franchises it has granted.

In America no city has yet ventured upon the ownership of street railways. Only five cities of first importance are proprietors of gas-works—Philadelphia, Richmond, Danville, Wheeling, and Alexandria (Virginia). New York City has undertaken neither the business of gas-supply nor that of street-car traffic. So far as these public rights have been given away of course nothing can be done, though it may be that future generations will regret that even now, at the present greatly inflated values, the city should fail to buy out the companies in control of these privileges.

In order that the importance and value of the public franchises already granted in New York City may be understood, a few statistics are presented.

The gross earnings of the gas companies can only be estimated, because they are not obliged to, and do not, make any full returns. The earnings of the street railroads, the elevated roads, and the electric-light companies are reported.

The business of the gas companies for the year 1893 shows the following results:

	Capital Stock.	Gross Earnings.	Dividends.
Consolidated	\$39,078,000	\$7,350,000	\$3,126,240
Equitable	4,000,000	1,580,000	480,000
Mutual	3,500,000	1,050,000	250,000

The dividends paid by these companies aggregate nearly \$4,000,000,—the Consolidated Gas Company paying 8 per cent. on all its capital stock, the Equitable Gas Company 12 per cent., and the Mutual Gas Company 7 per cent., and these dividends are but a part of the net earnings.

It is too well known to be repeated here that to a very great extent these capitalizations represent little, if any, original investment; or when they do, they show plainly enormous returns: as for example the 12 per cent. dividend of the Equitable Gas Company. In a report of the State Senate Committee of the year 1885 concerning the Consolidated Gas Company it was stated:

It appears that during the last ten years, in addition to the cost of gas and 10 per cent. on the shares, there has been paid by the consumers of the city of New York about \$9,000,000. If these 10 per cent. annual dividends should be calculated upon the capital actually paid in by the stockholders, it would appear that the gas-consumers in ten years have not only contributed such dividend, but a further amount sufficient, in

fact, to nearly duplicate the present system of gas-supply.

Notwithstanding this revelation, and in spite of the fact that it is well understood that at the present price paid for gas in New York City the operating cost is less than 30 per cent. of the charge to the public, additional franchises have been given since that time. In fact, as late as the year 1892 a most valuable franchise was given to the East River Gas Company, which obligates it to pay only 3 per cent. of its gross receipts annually into the treasury of the city.

Such legislative folly, or corruption,—which ever it may be,—should be made to cease, and no franchises for the supply of gas should be granted in the future except upon terms which will yield to the city treasury a very large part of the surplus earnings over and above a fair interest on the capital invested.

There was a time when the introduction of gas into New York was a matter of experiment, and capital that was willing to enter into such an enterprise deserved encouragement: it was entitled then to receive more than such fair interest rate. In the diary of Philip Hone mention is made of the introduction of gas into New York in the early part of this century, and the diarist remarks: "Gas is a handsome light in a room like Mr. Russell's on an occasion of this kind, but liable (I should think) at all times to give the company the slip, and illy calculated for the ordinary uses of a family." Those were days when there were great doubts as to the financial results, but for the last thirty or forty years it has been evident to everybody that it is necessary only to obtain a franchise to supply gas in order to secure profits far in excess of those to be realized from purely private enterprises.

When this fact is established beyond doubt, then the city can fairly demand, and undoubtedly secure, the largest share of the extraordinary profit derived from the quasi-public privileges conferred.

The street railroads of New York show exactly the same results. The gross earnings of the leading street-railroad systems of New York for the year 1893 were over \$12,000,000; the net earnings were in excess of \$5,000,000.

The street-car companies paid for their franchises and for personal tax, in the year 1893, less than \$400,000, the franchise tax being only \$232,912.60, and the personal tax being only \$160,302.66. The Manhattan Elevated Road, with a bonded debt of \$36,000,000, and a capital stock of \$30,000,000, had gross earnings in excess of \$11,000,000, and net earnings in excess of \$4,800,000, and yet it paid into the city treasury, aside from its real-

estate tax, only \$187,000. The \$30,000,000 capital, on which it is paying annual dividends of \$1,800,000, represents little if any cash investment. This charge on the citizens of \$1,800,000 annually for dividends, and the market value of the stock which is in excess of \$30,000,000, are losses traceable directly to reckless waste in administering the city's franchises. The Edison Illuminating Company, with a capital stock amounting to \$7,738,000, and a bonded debt of \$4,312,000, had gross earnings in excess of \$1,400,000, and net earnings in excess of \$780,000.

Taken together, these figures show that the gross earnings of corporations supplying gas and electricity and having street-car privileges in New York City exceed \$35,000,000 per annum. Their net earnings are in excess of \$14,000,000. The amounts paid by them into the treasury of the city are only nominal. The earnings increase from year to year because of the growth of the city. Competition among them is impossible, because street railroads cannot be paralleled; and it would be unwise and impracticable to attempt to charter new gas companies continually. The streets would be constantly torn open, and the health of the citizens endangered; and then no sooner would they be closed up than the two competing companies would enter into an alliance, either for maintenance of rates or for consolidation. This has been the experience of New York, and, in fact, of all great cities.

Private competition being impossible, some kind of public control seems desirable that would either keep the charges down, so that the returns would be reasonable, or that would secure to the treasury of the city the profits beyond fair interest on the capital. The figures given above show the overwhelming importance of control by the city of its valuable franchises.

Therefore the charter granted as late as 1892 to the East River Gas Company, securing to the city only 3 per cent. of the gross receipts, cannot be defended. Neither can the act, passed only two years ago, which gave away practically all the street-car privileges for the annexed district to the favored railroad called the Union Railway Company, but familiarly known as the "Huckleberry Road." This act requires that the Union Railway Company shall pay to the city 1 per cent. of its gross earnings if they exceed \$1700 on an average per day, and an additional 1 per cent. on every additional \$1700 of gross earnings daily.

This franchise is already so valuable that the company has been able to earn about 3 per cent. on its capital stock of \$2,000,000, which represents absolutely no investment. Already within two years the city has lost from this one

grant \$2,000,000, and of course as this section of the city grows and develops, the earnings will increase, and the loss to the city will constantly become greater.

The time has come to call a halt upon the granting of public franchises in this way. If New York City cannot itself undertake to operate its street railroads, and if it is not practicable, or if it is deemed unwise, that it should supply gas and electricity, certainly it cannot be urged that it should give away these valuable franchises without adequate return; and adequate return can be secured only by granting these privileges to private companies for a limited time, and requiring that at the end of a stated period—not exceeding, say, twenty-one years—there shall be a revision of the compensation to be paid to the city.

The net earnings of any street-railroad or gas company, or even now of any electric-light company, are so well assured that there is no doubt capital would enter into them even under severe restrictions. This is also true of the telephone business.

This is not a new principle, but only the application to these privileges of the practice that has always prevailed in regard to the city's docks, piers, markets, and ferries. The city of New York has wisely retained the ultimate control of its own water-front, and by a readjustment every year of rentals for its docks and piers, and at longer intervals of its ferry privileges, it is deriving the benefit of municipal growth and expansion from these sources. The result is gratifying, even though millions may have been lost by official negligence or corruption. The utmost advantage can at any time be obtained by the city by greater economy and watchfulness on the part of its public officials.

These figures of increased revenue will carry conviction of the value of public franchises in New York City. The Dock Department was organized in 1870, and since then its gross annual revenues have shown an increase from \$315,524 in 1871 to \$1,839,658 for the year 1894, and its net yearly revenues, which in 1871 amounted to \$143,000, had increased twenty-three years later to \$1,500,000. The ferry rents, which in the year 1879 were only \$64,441, have been increased to \$354,280.

We need only record the earnings of the Brooklyn Bridge to realize what has been gained to present and future generations by retaining in public hands the control and ownership of this great highway. The gross earnings have steadily increased from \$622,680.31 in 1885 to \$1,326,598.85 in 1894.

The profits from public enterprise are so well assured that the public should be continually on guard. Only a few years ago practically an exclusive contract for underground subways

was authorized by the legislature, without substantial consideration to the city, which will make it almost impossible ever to interfere with the monopoly of the Metropolitan Telephone, the Western Union, and the Edison Illuminating companies, the virtual owners of this new corporation controlling the subways.

From time to time, as new uses of the streets and highways become possible through the developments of science, there will be demands for additional privileges; and of course while these enterprises are still new, and their commercial success uncertain, New York must be content to accept small compensation so as not to discourage capital in its efforts to introduce desired improvements. But even then the privilege need be granted only for a limited period, so that when success is assured the city can retain for itself a just proportion of the profits. The attempt to secure this result by requiring

that all franchises shall be granted only to the highest bidder at public auction, has not been satisfactory. The end is defeated by combination; and even where the bidding is fair, adequate compensation is not secured. The city's growth is so rapid that what may seem a reasonable payment now will prove wholly inadequate within ten or twenty years. This growth is the true wealth of New York. It enhances greatly the value of its land and its water-front, and adds to the revenues of its great public corporations. A fair proportion of this betterment should be secured for the city treasury. "The sound prosperity of New York's fiscal future" does most assuredly depend upon it; for taxation alone will not support the schools, the parks, the baths, and the many public undertakings demanded for the health, growth, and moral welfare of the population of the great metropolis.

A. C. Bernheim.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"The Public Safety is the Supreme Law."

THE recent decision of the New York State Court of Appeals sustaining the New York City Board of Health in the enforcement of sanitary laws is of vital importance to every American city, for it marks an era in the progress of sanitary reform.

The steps by which this point has been reached date back many years, and are not without interest. Just before the war there occurred in New York City an epidemic of typhus fever. At that time Dr. Stephen Smith, who for forty years has been connected with sanitary and other reforms, was in charge of the fever hospital on Blackwell's Island. At one period so many cases were received from a single house in East 17th street that he went there himself to find out what was the matter. Dr. Smith's recollection is that fifty cases came from this one house, and that about fifteen of them proved fatal.

The house was an ordinary brick structure, four stories in height, accommodating ten families, or about fifty persons. It was dilapidated, and littered with refuse. Some of the rooms were vacant, and even these had not been cleaned out after the tenants left, and were extremely filthy. The doctor learned that families were accustomed to move into such uncleaned rooms, and settle down in the filth, and after a few days a case of fever would develop, which would be sent to the hospital. Another case of fever would soon occur and be sent away, and then the family would become alarmed and move out, only to be followed by another family, which would repeat the same experience.

With much difficulty Dr. Smith found the agent, but he could not learn from him the name of the owner. He then visited Police Headquarters, and consulted with Commissioner Acton. An examination was made of the laws, but no authority could be found for closing the house, either by the police or by the city physician—

"the only semblance of a health official then known in this city." Mr. Hawley, the secretary of the Board of Police, advised the determined doctor to continue his quest for the owner by consulting the tax-books. In this way the owner was finally found to be a bank president, and a member and official of the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church. It is well to quote here Dr. Smith's exact language, in a recent letter written to us in answer to our request for some details concerning this singular experience. The doctor writes: "The case was stated to the owner in very strong terms, but he declined to do anything either toward vacating or repairing his house."

Here we come upon the one grimly pleasing episode in this tragedy of civilization. Dr. Smith, being a law-abiding citizen, did not apply the disinfecting torch to the tenement-house of the exemplary Christian landlord. He simply told the marvelous story to the poet Bryant, editor of "The Evening Post." "Get that man into court on any pretense," said Mr. Bryant, "and I will publish him." Secretary Hawley prepared charges which Dr. Smith confessed were of "doubtful propriety." The scene now shifts to the Jefferson Market Police Court, while the unsuspecting landlord is answering questions in the court-room. Suddenly his eye falls upon Mr. Bryant's young man quietly taking notes. "Who is this, and what is he doing?" queries the typhus landlord. "Oh, it is only a reporter of 'The Evening Post' taking notes, which are to be printed with comments by William Cullen Bryant." Pleadings and deprecations now take the place of stony-hearted refusals. "If this is what is to happen, I will do anything you wish." And he did. The sharp sword of the press was sheathed. Under Dr. Smith's directions all the tenants were removed, and the entire tenement-house was thoroughly renovated. The walls were scraped, the floors were relaid, the cellar was cleansed and cemented, the windows were reset and supplied with green blinds, and the exterior as well as the inte-

rior was painted. When finished it was by far the most inviting tenement-house on the street. And now another point in the story which touches delicately the sense of humor—the landlord was grateful to Dr. Smith! Why? Because the investment paid!

"I watched that house," Dr. Smith tells us, "upward of twenty years, and during that period there was no sickness other than ordinary affections."

But why has this incident even more than a typical value? Dr. Smith states, "This was the origin of the agitation that resulted in our present health laws," of which Professor E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins, in his testimony before the Tenement-house Committee of 1894, said, "New York has the best sanitary law in existence."

The "agitation" referred to above was protracted. It was after the above incident that a legislative investigation was made into the capacity and methods of the health wardens who had charge of the various districts into which the city was divided. These gentlemen were usually chosen rather for their ability to conduct the business of selling liquor than for their training as sanitary experts. During this examination, at which one health warden after another had given valuable evidence of his own ignorance and inefficiency, a particularly bright fellow, who had picked up a good deal of information on sanitary subjects during the hearings, and who seemed to be about the most capable man of the lot, let fall the remark, as he was leaving the stand, that he, unlike some of his predecessors, knew the meaning of the word "hygiene." He was recalled and asked to explicate the talismanic word. Imagine his surprise at the unexpected character of the reception of his definition on the part of the physicians and others present! "Hygiene," declared the warden, with the air of a conqueror—"hygiene is the effluvia arising from stagnant water!"

It is a long way from those days to the present—not only in years, but by the measure of public opinion and the statute-book. Our health laws and sanitary code have for years been models for the world. But the past winter has marked a still further advance, emphasized by the judicial opinion of the Court of Appeals. The Tenement-house Commission which preceded the recent one by ten years recommended a law, subsequently enacted, securing an adequate water-supply for domestic purposes on each story of a tenement-house. The New York Board of Health was resisted in the enforcement of the law by Trinity Church, in connection with some of the smaller and older tenement-houses owned by that corporation. The church succeeded in obtaining a ruling from the General Term of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York to the effect that the law was unconstitutional. The board carried the case to the Court of Appeals, and there the appeal was presented by Mr. Roger Foster (who was a member of the Tenement-house Committee of 1894) in an argument interesting both for the clarity and vigor of its English and for its grasp of constitutional principles. The result was an opinion, delivered on February 26 by Judge Peckham (Judge Bartlett only dissenting), which places not merely the so-called "water law," but all similar legislation in regard to tenement-houses in particular, and on every question of public health and safety in general, upon the firmest constitutional ground. The special value of the

decision rests in the fact that it emphasizes the importance of the tenement-house question, and recognizes the power of the State to enact and enforce laws which are for the immediate benefit of the occupants of tenement-houses, but which also prevent the spread of contagious diseases to other parts of the city, and preserve not only tenement-houses but other property from destruction by fire.

The opinion explains with great clearness, for the first time, that it makes no difference in the constitutionality of a law regulating the use and construction of buildings whether it applies to buildings already constructed, or to those to be constructed. It is, moreover, the first decision that recognizes the validity of a statute which compels the owner of a house to alter it at substantial expense to himself. Previous decisions had compelled corporations such as railroad companies to incur great expense in the alteration of roads already constructed by building bridges, crossings, etc., and telegraph or other corporations using electric wires to rebuild lines by removing them from poles and placing them underground; and had forbidden the subsequent use, as breweries for example, of buildings already constructed for specified purposes; and had compelled landowners to incur slight expenses, such as surveys, cleaning sidewalks, etc. But none except the Massachusetts water-closet case had sustained statutes compelling house-owners to make additions to houses already built. The constitutionality of the statute rests upon the fact that it tends to improve the health and increase the security against fire of all members of the community. In the course of his opinion Judge Peckham said:

Those occupants require it more than their more favored brethren living in airy, larger, more spacious, and luxurious apartments. Their health is a matter of grave public concern. The legislature cannot in practice enforce a law so as to make a man wash himself; but when it provides facilities therefor, it has taken a long step toward the accomplishment of that object. . . .

The tenement-house in New York is a subject of great thought and anxiety to the residents of that city. The number of people that live in such houses, their size, their ventilation, their cleanliness, their liability to fires, the exposure of their occupants to contagious diseases, and the consequent spread of the contagion through the city and country, the tendencies to immorality and crime where there is very close packing of human beings of the lower order in intelligence and morals—all these are subjects which must arouse the attention of the legislator, and which it behooves him to see to in order that such laws are enacted as shall directly tend to the improvement of the health, safety, and morals of those men and women that are to be found in such houses.

Some legislation upon this subject can only be carried out at the public expense, while some may be properly enforced at the expense of the owner. We feel that we ought to inspect with very great care any law in regard to tenement-houses in New York, and to hesitate before declaring any such law invalid, so long as it seems to tend plainly in the direction we have spoken of, and to be reasonable in its provision.

If we can see that the object of this law is without doubt the promotion or the protection of the health of the inmates of these houses, or the preservation of the houses themselves, and, consequently, much other property, from loss or destruction by fire, and if the act can be enforced at a reasonable cost to the owner, then, in our opinion, it ought to be sustained. We believe this statute fulfils these conditions.

Thus it is that civilization advances, at times over strange and unexpected obstacles which become but stepping-stones on its persistent pathway.

The West and her Vanishing Forests.

THE adjournment of Congress without passing Representative McRae's bill for the better preservation of the public forests, or even Senator Kyle's inadequate bill for the establishment of a national forest commission to study the subject and make recommendations, postpones for another year, at least, one of the most pressing reforms now before the people. The McRae bill,—an all too moderate measure of conservation,—after having been injuriously modified to meet the objections of Western members, and then having passed the House of Representatives by a large majority, was defeated in the upper chamber by the hostility of a Western senator. The result is to leave the national forests almost defenseless against the greed and carelessness of those who exist by plunder of the public domain, and to invite, through a weak policy toward offenders, a continuance of the depredations. During the last six years we have not omitted to call frequent attention to the local and national dangers involved in the neglect of this subject, and the collection of opinions of forestry experts which we printed in the February CENTURY affords abundant evidence that we have not exaggerated these dangers. It is disheartening to find that the chief opposition to a reform of such vital interest to the West comes from her own representatives.

We are much mistaken in our estimate of the public spirit of the West if her larger-minded men do not make an effective protest against this betrayal of their future. We shall particularly look for some restiveness on the part of that large body of practical idealists who are aiming at the reclamation of our arid domain through irrigation, for they have already formally recognized that the first and fundamental condition of water-supply is a thorough system of forest preservation. In the present CENTURY we give a hearing to one of their number, and we commend his suggestive paper to the thoughtful perusal of our readers. If we cannot share the enthusiasm of some of those who believe it practicable to readjust State and Territorial limits along the lines of watersheds, in order to obviate future disputes as to the control of the rainfall, it is not

because that peril is either imaginary or remote. The question is already a bone of contention between Colorado on the one hand, and Kansas and Nebraska on the other, and the prosperity of these States is bound up with its practical settlement. It is time that the real voice of these commonwealths should cease to be drowned in the clamor of private corporations. But unless the destruction of the public forests is soon stayed there will before long be little water in the streams to contend for. Unless the National Irrigation Congress shall succeed in bringing Western senators and representatives into line for a scientific and honest forest policy, it may as well abandon its efforts to get national attention, for its cause will be a reform against nature. Meantime, it is a matter for congratulation that so large a number of influential men are devoting themselves to the study of a problem of such colossal proportions and such possible benefits to the race.

Remembering the accomplishments of American pioneers in the middle West, the imagination need not stagger even at the new civilization which we are promised in the heart of Arid America. There is a great deal of foolish and unpatriotic talk about the hostility of the East to the West. We believe that the East will not prove to be so indifferent to Western interests as may be suspected—certainly not so indifferent as the Western contingent in Congress has been in the forestry matter. Webster's words, in the reply to Hayne, are still true: "The Government has been no step-mother to the new States. She has not been careless of their interests, nor deaf to their requests." Let the West once be heard on this subject, and her appeal will not fail of recognition and sympathy. Forestry and irrigation are topics which may well enlist the attention of every newspaper, every educational institution, and every chamber of commerce west of the Mississippi. Moreover, as the social and commercial welfare of the East and that of the West are interdependent, the whole country is interested in the adoption of a far-sighted policy. More than one decadent civilization along the Mediterranean warn us that to be great as a people we must be not only just, but wise.

OPEN LETTERS.

Southern Dialect.

THE post-bellum prose literature of the South consists largely of dialect stories of negro and rural life, Richard Malcolm Johnston being the pioneer in the latter field, while Sherwood Bonner probably first wrote distinctive and characteristic negro sketches. And now in the track of these two marches a steadily increasing legion of Southern short-story writers, and so popular has the negro become—the negro of the minstrel stage, however, not the genuine article—that he furnishes the material for a large percentage of the comic drawings in the humorous publications of the whole country. These fantastic creations are usually accompanied by a few lines of dialogue, in which the author evidently thinks that by introducing a sufficient number of *obs* and *berys* he

acquires himself in the dialectic arena with the dash and precision of a Harris or a Cable.

To be capable of correctly—that is, phonetically—writing any form of dialect, one must have acquired it by absorption, so to speak: the vivid impressions of early childhood and long-continued association having so familiarized it that it comes naturally to the tongue in conversation. But even some of our Southern authors, to the manner born, blunder repeatedly and persistently in their rendering of "cracker" and African speech.

Let us first consider *ob* and *bery*, those time-honored linguistic badges, the absence of which would render the recorded conversation of the darkly unrecognizable to a majority of the reading public. No negro ever said *ob* for *of* from the emptying of the first barracoon on the Congo to the present day, and I have never heard *bery* used for *very*. The negroes, like all careless or illit-

erate people, slur and elide in speaking, and attain their vocal goal by the shortest and easiest route. It requires a distinct effort to say *ab*, even more than *of*, and so with all words where a *b* is commonly substituted for a *v*. The true pronunciation is *er* or *uv*, according, apparently, to the succeeding word, the former if followed by a consonant, the latter when a vowel comes after, though occasionally no method is discernible; e. g., "A peck *er* peaches," "A peck *uv* onions."

The pronunciation of *it*, on the contrary, seems to be governed by the preceding word: when that ends in a vowel, no *k* is introduced, for it would interfere with the liquid coalescing of the two vowels; but when immediately following a consonant, or when placed at the beginning of a sentence, *it* is pronounced *hit*. The dropping of the *k* in the personal pronouns *him* and *her* is determined by similar considerations—"I see 'im"; "I seen *him*."

The insertion of *d* for *th*, as *dat* and *dem* in lieu of *that* and *them*, is readily grasped, and, therefore, made to do yeoman and universal service. But, as a matter of fact, it is far from being a common practice, since it is confined chiefly to what may be termed the lower classes,—the ignorant plantation hands,—while many of the dwellers in cities and towns articulate the *th* distinctly. As far as that goes, however, the same criticism applies to almost every irregularity, there being all manner of grades in the degree of abuse meted out to Uncle Sam's English by the wards of the nation, just as there are with their Caucasian brethren.

Another striking error is encountered when we find *yo'* and *yo's* doing duty respectively for *you* and *your*. *You* should be left unmolested in the mouth of the darky. *Your* should be written *yo'*, and *yo's* only in place of *yours*, and that but rarely, for the negro and "poor white" alike are much more apt to say *your-all's* or *yourn*.

Then there are *massa* and *missy*, prefixed to proper names (as "*Massa* Tom," "*Missy* Sue"), and *sah*. *Massa* and *missy* by themselves, as "No, *massa*," "Yes, *missy*," may be occasionally used in all sections, and, even as first cited, by the half-civilized toilers in the rice-fields along the coast, but rarely, if ever, by the superior and cleaner-tongued negroes of the interior. *Marster*, *marse*, or *mas'*, are frequently heard, and the feminine title of respect — impartially applied to maid and matron — is simply *miss*. *Sah*, I think, is purely imaginary; *seh* would be preferable, but the point made in regard to *you* applies here also: the correct spelling, *sir*, is phonetic enough for all purposes, and has the merit of tending toward simplification.

Another favorite word on the lips of the comic-weekly and minstrel negro is *brack*, for *black*, a conception as unreal as the prevalent fallacy that the negro's lips are a brilliant red. Iconoclastic though the assertion be, the lips of a negro are not as red as those of a white man, and just so surely does he never say *brack* for *black*. The articulatory effort is in evidence here again, and wherever such is patent it is proof positive that the dialect is unnatural.

These constitute some of the most flagrant misdemeanors of which depictees of the negro life of the South are guilty. Of course there are many more eccentricities and subtleties of pronunciation and idiom that are too frequently overlooked or distorted, but a discussion

of their intricacies would probably interest only a philologist.

Dialect stories dealing with the homely country folk of the Cotton States, the "crackers" of Georgia, the "Coveites" of Tennessee, etc.,—the "po' white trash" of the negro,—are seldom undertaken save by those who are conversant with the localities of which they write, and hence are less apt to offend a critical eye, though even in these mistakes are occasionally met. One of the ablest gleaners of this especial literary field, and the one who is perhaps best qualified for the work, constantly inserts a *w* in place of a *v* in the dialect of his Georgia crackers. An enthusiastic admirer of Dickens, it must be that his mind is so familiar with the conversational peculiarities of the master's cockney creations that his pen unconsciously ingrafts them upon Southern speech.

There is also a universal and marked propensity on the part of most writers of dialect to overdo it: to write "more natural than life," as a darky would say. Unique or droll substitutions suggest themselves, and truthfulness is sacrificed to effect. This is a most insidious proclivity, for the very reason that it is the natural tendency, and should, therefore, be carefully eschewed.

As I have said before, any unnecessary departure from established orthography should be avoided. A page of dialect, to those unaccustomed to it, is sufficiently hard reading under any circumstances, and the difficulty should not be increased merely through a desire, apparently, to give them their money's worth. What, for instance, is gained by using *skool* for *school*, *rite* for *write*, *way* for *weigh*, *bild* for *build*, *biskit* for *biscuit*, etc., when the sound conveyed by the abnormal spelling differs in no essential particular from that ordinarily accepted as the proper pronunciation of the word? Of course the primary object should be to give an exact idea of the sound, but when that end can be attained without indulging in alphabetical pyrotechnics, let us by all means adopt the less involved method of procedure.

The negro of ante-bellum days, with all of his picturesque characteristics, his merriment and misery, his patience and pathos, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Only a few, a very few, of the faithful old "maumers" and loyal house- and body-servants remain; the others have already drifted away into the shadows, leaving only a tender recollection in the memories of the grown-up children whom they cherished. Very soon there will be citizens of differing admixtures of African blood, but the negro, as a class, will have disappeared, while the rude, yet upright and manly, denizens of the country districts—from Major Jones to Mr. Bill Williams—will not long survive him. Future generations will know them solely through the pen-portraits of to-day. Hence a plea for conscientious and careful delineation should surely not be out of place.

In the mother country the various dialects of the shires are esteemed interesting and worthy of study, and even Lord Tennyson has not hesitated to clothe certain flights of his fancy in their rugged warp and woof.

Val. Starnes.

COMMENTS.

I HAVE read with interest Mr. Starnes's paper on "Southern Dialect," and if he intends to lay down only general rules, he is very nearly right, in my opinion. I

do not spell certain negro words after his fashion, but we may not hear alike; probably the words were not pronounced alike in our respective sections.

The common error of people who write upon this subject is to consider "dialect" as a language in itself, and not as the abuse of a language; their efforts to establish a standard are based upon this assumption, and they forget that the "negroes," so called, do not constitute a race, but are the descendants of many races. Their speech cannot be described as a "dialect"; "dialects" is better, and the mere statement removes many difficulties. There can be no rule laid down for correct mispronunciation. The English language has a standard pronunciation, yet the educated people of different sections do not agree, in daily use, upon any standard. Is it not absurd, then, to demand that the mispronunciations of the ignorant shall be consistent? Suppose we take a glance at the South: there are neighborhoods that preserve in a measure something of English, or Scotch, or Irish, or Moravian, or French, or Spanish, or New England, or Congo traditions, tendencies, and (faintly) ideas. Naturally these affect the ignorant directly — especially the remarkably imitative and dependent negro. What the evolutionists call the "environment" has determined or does determine the dialect in communities, in families, and lastly in individuals. Who can hope to bring this conglomeration of effects, springing from so many causes, under fixed rules?

The nearest we can approach to a rule in this matter is to adopt the phonetic principle. The muscles and vocal organs of the negro are always relaxed, his facial muscles lazy and immobile, and his tongue action is in speech reduced to a minimum. He has no incentive to speak accurately; the result is, he never pronounces a consonant he can avoid, and has an especial objection to *th* and *r*, one of which requires the tip of the tongue against the upper front teeth, the other its elevation to within a fraction of the palatal arch. So, for *this* and *that* he gives us, to be exact, "*tdis*" and "*tdat*," and for *war*, "*wah*" ("Befo' de wah"). But the phonetic rule is entirely suspended by the negro's mood and by his emphasis; for he knows how to pronounce the common, every-day words about as well as most people about him, and can succeed by a distinct and well-calculated effort. To illustrate, "Marster, yer goin' ter tek 'er ter town?" (referring to a mare). This is according to Mr. Starnes's rule, and is good dialect. Suppose, however, the negro is surprised. He would then say, "Marster, *you* goin' ter tek 'er ter town?" or, "Marster, yer goin' ter tek *her* ter town?" Why? Because he can't express himself in any other way. The rule is therefore subject to important qualifications, and there are individuals who represent the effects of odd extraneous influences, and cannot be included under any rule at all. These are the people who generally figure in song and story.

The safest way to write dialect is to write some particular person's dialect after indicating the environment. If this is impossible, don't write in dialect, for it will illustrate nothing. In the stories I have written, every person who speaks, speaks after the fashion of some real person selected for that purpose. And, after all, I do not think that the spelling of certain words is what affects one unpleasantly in reading the productions to which Mr. Starnes has reference. It

is the words and thoughts that do not suit the characters.

If any one who is acquainted with the average Southern negro stops to analyze the unpleasant impressions which the burnt-cork minstrel and the humorous publications make upon him, he will probably find that it is *what* the negro is made to say and the *words* he is made to use, not the variations of spelling and pronunciation, that jar. Accepting this as true, the place for most negro verse would seem to be the "comic weekly," though occasionally some of it gets into high-class magazines.

The country negro in Georgia is nearly always voluble and indirect; he approaches his point as a turkey hen does her nest — after many maneuvers, and from the opposite side. This seems to be characteristic, and when the negro minstrel succeeds best, he does it by falling into this habit. The "comic weekly" generally fails because it is direct. I append an illustration showing how little the spelling and how much the style and thought have to do with dialect-writing in handling the negro. Let us imagine a negro hunter counting out wild ducks to a purchaser:

UP-COUNTRY NEGRO: Hyah one; hyah nuther; hyah nuther on top er de other; hyah nuther wid es foot tied togedder.

LOW-COUNTRY NEGRO: Dey wan; dey ner'r; dey ner'r 'n top er ter-r; dey ner'r wid 'e foot tie' terge'ar.

RICE-PLANTATION (ISLAND) NEGRO: Yarry wan; yarry narrer; yarry narrer 'pan tap er tarrer; yarry narrer widdy futt tie' tergarrer.

The spelling and pronunciation vary, and yet all three are negro and characteristic. A white man of any class would simply have said, "One, two, three," etc.

In touching upon the Georgia "cracker," Mr. Starnes unwittingly indorses while he criticizes one of our Southern writers who "constantly inserts a *w* in place of a *v*," when he attributes this habit to close reading of Dickens. It is true that the cracker of to-day has largely gotten over this variation; but even now, in the backwoods, it is still to be heard.

The Georgia cracker is the least Americanized Englishman we possess. The South Atlantic States received the cockney direct from London. Georgia had him by the ship-load from the slums, the work-houses, and the debtors' prison. He is here to-day in shiftlessness, in his exasperating *h*'s, and in his adherences to the peculiarities which mark Sam Weller's vocabulary. He says "rayly" for really, "keer" for care, "that 'ere" for that there, "ain't" for are not, "'ooman" for woman, "wimmens" for women, "yourn" for yours, "wos" for was, "kiver" for cover, "fetch" for bring, "wot" for what, "o'" for of, "ha'" for have, "missis" for mistress, "unbeknown" for unknown, "sitch" for such, "drownin'" for drowning, "afeerd" for afraid, "gal" for girl, "arter" for after, "'u'd" for would, "Lor'" for Lord, "p'int" for point, "I never heerd the like o' that," and "ag'in" for again, — just as Mr. Weller and his friends did; and those who write about him, when they come to such words as "very," for instance, exercise the latitude that Sam allowed the judge in recording his name — they spell it with a *v* or a *w*, according to the taste

and fancy of the speller. The point is that, allowing for the environment and consequent change of ideas and similes, and allowing for the dulling of wits due to want of association, the Georgia cracker is the cockney; and the closer one follows Dickens's treatment of him, the closer he gets to the truth, in spelling at least. And that *v* and *w*! Draw the under lip against the lower teeth, and pronounce lazily simple words beginning with either—using just as little lip action as possible, and see how easily the sounds blend! It is just so that the cracker speaks; and by the cracker I do not mean our hard-working country folk, but him of the backwoods, whose cabin is between "wood and water," who has until recently never heard the shriek of a locomotive, nor beheld a brick chimney.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

Judge Taney and the Dred Scott Decision.

MR. NOAH BROOKS, on page 735 of the March number of *THE CENTURY*, repeats the old story with regard to Chief Justice Taney in saying:

Many years had passed since that time [*i. e.*, since the appointment of Mr. Taney as chief justice by President Jackson], and the incidents of Taney's earlier career were well-nigh forgotten, when he once more made his name conspicuous by his decision to the effect that "the negro has no rights that a white man is bound to respect."

To the few who are unacquainted with the facts of the case, and as to what *was* decided in the "Dred Scott case," it will hardly seem credible when I say, which I do emphatically, that Chief Justice Taney never decided anything of the kind, and that when he made use of some of the words in question he was speaking of a state of things existing long before the time at which he was speaking. The expression occurs in the opinion of the court, delivered by Chief Justice Taney, in the case of *Scott v. Sanford* (commonly known as the "Dred Scott case"), 19 Howard U. S. Rep., on page 407. Judge Taney there says, referring to the negro race (the italics being mine):

It is difficult at *this day* to realize the state of public opinion, in relation to that unfortunate race, which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken. They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. He was bought and sold, and treated as any ordinary article of merchandise and traffic whenever a profit could be made of it. This opinion was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom, in morals as well as in politics, which no one thought of disputing, or supposed to be open to dispute; and men in every grade and position in society daily and habitually acted upon it in their private pursuits as well as in matters of public concern, without doubting for a moment the correctness of this opinion. And in no nation was this opinion more firmly fixed or more uniformly acted upon than by the English Government and the English people. They not only seized them on the coast of Africa and sold them or held them in slavery for their own use, but they took them as ordinary articles of merchandise to every country where they could make a profit upon them, and were far more extensively

engaged in this commerce than any nation in the world. The opinion thus entertained and acted upon in England was naturally impressed upon the colonies they founded on this side of the Atlantic; and accordingly a negro of the African race was regarded by them [*i. e.*, the colonies] as an article of property, and held and bought and sold as such in every one of the thirteen colonies which united in the Declaration of Independence, and afterwards formed the Constitution of the United States.

This was Judge Taney's *language*. The decision of the court in the case was "that the plaintiff in error [*Dred Scott*] is not a citizen of Missouri in the sense in which that word is used in the Constitution; and that the Circuit Court of the United States, for that reason, has no jurisdiction in this case, and could give no judgment in it."

The decision, when made at the December term, 1856, of the Supreme Court of the United States, caused considerable comment. Many leading lawyers thought that the plea in abatement—that is, the plea denying the plaintiff's right to sue in the United States Court—was improperly brought before the court. But this objection was technical. The weight of legal opinion was in favor of the decision, as correctly defining the position of the "negro of the African race" at the common law.

Any attentive student of English history knows well that immediately after the revolution of 1688, by which English freedom was established on a firm basis,—that is, in the year 1690,—those great patriots Lord Chancellor Somers and Chief Justice Treby, on the question of settling the terms of the "assiento" with Spain on the subject of the slave-trade, formally decided that "negroes [not slaves, it will be noted, but *negroes*] are merchandise, and can no more be exported under the act [*i. e.*, the Navigation Act of 12 Charles II., chapter 18] than any other goods." On the question of the same "assiento" in 1689, those great jurists and patriots Lord Chief Justice Holt and the other judges appointed by William and Mary decided in so many words that "negroes are merchandise," holding that under the common law of England the natural state of the African negro was that of subjection and slavery, though from economic motives it was forbidden to bring these slaves to England.

And long after Lord Mansfield's fantastic dictum about the air of England, etc., Lord Stowell, in the case of the slave *Grace* (2 Haggard's Ecclesiastical Reports, page 94), held that a negro was property in England, the same as in the West Indies. And even as late as 1846, in the case of *Buron v. Denman* (2 Exchequer Reports), English judges held the same doctrine.

Daniel Defoe was one of the great patriot Whigs of 1688, and yet in "Robinson Crusoe" he speaks as coolly and as business-like about selling the *Moresco Xury*, who had aided him to escape from captivity, as about selling the lion's hide and the long-boat.

In the treaty of Utrecht, made in 1713, which put an end to the War of the Spanish Succession, this "assiento," or contract for a virtual monopoly in the English Government to carry on the trade in negroes, was carefully guarded and protected, as a matter of sufficient importance to be inserted in a treaty between all the great powers of Europe concerning the "balance of power," etc. This treaty was effected by a Tory administration in England; and although when the Whigs came into power, soon after, they denounced the treaty

as the sum of villainies, and pursued its authors with unrelenting bitterness, even to the extent of impeachment, yet no word of criticism was ever uttered against the "assiento," the slave-trade part of the treaty.

All this shows plainly not what *was* right, but what was universally *regarded* as right, up to a comparatively late date. It was Judge Taney's purpose to show how people thought a century or so before. Was not Judge Taney right in saying that from the earliest days of English and American history down to the Declaration of Independence and the formation of our Constitution, the negroes *had been regarded* "so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect"?

'T is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true.

James Buchanan once, in a speech on currency, casually remarked that money might be made so scarce and dear that ten cents a day would be good wages for a workman; and we all remember the howl that was raised against the man "who wanted to starve the laboring man on ten cents a day."

E. H. Bristow.

Infancy in Art.

IN M. Hovelague's article on the French sculptor Carriès, published in the March number of *THE CENTURY*, particular stress is laid upon his treatment of childish figures. I do not question the great charm or personality of the artist's work in this direction, but is it true that he thus showed himself a pioneer—that "through him infancy entered into art"?

Even those who are ignorant of Greek and Roman art must know that as soon as Christianity entered into art it necessitated the portrayal of infant forms. Had no child but the Christ-child been represented, we should still have an immense gallery of baby forms, treated with the widest diversity in conception, the most versatile charm and power in realization; and to the Christ-child were added the infant Baptist and those troops of little angels which are prominent in religious scenes of many kinds. Then, with the resuscitation of pagan ideals at the time of the Renaissance, came new troops of *putti*; and as naturalism gained the day over idealism, such simple realistic portrayals of babyhood as, for example, those which made the Della Robbia family famous.

But in addition to his general assertion that no one before Carriès had made infancy conspicuous in art, M. Hovelague makes the direct and very misleading statement that "there are no children in Greek art." There are a great many of them in that minor branch of sculpture which is represented by what we call "Tanagra figurines." And in art of a more monumental sort they also had an important place. They frequently occur in those tombstone reliefs which reproduce domestic scenes. Pliny and Pausanias both speak of the great fame of two boyish figures by Lykios—one blowing embers, and another, holding a holy-water basin, which was prominent on the Athenian Acropolis; Pericles dedicated to Athena another statue of an ember-blowing child by Stypax; a boy pulling a thorn from his foot is preserved to us in two ancient copies; the children of Niobe and of Laocoön need hardly be called to mind, nor the *putti* which

overrun the great figure of the Nile in the Vatican Gallery, nor the numerous representations of Eros as a child. And if it be said that some of these are half-grown children, there is the famous infant Hercules with the serpent, and the "Babe Struggling with a Goose" attributed to Boëthos. Moreover, the finest antique statue which we have in the original—the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia—bears the infant Bacchus on its arm. Here, indeed, the special characteristics of babyhood are not very well reproduced; but this was probably a work of Praxiteles's youth, and we have in the Louvre a copy of his "Silenus Tending the Infant Bacchus," where the baby is beautifully successful. Pliny and Pausanias speak of another "Hermes and Bacchus" wrought by Kephisodotos, the father of Praxiteles, and of a Tyche (or Goddess of Fortune) with the child Plutos on her arm, the work of Xenophon and Kallistonikos. And more famous still was the "Eirene with the Infant Plutos" of Kephisodotos. An old copy of this is now in the Munich Museum, and fragments of another have been found on the Acropolis, while the fact that it was reproduced on Athenian coins proves the high value its contemporaries set upon it.

This is but a hasty mention of those Greek portrayals of infancy which chance to be best known to us. When we remember how famous they were, and how scanty is our knowledge of the art that gave them birth, we may well believe that many more were executed. And, at all events, we can confidently say that there *were* children in Greek art, as well as at all periods in Roman and in Christian art, and that no one should claim "originality" for any modern man simply because he has portrayed them.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

The Haskell Multicharge Gun.

THE CENTURY for February, 1895, contains an article on new American guns, by Victor Louis Mason, which contains some statements in relation to the Haskell multicharge gun that I wish to correct. Mr. Mason says:

This gun, like the second one of similar design, is of 8-inch caliber. The second Haskell gun, made of steel, has a reduction in the number of its additional powder-chambers, and was constructed, as was also the first one, by direction of Congress.

This last statement is not correct. The first of the Haskell multicharge guns mentioned was constructed of cast-iron, but lined with steel. It was not of 8-inch caliber, and was not built by direction of Congress. It was of 6-inch bore, and was built at the expense of Mr. J. R. Haskell and his associates. The second Haskell multicharge gun was of 8-inch caliber, made of steel, and was constructed and paid for by the United States Government. Mr. Mason says, "The 8-inch Haskell gun weighs more than the 10-inch steel built-up gun." So it does weigh a little more, but it throws a projectile weighing considerably more, with a much heavier amount of powder. The Haskell multicharge guns of the same caliber as the single-charge guns throw a projectile weighing twice as much, with three times the weight of powder.

A half-inch multicharge gun was constructed about two years ago at Reading, Pennsylvania. It was made so that it could discharge six charges of powder in succession behind the projectile as it passed along the bore of the gun. This gun was constructed to demonstrate the absolute success of the multicharge system, and to what extent it could be applied. The experiments with it demonstrated that the multicharge guns have three and one half times the power of the single-charge guns. These experiments have been repeated many times.

This 6-inch multicharge gun was manufactured by the inventor and his associates, and was made principally of cast-iron, simply lined with steel; and although made of inferior metal, it exceeded in power and range single-charge guns made entirely of the best steel, of the same bore, and also of much larger bore (see official reports).

With the Haskell multicharge dynamite gun shells charged with high explosives can be thrown at great ranges, with gunpowder as the propelling force, and with no danger of premature explosion of the shells in the gun.

J. R. Haskell.

PASSAIC, N. J.

Where the Regiments Came From.

I HAVE wondered that General D. H. Hill's theory of the dual names attached to so many of our battle-fields has so long passed unchallenged; and Dr. J. Harvie Dew, writing on the "Yankee and Rebel Yells" in the April (1892) *CENTURY*, seems to be laboring under a somewhat similar and, as I think, erroneous impression that, the Northern regiments "being drawn and recruited chiefly from large cities and towns," while the Southern soldiers came mainly from rural districts, many of the differences in the attributes and belongings of the two armies are to be accounted for thereby.

General Hill, in *THE CENTURY* "War Series," made the discovery that in nearly every instance where two names were given to the same battle-field, the name given by the Northern soldiers was that of some *natural* object upon the field. "Being recruited chiefly from the cities," they were attracted more by objects of nature; hence Bull Run, Pittsburg Landing, South Mountain, Antietam, etc., became their names of great

battles; while the Southern soldiery, "coming from the rural districts," found greater attractions in towns, buildings, etc.; so the same battles were called by them Manassas, Shiloh, Boonsboro', Sharpsburg, etc.

It is a surprise to me that the general's logical mind did not recognize the further fact that in each case each side adopted the name of some object or feature of the field prominent on his side of the line, and frequently unknown upon the other.

Probably Dr. Dew is correct in his supposition that the Southern people are more given to loud calling or hallooing than those of the North; but I wish he would dispel the delusion that the Northern soldiers were drawn chiefly from large cities and manufacturing centers, and consisted largely of clerks and mechanics. Of course more regiments were recruited from the populations of the cities North than South — simply for the reason that a greater population of that kind existed in the North; but for the same reason there was a larger rural representation in the ranks of the Northern army. The plow, the ax, and the pick were abandoned for arms as well as were the yard-stick, the loom, and the hammer.

SHOTWELL, MO.

H. Calkins.

Note on the Civil Service.

MR. LEWIS N. DEMBITZ of Louisville, Kentucky, writes as follows:

As a champion of reform in the civil service in 1876, I succeeded in putting into the national platform on which Hayes was elected a clause which locates the evil of the spoils system in the distribution of the patronage by congressmen, and seeks the remedy in its restoration to the President and heads of department, to whom it is intrusted by the Constitution.

Mr. Dembitz says, "Nothing is left to cure the bite but a hair from the same dog," and he suggests the establishment of a school for the consular and diplomatic service, to which nominations shall be officially made by members of Congress, giving to the members for each of the 356 districts, "in one of four terms, in alternate years in each class, the nomination of a consular pupil, say, forty-four or forty-five a year." He adds: "But, unlike West Point, the school should furnish nothing free of cost but tuition, books, and stationery, the students to board where they like."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Puzzle.

ALAS! I am a graybeard;
My years are fifty-three;
I'm old and grave, but Bessie ne'er
Will sit upon my knee.

Yet once this dimpled maiden,
With birdlike sounds of glee,
And sweet proprietary airs,
Would perch upon my knee.

And oft we've romped together,
When summer winds blew free,
But evening stars and sleepy eyes
Brought Bessie to my knee.

But now I cannot coax her;
What *can* the difference be?
Her gowns are long, she romps no more,
Nor sits upon my knee.

James B. Kenyon.

Curtain!

VILLAIN shows his indiscretion;
Villain's partner makes confession;
Juvenile with golden tresses
Finds her pa, and dons long dresses;
Scapegrace comes home money-laden;
Hero comforts tearful maiden;
Soubrette marries loyal chappie;
Villain skips, and all are happy.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Scene: The Realm of Fiction.

THE HERO AND HEROINE IN HEATED DISCUSSION.

THE HERO: I have sworn, before generations of readers, never to give you up. But I must say you are going too far!

THE HEROINE: I'm advancing, that's all. And you'll have to follow.

THE HERO: I've been following you ever since the world began. But you are so exasperating nowadays. I remember the dear old times when you wore white muslin and a rose in your hair, and used to sing ballads to me. You were always beautiful then, with starry eyes and luxuriant tresses; your shape had an elastic grace, and your features were cast in the rarest mold of symmetry. You leaned from moonlit balconies, wreathed with passion-flowers, while I serenaded you. Those were the days when I loved you fondly, madly, and *you*—you worshipped me!

THE HEROINE: True. I was too young to know better. I was always eighteen then, and now I am usually thirty. Besides, you were much nicer in those days—handsome and chivalrous, sometimes sublimely heroic, sometimes superbly bad and bold, but always a personage. Whereas now you don't amount to anything but to give me my cue.

THE HERO: You need n't twit me with it. I can't see how it has all happened. When I first remember you, back in Miss Burney's time, you were humble enough; you trembled and blushed when I looked at you, and nearly fainted with emotion when I held an umbrella over you in a shower. And under Harry Fielding you did n't dare to call your soul your own where I was concerned.

THE HEROINE: Oh, that was centuries ago, in the Dark Ages!

THE HERO: Well, then, take Thackeray. You were a trifle jealous and small-minded in his day, but then, how pretty you were, with your white shoulders, and pink cheeks, and ringlets! And how sweet and cheerful you looked as you sat by Dickens's fireside, with your dancing eyes and your dimples!

THE HEROINE: It is n't my fault that firesides have gone out; and one can't sit by a register. I tried hard to love you in Charlotte Brontë's time, I'm sure; but you trampled on me so that I got tired. And then George Eliot showed me what you really were, though she had a lingering weakness for you, too.

THE HERO: I thought her pretty severe then; but I've learned to submit. I've turned the other cheek so many times that I've none left now. Ah! if Charles Reade had only lived, I should n't be where I am today. When he wrote about you, you had n't much sense, but you were the loveliest creature, full of the sweetest inconsistencies and ignorances and caprices; and how you did worship me! It was too good to last. (*Sighing.*) I suppose you're perfectly satisfied with yourself nowadays. You ought to be. You've perfect health, undaunted courage to discuss and decide everything, a superlative intellect, and an unconquerable will. You bully me, you know you do.

THE HEROINE: Well, you deserve it. You're very bad and very weak. You are n't even handsome any more. And I am strong and sane and beautiful and

conquering. The star of progress is on my forehead. I carry the Future in my hand, and—

THE HERO: Do stop! You're not on exhibition at present. I've heard all that dozens of times, and I don't believe it. For one thing, you are not half as pretty as you used to be.

THE HEROINE: O-oh! (*hysterically*) you *horrid* thing! You mean wretch! I'm as beautiful as I ever was!—I'm the Eternal Womanly!—and I'll pay you up! (*Exit tempestuously.*)

THE HERO: Good gracious! What *is* she going to do next?

Priscilla Leonard.

"Wrap your Old Cloak about Me."

"THE black clouds drift about the hills,
The day is dying fast;
I fear for you, my sweet vourneen,
The long night's chilly blast."
"Nay, fear not; while true love is ours,
E'en poverty is blest:
Wrap your old cloak about me,
I'll sleep upon your breast."

"In dreams we'll roam the sunny fields,
We'll pluck the flow'rets fair,
We'll list the little singing birds,
Without a breath of care;
And when we wake, we'll wake to love;
Hope shall our hearts invest:
Wrap your old cloak about me,
I'll sleep upon your breast."

Jennie E. T. Dove.

Anita.

SHE's a pretty puss in boots,
With a saucy name that suits
Every glance.
Is it whispered, is it sung,
Still it ripples on the tongue
In a dance.

Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat,
And she talks of this and that
Such a way,
Just to watch her witching blush
Even Socrates would hush
Half a day.

She is not an angel; no!
They are out o' place below,
Let us grieve.
Yet perchance there is a wing
Hid beneath that puffy thing
Styled a sleeve.

Her singing makes me think
Of a tricky bobolink
All delight,
With his silver strain aflow
Where the apple-blossoms blow
Pink and white.

Like a wild rose, newly born,
Bursting into bloom at morn,
Dew a gleam,
So entrancing is her smile,
Lo, it haunts me all the while
In a dream.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

